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FREDDIE ADAMS, YOUNGEST DIRECT DESCENDANT OF CAPTAIN WHITE EYES, THE COLONISTS' FRIEND. See note, p. 314.

UNIV. OF MICH.

CHARLES KILLBUCK

An Indian's Story *of the* Border Wars *of the* American Revolution

BY

FRANCIS C. HUEBNER

ILLUSTRATED BY

W. F. GILMORE

THE HERBERT PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PREFACE.

These memoirs are not written because I attach any special importance to my own acts, but because I want you to know of our people and the stand they took during the Revolutionary War. Good sachem Netawatwes, who tried to carry out the spirit of the great Miquon (Penn) treaty as fully as did his ancestor, Tammany, and Captain White Eyes and my father who upheld the American cause in all the Delaware councils, deserve to be better known by the people they loved and served.

The events I witnessed and herein record, are of all kinds which make history. Our home life, our councils, our treaty feasts, and my visits to Gnadenhutten are the pleasant thoughts I have to write, while the trodden war-path, and the indiscriminate killing of palefaces without regard to age or sex, and of red men, old and young, warrior and squaw, Christian and savage, are referred to only because it was necessary to tell the whole story.

CHARLES KILLBUCK.

Green corn month, 1848.

CHAPTER I.

A Lesson in Treaties.

Were I to relate to you the names by which my paternal ancestors were known among their Indian braves, you would wonder how it is my name is Charles Killbuck. This is the explanation. The palefaces who came to our country found it difficult and sometimes impossible to pronounce Indian names, so they usually referred to us by the corresponding English words. Thus it was our great war captains, Koquetgagachton, who was so named from his peculiar eyeballs, and Koigeschquanoheel Hopocan, a profound lover of tobacco, were called Captain White Eyes and Captain Pipe. The title "Captain" was added because they were war chiefs. We soon learned to know our English as well as our Indian names. My father, Gelelemend, was a progressive Indian and learned to speak English in his youth. He desired to follow the English customs, and when I was quite young he adopted his father's name "Kill buck" (Nihilajapen) as the family name and called his sons John and Charles.

I said father was a progressive Indian. The same might be said of a number of others in our tribe, among whom was Captain White Eyes. Their strongest opponent was Captain Pipe. Well I remember in my early years the excited conversations passing between two braves, one of whom favored Captain White Eyes' or father's ideas and the other opposed them. Of course I thought father was right without knowing just what he in fact believed.

Our sachem, great-grandfather Netawatwes, was in a way an adherent to the old customs but he favored

the progressive party unless the new policies were too radical.

According to the Indian rules of succession, my eldest brother was the heir-apparent to the sachemship and on one occasion Captain White Eyes proposed sending him to school. Captain Pipe and his followers objected as the whole future policy of the Delaware tribe would probably be changed by having a sachem educated in the English way of doing things. But the progressive party carried the day, and John was sent away to school. Great-grandfather was old at this time, and did not realize what John's absence meant until he was gone. Then he regretted it.

It was the duty of the sachem to know the traditions of his people, to care for and interpret the treaty belts and written documents presented to the tribe and further, to carefully instruct the future sachem in such knowledge and duties. While great-grandfather had given instructions to John, he realized that by coming in contact with the English and more attractive matters his teachings would not hold first rank in the future sachem's thoughts.

One warm spring day when about eight summers old I was playing near great-grandfather's lodge. He was sitting outside and was examining the contents of the open treaty bag beside him. Approaching, I noticed he unrolled a parchment, laid it on the ground and weighted down the corners with pebbles.

"My son, this is where our great paleface brother Miquon* placed his name and here is where Tammany and Metamequan placed their marks." Speaking thus he moved his finger along the bottom of the parchment indicating the marks.

"What is it, father?" I asked.

*The Delaware name for William Penn.

"This, my son, is the great peace treaty made between our ancestors and the good and great paleface, Miquon, many, many seasons ago. I was a child then, not as old as you are now and we were living far to the sunrise. King Tammany called me to him saying that an important meeting was about to take place and as I would some day be the sachem it was well for me to witness it. He led me to the treaty tree—a large, strong elm—where we met the palefaces. Then placing the sachem's feathers on his head and taking a seat beside Metamequan on a log, he bid me be quiet. He then told the palefaces that he was ready to proceed. I paid attention to what was spoken and to-day it is as clear to me as on that day. Miquon stood between the palefaces and King Tammany. He began by saying that it was not their custom to use hostile weapons against fellow creatures, that the Great Spirit who made the Indians and the white man, who was King of all the Kings of the earth and ruled the world, knew the most secret thoughts of men, and could witness that his colony of Englishmen desired to live at peace and friendship with the Indians and to serve them to the utmost of their power. He said he desired to present them with a written treaty for he knew not how to make a belt of wampum to represent all he had to promise. "This is the document, my son," and the grand old brave picked up the parchment and held it so I could better see it. Then he continued:

"As Miquon handed this treaty to King Tammany he said: 'I will not do as the Marylanders have done, call you children or brothers only, for even parents sometimes whip their children too severely and brothers sometimes differ. Neither will I compare our friendship to a chain, for rain may rust it or a tree fall and break it, but I will consider your people and my people as the same flesh and blood, the same as if one

man's body were divided in two parts.' " Great grandfather paused for a moment that I might better retain his words, after which he looked at the parchment again and thoughtfully said: "They promised that this treaty should be kept as long as the sun, moon and stars would shine and the creeks and rivers flow. As that was not written in the treaty when Miquon presented it, King Tammany placed the sun, moon and stars in this corner and drew this river flowing into the sea that we might remember his promise," and his old finger again pointed to the objects indicated. Then rolling up the parchment he was silent and looked steadily in the distance. I did not interrupt him.

Finally he spoke again: "Your brother John is to be the sachem at my death, but he is away and I can not teach him."

His tone told me he felt grieved, and I was ready to offer my sympathy. "Can you not teach it to some one else, father?" I asked.

"None of the young bucks seem to care for these matters. They love to hunt too well to learn to repeat these long treaties."

"I would like to learn to repeat the treaties, father," I replied, not knowing the nature of the task I was seeking.

"Your words give me hope, my son," he said as he gently drew me to him, and after looking at me earnestly for a time, as if reading my thoughts, he added:

"Place your hand on the treaty bag and promise me you will repeat what I teach you to your children and your children's children, even as our great and good King Tammany promised a long time ago."

I placed my hand on the sacred treaty bag and repeated, "I will remember your words, my father; I will do as you have bidden me."

"That is right, my son; that is right, and by honor-

ing the customs of your fathers the Great Spirit will be pleased with you."

As he thus spoke he lifted me upon his knee and then repeated from memory the entire Miquon treaty, and required me to repeat it after him. This he continued until I was weary. "Now run away, but return to my lodge when the sun rises again, for I wish to teach you more," he concluded.

As I left the old brave he wrapped the precious parchment in a skin to better protect it and replaced it in the treaty bag with the wampum belts and strings and carried them into his lodge.

The next morning, and for many subsequent mornings, I went to the sachem's lodge and learned the Miquon treaty so I could repeat it as well as great-grandfather—at least so he said on one occasion.

My instructions were not confined to the treaties, but included the laws, the traditions and the history of the Delawares. Great-grandfather was without doubt the best authority on the history of the Delawares of the century in which he lived, for he was present at, and took part usually in all the important events affecting his people from the time of the great treaty at Sachemexing.* One story he related especially made an impression upon me. He always used the same words and the same sentences in telling it. As he spoke to me in Delaware I can not tell it to you in his words as I would like to do, but here is a translation, as nearly as I can give you.

"Miquon made us many promises when the treaty was made. One was that no land should be taken without the Indians' consent, and another that when trading or buying land no tricks or cheating would be permitted. These he always kept, and those who followed him for

*The old style of Shakamaxon, meaning the meeting place of sachems.

a time remembered them also. But we learned that not all palefaces were good, like Miquon, and feared that some day one would become the English father who would forget Miquon's words. The time came just before we left our old hunting ground. After the great treaty many English came from across the great water and built their lodges on the land Tammany had given them. This land was soon all taken and the English father asked for more. When this request was granted another was made and then another until we decided we could not give away any more of our hunting ground. But the English continued to take it piece by piece. We objected and told the English father of the promise made by Miquon, but he replied that they rightfully owned the land thus taken and much more as King Tammany had deeded it to them just before he died, and a deed was produced which gave to the English all the land between the Delaware River and Neshaminy Creek, the distance a man could walk northward in a day and a half from a chestnut tree near the Wrightstown church. The deed was examined and the marks made by King Tammany and Metamequan were the same as those made on the Miquon treaty, so we then asked that the land be measured and that the palefaces take no more. This they agreed to do, and a day was set for the walk to begin. Now our people understood that a journey of a day and a half was a definite distance. We did not know the meaning of miles and furlongs as the English talked and we thought the deed read in this manner that the Indians might understand it. But when the time for walking arrived the English father picked out the strongest walkers he could find among the palefaces and told them to walk as fast as possible. These walkers started from the chestnut tree just as the sun began to come over the hills. Instead of walking, they ran so

fast that our fleetest braves could not keep up with them. The English father to help his walkers make greater speed had men on horseback along the trail with provisions, so the walkers could eat while they ran. Thus, the paleface's journey of a day and a half covered a distance three times as great as an Indian's day-and-a-half journey. On this measurement and deed the English claimed the best part of our hunting grounds. After that we learned Tammany had not given the deed but it was made by the English. Some of our braves favored driving the English out of our country, but we remembered the promise of Tammany that peace would be kept as long as the sun, moon and stars would shine and the creeks and rivers flow, and our council voted to respect that promise. Then it was we left the English to possess the land thus wrongfully obtained, and took a trail toward the sunset to find the country our fathers told us we owned long ages ago. The country we sought was this beautiful Muskingum Valley."*

*The story of the "walking purchase" which old Netawatwes relates above is corroborated in an English publication, dated 1759, entitled "Alienation of the Delaware and Shawnees Indians from the British Interests," by Thomson, and also by a few more recent historical works.

CHAPTER II.

A Bribe.

About the time John left home a rumor reached Newcomerstown, our capital, that a great religious teacher was gaining followers among the Delawares living in the sunrise country. It was Pipe, I believe, who told us that Captain Glikkikin, the war chief of the Monseys,* had foresworn his people on account of this teacher. He told us this that he might add that he had been selected war chief to succeed Glikkikin. Great-grandfather was surprised to know of Glikkikin's action as he was not only a brave warrior, but a strong man in council and always upheld the customs of his ancestors. Our sachem did not judge harshly, however, and was willing even to listen to the great teacher himself. The opportunity came. About a moon after Captain Pipe brought the message, Glikkikin came with a paleface. It was early morning just as I was taking my daily instructions.

"My son," said great-grandfather to Glikkikin, "rumor tells me you have forsaken us. How is this?"

"It is true, my father, that I have adopted a new religion and care no longer for our old customs, but I have not forsaken my people," replied Glikkikin. "My people are as dear to me now as when I trod the war-path. My father, this is our adopted brother. His people call him Brother David. He has a wonderful truth to tell. We want your council house to-night that he may teach his doctrine to our people."

*There were three clans comprising the Delaware tribe, the Turtle, the Turkey and the Wolf. The latter was usually called Monseys.

"I have been wanting to hear your words, Brother David, and you are welcome to our hospitality," said great-grandfather, turning toward the paleface. "While I do not believe your teachings, it shall never be said that Netawatwes ever kept truth from his people. My council house is open to you."

That evening a meeting was held. I have a mind picture of it now, although I was not old enough to understand all that occurred. Brother David was a slightly built man, and to an Indian his physical appearance suggested contempt. But he possessed an energy and earnestness when speaking which made one forget his stature. His manner impressed great-grandfather. The very next time he repeated the great treaty to me, he told me when he heard Brother David he thought of Miquon.

I would like to tell you how later Brother David and Glikkikin asked for land in the Muskingum Valley, on which to build towns, how a council was called to consider the matter, the opposition offered by Captain Pipe and how Captain White Eyes and father championed the cause of Brother David, and finally obtained permission for him to bring his followers, the Moravians, to our hunting ground, and how they built the towns of Schoenbrun and Gnadenhutten, but this would make a long story. I will tell you, though, of my first visit to Gnadenhutten. It was during planting month after the arrival of the Moravians. They sent Captain White Eyes and father word that they would celebrate Easter on a certain day after the full of the moon.

Indians are fond of feasts. In fact, the only occasions on which an Indian enjoyed himself were when on the war-path, when hunting or when feasting. We had our planting feast, green corn feast, fire feast, and numerous others. While these were celebrated usually during the same season throughout the tribe, the

different Indian towns arranged to have them on different days so all the Indians of the three clans could attend, and when we knew the Moravians were to have an Easter festival, we wanted to see how they would feast, dance and celebrate.

We watched the moon closely, and at the proper time, had you been living at Newcomerstown, you might have seen a small company of Indians, dressed in their accustomed fineries for feasts, leaving on the up-river trail for Gnadenhutten. While it was not usual for young boys to attend any feasts except those celebrated at their homes, I received many indulgences since studying the treaties and father permitted me to accompany him.

Arriving at Gnadenhutten we were given the guest house for our lodge, and when night came we slept in beds the same as palefaces use. The next morning we were awakened by what I thought was the noise of the evil spirit, but father, having been in paleface settlements before, explained that it was a bell which was used to get the people to the chapel as we used a drum to call a council. The bell had scarcely stopped ringing when we arrived at the chapel. The chapel was lighted with candles—another novelty to me.

When a second bell rang all the benches of the chapel were occupied and the proceedings began. There was singing, Brother David spoke, and then the people filed out of the chapel, the squaws and girls first, followed by the braves and boys, and marched to a newly-made graveyard. Here again Brother David talked and just as the sun was rising they sang. Then they shook each other's hand, saying, "The Lord is risen." This seemed to end the proceedings. My surprise was complete, for I had expected feasting and dancing

like the planting feast at Newcomerstown, but it had turned out to be all talking and singing.

At the close of the service we were standing near Joshua, a Mohican, who seemed to be the leader of the Indians at Gnadenhutten, when a little girl dressed oddly, according to my idea, came up. She looked at us rather curiously. "Uncle, ask them home with us to-day; I like to look at their feathers," she said presently.

"My little girl wants you to spend the day with us," said Joshua, addressing father in English, to which father replied.

"Oh, Uncle, I didn't know they could understand me," she said, and away she ran.

We went home with Joshua. He furnished us all we could eat, and explained many curious things about the Moravians and their customs. Then it was that I first fully realized there were people with different customs from the Delawares. The one object which seemed to attract my attention as much as anything was Benigna, the little girl who liked to look at our feathers. She was so different from my girl acquaintances at Newcomerstown.

Schoenbrun and Gnadenhutten grew to be the most important towns in the Indian country. They were central points in the great highways between the Shawnee nation on the south and the Wyandotte on the north, and Indians of all tribes, and traders and trappers passing north, south, east or west, stopped at these towns on their journeys. Even Chillicothe, the Shawnees' capital, and Newcomerstown became of but secondary importance. This success pleased father and Captain White Eyes, for they saw in it a growth of our nation toward civilization, but Captain Pipe and his followers were much displeased. This matter was

finally brought definitely before us by the Moravians asking for more land. A council was called.

When the councillors gathered great-grandfather arose to address them. He was almost ninety-nine years old, but straight as an arrow, and his dignified manner secured the closest attention. He began—"Our brothers, the Moravians, on the Muskingum, have asked for more land. They are increasing. They are of our flesh and blood. They have treated us well and I desire to see them prosper. But, my braves, what have you to say?"

At that Captain Pipe was on his feet and made a stirring speech against the Moravians. He was an orator, and had studied his subject thoroughly. He did not impress great-grandfather, however, for when he sat down great-grandfather resumed:

"When I was a child, our nation made a treaty of friendship with the great Miquon. Here it is," and he held up the parchment. "Brother David is another paleface like Miquon, and let us, my braves, adopt this treaty as it may apply to our Moravian brothers, and let us give them more land on which to build their lodges, and raise their crops."

At that, Captain White Eyes stood up and shouted, "I favor your plan, my sachem!" And then there was a general approval of the suggestion by the councillors.

Leaving the council house I noticed Captain Pipe alone a short distance away. This was unusual, as he was an active man and always with a company of braves on occasions of this kind, reciting his views on the various political questions. He was ambitious to be considered greater than Captain White Eyes.

"Ugh! Ugh! Charles!" he called to me in a somewhat low voice. This was stranger still, as he had never taken special notice of me before, and I knew

him only because he was a prominent man of our tribe. I returned the salutation, and would have passed on had he not beckoned to me with a nod of his head to follow him. I obeyed.

After we got beyond a clump of bushes, and out of sight of those who had attended the council, he began, "I saw you in the council."

"Yes," I answered; "great-grandfather invited me to be present to-day.

"You are quite young to be permitted in the councils," he returned.

"This is the first one I have attended," I replied, "but great-grandfather has been teaching me the treaties, and I presume he wants me to know about the council also."

"Ugh! going to make a councillor of you, is he? Right he is, too, for you will see to the interests of the tribe better than any other young brave here at Newcomerstown. Would that you might be our next sachem, but your brother will get that. It was all nonsense sending him to school. What does a brave want with an education? Glory is in war, not in reading from books. We have lived without teachers and books from the time our ancestors first saw light, and we can continue such life. Why do we want a change? We are happy."

I made no reply. After some hesitation at my silence, Captain Pipe continued:

"Now, my young buck, you will not be a schwonnak, will you?"

Schwonnak meant a weak-minded person who could be frightened into believing scare tales told by women and preachers and the name was applied to the Indians who attended chapel on Sunday or were friendly to the Moravians. Had Captain Pipe simply chided me with

being a friend of the Moravians it would not have been hard to acknowledge, but the magic sarcasm in that word "schwonnak" made me deny my friendship, and I answered Captain Pipe emphatically: "I am not."

"That is right, my buck, I am glad to hear you say so," replied Captain Pipe.

I hated the man when he talked to me as he did, for I knew great-grandfather and Captain White Eyes were friends of the Moravians, and I was, too, because I placed implicit confidence in great-grandfather.

"Do you ever attend the missions?" continued Captain Pipe.

"I have attended one meeting," I replied.

"The less you see of the Moravians, the better."

There was silence for a time, after which Captain Pipe continued:

"I have only a few words to say and you will do well to listen. Know you war has begun between the pale-faces over the mountains and the great English father across the sea?"

"No, I have not heard it," I answered.

"It has and there are stirring times ahead. The Delawares must go on the war-path. There can be no peace for us in a war such as this will be. For my part, I rejoice. War makes brave men, and it is only by showing ourselves brave, and making other nations fear us that we will have power as we had before the peace Indians brought upon us the name of 'women.'" This latter was said with great feeling, for he strongly resented the name given us by the Iroquois.

"Once our hunting ground reached across the mountains to the great water. The settlers took much of it and they will take more if successful in this war. It is not the English father who wants land but the settlers." Then another short silence and Pipe contin-

ued: "The English father across the sea is the stronger, and the settlers can never hope to beat him. He has sent war belts and hatchets to many of the tribes already." Another pause. "You may remember the palefaces, Elliott and McKee, who gather furs in these parts. They are with the English father and have offered to every Indian who will fight for them a gun and all the powder and bullets he can use, and to those who are the leaders of war parties will be given rewards much greater than the settlers can ever pay us. This offer is open to you. Captain Elliott explained this fully to me. I doubted his words and went to Detroit, where the English father stays, to inquire further. He told me not only what Captain Elliott said, but more. His Indians will receive much money and presents. You are young and full of life. You belong to the family from which the sachem of the Delaware nation must be appointed. Your Brother John, who could be the sachem, is away at school, and may never return. Even if he should, the Delawares do not want a paleface Indian for their king, they want an Indian. They want a brave who knows what war is. Should you raise a band of warriors and lead them to victory, John would be deposed and you would be the sachem of the Delawares. Netawatwes wants it so, that is why he is teaching you the treaties. The young braves will join you if you but ask them. The opportunity is before you. You know my position since Glikkikin has become a schwonnak, I am the head war chief of the Monseys. Consider well my words."

"But," I replied, "is not great-grandfather and Captain White Eyes opposed to war?"

"Opposed to war? Yes. But two braves can not keep the tribe from the war-path. And were you not admitted to the council to-day? Does not that mean that

you are no longer to depend on others to think for you, that you are to think and decide for yourself? Would you not become the greatest brave in the nation if you should oppose Captain White Eyes and succeed? And you would succeed if you do as I tell you."

"I will think this over, Captain, and let you know when I have decided to follow your advice," I replied.

"Very well," answered Captain Pipe, "but don't talk about this matter to anyone until you have made up your mind to follow me in this war, and remember there are rewards for the active," and he walked away.

As he disappeared, I pondered over his words. Much he said was true. Captain White Eyes and father were responsible for sending John to school. While great-grandfather consented to his going, I remembered how afterwards he regretted the occurrence. I concluded to think the matter over and to say nothing to anyone about it until I had decided upon my course.

CHAPTER III.

Message from Congress.

The day after the council I accompanied great-grandfather and a band of braves to Gnadenhutten.

After the decision of the council was announced to Brother David, he brought out some newspapers he had received from the East and read us the news. There were accounts of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and of the Second Continental Congress. "But here," said Brother David, "is a statement which will interest you more," and he read how Congress proposed to make a treaty with the Delaware and Moravian Indians on the Muskingum.

"If it comes to the worst, Brother David, and we must choose sides, which will you favor?" asked great-grandfather.

"The Moravians never go to war, Netawatwes," replied Brother David. "A principle of our church, and by the grace of God I have endeavored to instill it into the lives of my little flock, is that war is wrong. It is better to suffer the ills which may be forced upon us, than to shed blood, even though it be the blood of our enemies. The Holy Bible says, 'Love your enemies, do good to them who hate you and despitefully use you.' During this war, and God grant that it may be speedily terminated, our influence will be for peace, wholly for peace. We will endeavor to live up to the teachings of the Holy Bible, and should enemies be provoked who do us harm, we will return good for evil as the Holy Scriptures teacheth. The reward for such living will be fully worth the sufferings we undergo here."

Returning home the next day I listened attentively to great-grandfather and Captain White Eyes talking about what they had heard. "This war will reach us," said Captain White Eyes, "and it may be hard to keep our young braves at home, for even now the English agents are offering guns and ammunition to all who will take the war-path against the settlers."

"Which side will you favor, father," I asked, addressing our sachem. "Neither, my son, our nation must not engage in this war," he replied.

"Then do you believe as Brother David teaches?"

"I believe in some of his teachings," replied great-grandfather. "War is wrong. Both parties fighting must be injured. I have told you that many times before Brother David came to our country. But, I am not a Moravian. I was not born to love my enemies."

"Captain Pipe is in favor of the English, father," I returned.

"Captain Pipe," spoke up Captain White Eyes, "Pipe is always opposed to peace and the nation's good."

I said no more, but realized that great-grandfather and Captain White Eyes would not favor my following Captain Pipe's suggestion.

After granting the Moravians more land our capital was moved a half day's journey down the river from Newcomerstown to Coshocton. We were just established in our new home when a messenger from Pittsburg brought a letter addressed to Netawatwes, Captain White Eyes, and the braves and warriors of the Delaware nation. The letter stated that Dr. Walker and Mr. Morris, commissioners from Congress, had an important message to deliver to our people, and they would be at Pittsburg in a change of moon for that purpose.

So in time we set out for Pittsburg. The trip was not eventful enough to increase the pages of these memoirs. It is sufficient to say that on our arrival we found the commissioners awaiting us, and after the preliminaries usual on such occasions to show dignity, great-grandfather announced that he was ready to hear the message from Congress, and to proceed with the treaty. Dr. Walker invited us to a house where he had tables and chairs, like those I had seen at Gnadenhutten, but great-grandfather would not enter, as he said, "From the earliest time our nation has made its treaties in the open air—under a tree full of birds singing songs of peace—a treaty made in a lodge will not last. I desire to make my treaties as Tammany did." The commissioners were willing to grant great-grandfather's request, and the same morning a tree near the joining of the two rivers which form the Ohio, was dedicated as the "treaty tree" by our assembling under it to hear the message. The message was short, but full of meaning. It stated that the colonies east of the mountains had banded together to protect themselves against the oppression of the English, with whom they were at war. The Continental Congress, which was the government of the colonies, did not desire to have any trouble with the Indians. Neither did they ask the Indians to sacrifice their lives by going on the war-path against the British.

Great-grandfather replied in one of his peace speeches that he was glad, indeed, to meet the palefaces from the colonies, that his desire was to remain at peace and his nation's policy was to avoid war whenever possible. The meeting was one of good will which was entered into by all. Did I say all? I must except Captain Pipe, whom I noticed frequently in a quiet conversation with Simon Girty, the interpreter.

The commissioners stated they were not ready to

make a treaty with us, as their only object was to understand the feelings of the Delaware braves and report the matter to Congress; but as the Delawares had shown such a kindly feeling, they promised to return within a round of seasons with a treaty belt and presents.

Captain White Eyes, who always took great interest in political affairs, asked for a full explanation of the causes which led to the war. Dr. Walker was familiar with the politics of the day. He was an interesting talker, and he told us of the obnoxious laws which England undertook to force upon the colonists, how they resented them first by petition and then by force, of the Boston Tea Party and the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. I remember one illustration which brought the facts plainly to my boyish mind. "The colonists," he said, "are like a young son, and the English government across the sea like an unreasonable father. The father having a burden to carry a long distance wanted his son to carry a large part of it. The son was willing to do his share, but being weak from lack of proper nourishment and the load being very heavy, he complained that he was given too large a portion and that he found it impossible to carry the burden placed upon him. Then, instead of inquiring into the son's condition the father says: 'My son, you are under my orders. What I command you to do you can not question. You complain your load is too heavy? You shall carry double the amount for your impudence,' and the father doubles the burden placed on his son, and threatens punishment if further complaint is made. In such a case would it be any wonder that the son should rebel against such unreasonable action? Such is the disagreement between the colonists and their great father across the sea."

I could see Captain White Eyes was interested. "Brave men," he shouted when Dr. Walker had finished. "You are in the right, and should my braves go on the war-path they will be with you, not against you."

I felt like shouting too, but did not out of respect for great-grandfather, who listened without a word or emotion.

The pipe was then passed and great-grandfather ordered the council fire covered.

The spring following this meeting Col. John Gibson came to our country with a great treaty belt which the Continental Congress sent to the Delawares in remembrance of their promises of peace. A message which Col. Gibson brought with it was that Congress desired to strengthen the existing bond of friendship and that commissioners would again be sent to talk over the matter with us at Pittsburg where we would be presented with gifts and written documents. Our head men desired to make the treaty and to insure peace, and it was readily agreed in council that they would attend the treaty.

In harvest month we again set off for Pittsburg, and rekindled the council fire under the treaty tree. There were more palefaces at this meeting than at the first one. Speeches of good will were made. The progress of the war was explained, and we were told that Congress had adopted a declaration of independence a few moons before, whereby the colonies were no longer under the English government—that the boy who had been compelled by his father to carry a load so much larger than he was able, had now refused to carry any part of it.

Great-grandfather had not been well the entire winter. We would have persuaded him to remain behind on this trip had it not been that he was the sachem, and his presence was necessary to make the

treaty valid. I noticed on the trip he was weaker than I had ever known him before. Sometimes while riding he almost fell from his horse, and Captain White Eyes or I rode by his side the entire journey to assist him in case of need. When we reached Pittsburg he was so weak I knew he was attending his last treaty. Before the end of the first day of the treaty meeting he occasionally had fainting spells and seemed to take no interest in anything around him. Still he would not give up, but insisted that the treaty proceed.

After the commissioners had spoken and great-grandfather was expected to reply, he made a sign to Captain White Eyes to take his place. This was probably the first time in his life that he had not been ready to take his part in a council or treaty meeting since he was sachem. But during the succeeding days he attended the treaty meeting and sat at his accustomed place. On the day the treaty was to be signed we carried him to the treaty tree. When the meeting opened father and Captain White Eyes again requested that the treaty fire be covered until the sachem should recover. The commissioners very cheerfully acceded, and great-grandfather nodded an assent. The treaty pipe was passed. Great-grandfather attempted to raise it to his lips, but it fell from his hands, and when father attempted to help him he could not rise. We moved him to one of the lodges which Colonel Neville, the officer in charge at Pittsburg, directed be made ready for him.

Great-grandfather did not at first believe that his end was so near, as his illness was not accompanied with pain. But he had baffled with the world for one hundred years, and as he did not recover strength after the first two days, even though the Indian doctors applied their charms and herbs, and the paleface doctor gave his medicine, he realized he was going.

One evening about a week after great-grandfather had been carried from the treaty tree, he called me to him. He told me how glad he felt that I was present, for he knew he never again would see Coshocton, his home. "My time is now short," he said. "I feel that before the sun sets to-morrow I will be in the happy hunting ground where Tammany, Metamequan, and our other good braves have gone before me. I desire to give you my last instructions concerning your duties. You have been my constant companion in my old age. I have taught you the meaning of the treaty belts. I have recited our traditions to you until your remembrance of them is now as good as my own. Your Brother John will be your next sachem. It is my will. I leave with you a greater charge than the sachemship —the safe keeping of the treaties and traditions of the tribe—and you will be the one to hand them down to future generations. John will have care of the wampum belts and parchments, it is true, but when they are to be interpreted, and when some one must explain their meanings, you will be that one. Stand by your tribe and people, my son, and when you are old, teach the traditions to some worthy young brave, as I have taught you. Remember my words, my son. There is one other charge. Captain Pipe and many of the Monseys will go on the war-path against the Americans. The English father at Detroit has offered them gold and firewater to do so. I saw Captain Pipe leave the treaty meeting last autumn when the palefaces were telling of their troubles with the English. I also know that nearly all of his followers dislike the Moravians. Captain Pipe will use his influence after my death to have the Delawares join the English, and the influence for war will spread to the Turtle tribe. This desire may seize you, for young bucks are fond of war—it is born in them. You will be told that there is honor in

it, and that you can become a leader by going on the war-path. Do not believe it. War is destruction and it should be only the last resort. Whenever possible keep our tribe out of war. But if it comes to saving our homes, fight. Then show your enemies that you have the blood of a warrior in you."

His voice became weaker as he spoke. In his last sentences he summoned all the strength he could to impress the thought on my mind. The exertion was too much, and he gave a gasp. In my fright I called Captain White Eyes. At that moment the surgeon came in also.

"Your king can not live much longer," he said. He took a flask of firewater from his pocket and pressed it to great-grandfather's lips. He took a sip, murmured my name, and fell into a stupor, from which he never recovered. Two days later great-grandfather was no more. His great and good spirit had gone to the happy hunting ground—probably not to the hunting ground of the Indians, but to that spirit land which Brother David called "Heaven"—the land of peace.

We buried him under the treaty tree at the forks of the river, where he was attending to duty the last days of his active life. Colonel Neville would have fired guns over his grave as they do when military men are buried, but father requested that it should not be done. In speaking to Colonel Neville of the matter, he said, "My sachem was always an advocate of peace. He cared not for warrior's honors while living and would not want them when dead. All we ask is that he be buried like a man of peace."

So he was buried, and while the commissioners from Congress, the paleface soldiers, and his own braves stood around the open grave into which he was lowered, the chaplain offered a prayer to the great Manitou of the Indians and the God of the white man to provide

bountifully for him in the happy hunting ground, and to grant him that peace which all Christians receive who are admitted to Heaven, and that while the body of the great sachem of the Delawares was put away in the earth, that his good spirit would influence his nation to continue in the course he had marked out for them of benevolence and peace. As the soldiers who dug the grave began to close it, we slowly walked away, leaving dear old great-grandfather in his last resting place.

The death of our sachem ended the treaty meeting. Captain White Eyes did not wish to assume authority to proceed with the treaty alone, and Captain Pipe was indisposed to make any treaty at all.

CHAPTER IV.

Eavesdropping.

I determined on the last day at Pittsburg to tell Captain Pipe that my sympathies were not with the English. I hunted for him without success, and had come to the conclusion he had already left, when passing near one of the buildings, I heard a voice like his. I stopped to listen.

"Yes, this is the prison in which we were kept after the war. I hate it, and hate the palefaces who now hold it, but I can do nothing alone," said the voice within.

This assured me it was Captain Pipe, for I knew he had been held as a hostage at this fort with Captain Johnny, Red Hawk and Simon Girty, just after Colonel Boquet raided our country.

Then a voice answered, which I knew was Simon Girty, from its husky, gruff manner. "You can do much alone. When a treaty comes up again, sign it, sign any d—d thing they put before you, but in your own mind agree to nothing. Don't act the d—d innocent Indian you did on this trip, by showing you're English. I am here only for a purpose—because the time is not ripe enough for blood the way I want to see it flow. I am not an American, and have nothing in common with them. But wait, Pipe, I say wait, and if you follow my advice you will yet have more scalps dangling at your belt than you have fingers and toes."

"Ugh! Girty, you have white blood in your veins, but Pontiac himself was no better Indian," replied Captain Pipe.

At this, Girty gave a hoarse laugh of satisfaction.

"If you think that now, wait until my plan is unfolded —wait until the war is fairly started, and you will hear the d—d whites calling to Pontiac for protection."

"But what is your plan, Girty? You have not explained it to me."

"My plan—My plan," said Girty. "Can you read?" and I heard the crinkling sound as Girty pulled something out of his pocket and unfolded it. "If you can't read, do you know what this means?"

"The seal of the great father across the water," explained Captain Pipe. "The same Captain Elliott showed to me."

"Yes, and a pretty stipend goes with that parchment," answered Girty.

"Then you are working for the English now?" returned Captain Pipe.

"At a Captain's wages."

"But what is your plan?"

"It's simply this, Pipe, if your braves have any of their old spirit left, and you can get a band large enough to make an attack on this fort, I will play it into your hands, but the details will be considered later. If you are too weak to do this, I will leave the d—d place anyway, and see what I can do with your Indians. Jim Girty is with the Shawnees, and he may want my assistance if the Delawares continue to be women. When we go on the war-path, we will not leave a paleface or Moravian Indian on this side the mountains. I make my plans as I go, Pipe—that's the best way."

"The Delawares will go on the war-path. I'll see to it, Girty," replied Pipe, and, continuing more thoughtfully, "I have White Eyes against me—he is a power among the Delawares—the Moravian Indians are another. If White Eyes and the praying Indians were removed, we'd have things our way. The other

Delawares to a brave would be on the war-path before a change of moon."

"Why don't you get rid of them?"

"It's too dangerous. The Moravians were encouraged by Netawatwes and White Eyes, and they are too many. Would you believe it, even my squaw has joined them, and you know Captain Johnny and Captain Glikkikin have become Moravians—schwonnaks—and yet they are loved by their braves as well as ever. Were we to oppose them we would have the devil to pay," returned Pipe.

"I don't know much about Moravians, but I know more than you do, Pipe. Why do they move from one place to another? To avoid fighting. You can not make a Moravian fight, or provoke one to strike in self-defense. This is what they are taught. If you are afraid of Glikkikin, of Johnny, or of the other dozen schwonnaks who once fought with you, you are a d—d coward. They're women now, not warriors. Get rid of Captain White Eyes, any way possible. Get rid of the praying devils. If you don't want Moravian blood on your hands or Moravian scalps at your belt, drive them from your country, burn their homes, destroy their crops, starve them out."

"But, Girty, to destroy the Moravian towns would mean a loss to us. Any Indians wanting corn need but go to their towns, and they get it," answered Pipe.

"Your English father will furnish you corn," returned Girty. "You need not depend on the schwonnaks. I believe you're a schwonnak yourself."

"The English father has promised me enough, and one band of Monseys will go on the war-path when the grass is green again," replied Captain Pipe. "But we must meet soon again," and as Captain Pipe thus spoke he walked toward the door.

I knew this conversation was not intended for me

and from fear of being caught, I ran around the hut.

"What's that noise?" said Captain Pipe, as they reached the door.

"I heard nothing; you're excited," answered Girty.

"I'm not; some one ran around this lodge. You go that way and I'll go this."

I heard them start. I felt a cold chill creep up my back. The uncertainty of the situation and the character of the men with whom I had to deal frightened me. I was not to be caught, however, for I was swift afoot, and the cabin, Girty and Pipe were soon behind me. By a circuitous route I arrived at headquarters. During this time my thoughts were on the conversation I had overheard. I knew Girty was a traitor, holding a captain's commission from the English and at the same time was trusted by the Americans as an interpreter. I felt it my duty to expose him, and determined to do it. Time was short in which to act, for our party was about ready to start. I went direct to Colonel Neville's lodge. A soldier was at his door.

"Is Colonel Neville here?" I inquired.

"He is, my lad, but he is engaged just now and can't see you," replied the guard.

"But I must see him, it is a matter of importance," I protested.

The guard left and in a moment I heard him inside the lodge saying: "Colonel, an Indian buck wants to see you."

"Of the Delaware party?" inquired the Colonel.

"Yes, sir; he says it is a matter of importance, but he's just a lad," returned the guard.

"Is Colonel Gibson at his quarters? Take him to Colonel Gibson. I'm too busy now and an Indian of his age can't tell important business from any other kind. Perhaps he wants some present."

"Colonel Gibson is not at his quarters."

"Then take him to the officer of the day. I must get these dispatches off to General Washington."

The guard came out and beckoned to another soldier standing near. "Take this lad to the officer of the day," he said, and then apart to me, "Colonel Neville has no time, but the officer of the day will listen to you and report to Colonel Neville."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, and followed the soldier who started to find the officer of the day. I was more nervous at this time than I had been before, and when we found the officer I told him I wanted to see him alone. This he readily granted.

When we were alone under a tree a short distance from headquarters, I told him the story of how I happened to hear the conversation of Captain Pipe and Simon Girty in the log cabin and what they had said.

"But why were you hunting Pipe?" he asked.

I then told him of the propositions Captain Pipe had made to me to join the English, how Captain White Eyes and father opposed him, and that I was hunting him to say that I would not go on the war-path.

"I will present this matter to Colonel Neville, but, my boy, don't repeat this to anyone, not even to your father or Captain White Eyes. It would spoil the plans we will lay to catch the traitor. Remember you are young and should be guided by what I say."

I did not want to promise. There was something in the dark eyes of the man to whom I was talking that made me doubt his honesty. He questioned me very minutely about the promises of money and presents made by the English father at Detroit. But what I was doing, I was doing for the colonists, and the man to whom I was speaking was representing Colonel Neville. If Colonel Neville had asked silence I would readily have granted it, and I promised the officer I would keep the matter a secret.

We arose to leave, when father came upon us.

"We have been hunting you, Charles, we are ready for the journey. Come along."

I said "good day" to the officer and soon we were on our way to the sunset.

We arrived at home without any incident of interest, and brother John was elected great-grandfather's successor.

The humdrum life of an Indian town was the only thing which occupied our attention except occasional messages from our neighbors, the Wyandottes, who had accepted the hatchet from the English.

CHAPTER V.

Evangeline.

"Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places,
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;
Now in the Tents of Grace* of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefield of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came and passed away unremembered."
—*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

One evening during green corn month in 1777 I was lying in the shade of father's lodge striking at the flies which seemed to worry me more than usual, day dreaming as to my future. I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by a female voice saying something in French. Looking up the path leading to father's lodge I saw a young woman and two elderly men. As they came opposite me they stopped. I arose and bowed as I had seen Brother David do when strangers visited him, and said, "Good afternoon."

"Do you understand English?" asked one of the men I knew to be a Jesuit.

"Some," I replied.

"How far is it to Gnadenhutten?"

"A good day's journey."

"Is the trail dangerous?" was the next inquiry.

"The Wyandottes are on the war-path and travel between here and Gnadenhutten frequently. If you are friends of the English they will not harm you," I answered.

"The Delawares are friendly to all the whites, are they not?" asked the spokesman of the party.

"Most of them are."

*English for Gnadenhutten.

"Can not some one in your village furnish us with a lodge for the night?"

"Brother John will let you stay in the visitors' lodge."*

"And who is Brother John, pray?" asked the lady.

"John Killbuck, the sachem of the Delawares."

"Does not Captain White Eyes live in these parts?" asked the Jesuit. "We have heard of him frequently as a friend of the white man."

"He lives a short distance up the river," I answered.

"From what I have heard I feel safe if we are with his people," said the woman.

"You are safe here," I suggested.

"And to whom are we under obligations for this kind reception?" asked the lady.

"My name is Charles Killbuck," I answered.

Just then John came up. I told him of the strangers' request, and he gave them the visitors' lodge for the night. As John led them away, I wondered who they were and why they were passing through the country at that time. Then, remembering the long black coat of the one man I thought they must be missionaries.

In the morning they would have proceeded to Gnadenhutten by sunrise, but Captain White Eyes requested the story of their adventures before leaving. Then it was we learned the Jesuit was called Father Felican, and his companions Basil Lajeunesse and Evangeline Bellefontaine. They were Acadians—so they called themselves—which they explained meant that they were French and had lived in a country far to the north. Many seasons before they were all living in the same town—neighbors—and Evangeline was betrothed to Basil's son Gabriel. But a barrier was interposed. The English had obtained possession of Acadia as a re-

*Every Indian town of consequence had a lodge for visitors.

sult of a war with the French, and at the time of which I speak another war was in progress between those nations. The English King fearing the Acadians would not remain loyal to him, decreed that they should be taken to other lands. This decree was carried out. The Acadians were made prisoners and taken aboard English ships to be carried away. In the confusion in which this was done Evangeline and Gabriel were placed on different ships and landed at different cities. Thus they were separated, neither knowing what had become of the other, and, as Father Felican said: "From the day Evangeline landed she has been hunting for her lover." Then Father Felican related how he had met Evangeline in some eastern city and how they had journeyed together down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, finally finding Basil at St. Maur, far to the south. But, just a sunrise before their arrival Gabriel had left his father's house. Evangeline continued an unsuccessful search and finally in despair returned to Basil's home. Here she might have remained had not an incident occurred which again awakened hope.

It was early in the spring of 1777 when several trappers and Indians came to St. Maur on their way to New Orleans. The chief of the Indians, who gave his name as Bird Feather, had a gun which Basil recognized as the one Gabriel had taken with him. Basil thought immediately the Indian must have stolen it from Gabriel or probably killed him to get it. Bird Feather protested, and repeated, "Gabriel was my friend."

"If you were his friend, how did you get this gun?" returned Basil rather violently.

"Gabriel gave it to me," answered Bird Feather.

"Liar!" shouted Basil, and with his clenched fist he struck toward the Indian, who jumped nimbly aside. "I am Gabriel's father. The boy would never have given

it up without a struggle, and your having it means you murdered him."

"Ugh! Were you not Gabriel's father I would strike you down. I have the power to do it," returned Bird Feather, and to show his strength he grasped one of his companions by the belt and held him at arm's length.

"If you knew Gabriel, tell me something he said that I may know you speak the truth," replied Basil more calmly.

"He had a sweetheart named Evangeline."

"He had a sweetheart named Evangeline?" repeated Basil, not knowing that he asked it in the form of a question, fully convinced that Bird Feather had spoken the truth. "I have wronged you, I ask your forgiveness. Come to my house where Gabriel's sweetheart is and tell her what you know of him."

A few minutes later the careworn and troubled face of Evangeline was youthful again from the excitement of news about her lover. The Indian then told how he obtained the gun.

"One afternoon I was sitting in my lodge when I heard two reports of a gun, one shortly after the other, and this was followed by the bellowing of a wounded elk. I knew some one was in trouble and seizing my rifle I ran in the direction in which I had heard the noise. I saw a large elk rushing toward a paleface, who was trying to load his gun on the run. I raised my rifle and fired, and the elk fell dead almost at the feet of the paleface. The paleface rushed toward me, grabbed my hand and said I saved his life as the elk would have been upon him before he could have reloaded. He said he had a comrade who was probably killed. We went a few paces back from where the elk was lying and found another paleface. The elk had trampled him to the earth. I took him to my lodge,

where he lingered between life and death a number of days. The wounded man's name was Francois Lajole and the other Gabriel Lajeunesse. Gabriel watched carefully over his comrade, but he died. While there Gabriel told me the story of his life, 'for,' he said, 'if you ever meet Evangeline I want you to tell her my life is still for her.' Although I thought he spoke idle words, I remembered them because we were friends.

"After we buried his comrade and were about to part Gabriel handed his gun to me, saying: 'You saved my life. I give you this as a token of our friendship, for although I have always prized it, it is a small return for your kindness to me. I will take Francois' gun as my own. He then left me and was living a day's journey from my lodge last corn planting time.' "

When the trappers and Indians passed through St. Maur a few weeks later, on their return to Michigan, the party was increased by the addition of Evangeline, Basil and Father Felican, for they had resolved to find Gabriel.

When they arrived at the lodge of Bird Feather they rested for a day and then pressed on the remaining day's journey. Arriving at the hut Bird Feather pointed out as the one Gabriel occupied, we found it deserted. It seemed to have been abandoned a long time before. Nothing was left but to turn back, for Gabriel had left the forest.

The natural course was south, through Detroit, and arriving there they met some traders who had just returned from the Moravian villages on the Muskingum. The subject uppermost in the mind of Evangeline was approached. One trader remembered that in the Moravian village of Gnadenhutten he had a trade with a man answering Gabriel's description.

"Did he tell you his name?" asked Evangeline.

"He may have done so," replied the trader. "I do

not remember it now. I have a good memory for faces but not for names."

"If you have a memory for faces, did he resemble anyone in this company?" interrupted Father Felican.

"He had the face and broad shoulders of this man," replied the trader, turning his head toward Basil.

"Then it was he, it was he," exclaimed Evangeline. "Tell me, do you know more about him, where he was lodging, whither was he going, or anything, anything?"

"I have told you all I know, madam, except that when he left me he started along the street and turned through one of the gates—to the cooper's house."

"Then do you think he is living there?"

"It might appear so," replied the trader.

When Father Felican finished the story the sun was high and Evangeline still seemed exhausted and unfit for the journey, so they remained at Coshocton.

CHAPTER VI.

A Visit to the Home of Joshua, the Mohican.

When the sun arose again we furnished our guests with horses, and father, Captain White Eyes and I accompanied them on their journey to Gnadenhutten. In the late afternoon we reached the top of a hill from where we could see Gnadenhutten. The scene was a pretty one. On the sunrise bank of the river was the village with regular streets and uniform dwellings, while in the center of the town was a building of larger construction. A cupola showed it was the chapel, and the absence of a cross told Father Felican that those who worshipped there were not followers of his creed. Just across the river a tract of land had been cleared and was planted in corn and potatoes.

"It is a fine sight, Basil, to see signs of civilization again," said Father Felican, as they were looking over the valley.

Basil did not answer, for Evangeline interrupted: "Is that where Gabriel is?" and she pointed toward the town.

"I can not tell you," replied father.

"Did the trader describe the house he entered?" asked Captain White Eyes.

"He entered the gate leading to the cooper's house," answered Father Felican.

"Joshua, the Mohican, is a cooper," returned Captain White Eyes, "and we will stop at his house."

After continuing the journey in silence for a time we arrived at Gnadenhutten and proceeded down the principal street to Joshua's house. We entered the yard through a neatly-made picket gate and walked

along a well trodden path to the door. The door was open and I saw Joshua, his wife, Mary, their two daughters, Anna and Bathseba, and Joshua's niece, Benigna Nanticoke, just inside.

"Welcome, my brothers," said Joshua. "Bring in your friends," he continued, to Captain White Eyes. "They look weary. We have just had our supper, but if you rest a time, Mary will prepare some for you."

"Father Felican, Evangeline Bellefontaine and Basil Lajeunesse," repeated Captain White Eyes, introducing our newly-made friends as they passed into Joshua's house.

"You are welcome, brothers and sister, all welcome at my home," said Joshua, as he extended his hand to each. "Your name is Lajeunesse, Lajeunesse," he repeated thoughtfully, as he again looked at Basil. "That name sounds familiar."

"Yes, father, that was Gabriel's name," said Anna, who was pleased at the thought of remembering him.

"Did you know him? Did you know Gabriel Lajeunesse?" exclaimed Evangeline.

"Yes, sister," returned Joshua, "are you the Evangeline about whom he spoke?"

"Yes, tell me about him; where is he?"

"We knew him as Gabriel. He spent about a week at my house during the summer, but—"

"Is he not here now? Where has he gone?" interrupted Evangeline.

"He remained here only a week last June, when he left for the east to join Washington's army," replied Joshua.

"Oh, Gabriel, are you gone from me forever?" sighed Evangeline, and with a stagger she fell backward. Basil's strong arms caught her and a moment later the same strong arms carried her to a bed in the corner of the room they had just entered. Joshua

brought cold water and with the combined efforts of Mary, Father Felican and Basil, Evangeline soon recovered. As she opened her eyes, Mary was fanning her.

"So Gabriel was here and is gone?" repeated Evangeline.

"Yes, sister, but God in his mercy does wondrous works and you may be able to find him yet," said Mary.

"Did he tell you of me?"

"Yes, sister. He spoke of you often and the one object of his life seemed to be to find you, but as he left he said that duty called him to join Washington's army and probably by following duty he would the sooner find you, that this alone would make him happy."

"I know God is good. Father Felican has always taught me that and I believe it, but oh, why did He not delay him until I came. I should have been so happy to have met him here," sobbed Evangeline.

A silence followed.

"May I leave you here in care of Sister Benigna while I get supper for the gentlemen with you?" said Mary, after a brief period. "Just be perfectly quiet for a time. You need rest," and as she finished speaking she quietly left Evangeline's bedside without waiting for an answer.

Even if Evangeline had suffered another disappointment she felt thankful for having been ushered into a civilized home. During her sojourn through Michigan and from the military post at Detroit to Gnadenhutten their only subsistence and shelter was what was furnished by Basil's gun or by the Indians. The Indians in the country through which they traveled being on the war-path, very little was obtained from them. Joshua and his wife were Indians, it is true. Their home was an Indian home and the surroundings beyond the boundaries of the Moravian villages were wild and

uncivilized, but within the Moravian villages, and especially in Joshua's home, were the conveniences of civilization of that date.

The house was built of logs, round on the outside, but hewn and plastered smoothly on the inside. The floors were of sawed boards. There were several removable windows of dried deer skin. Wooden pegs were driven into the walls at convenient places, from which hung a rifle, powder horn, and other hunter's accoutrements. On one shelf were a Bible, a Poor Richard's Almanac, and several other books. The furniture consisted of hickory chairs, a table, a cupboard and a wooden chest. In the rear of the room was a large fire-place with a crane and kettle. As the evening was warm Mary was cooking supper in an oven on the outside.

As Joshua's family had supper but a short time before, a second one was soon ready. A pewter platter containing the most choice delicacies which had been prepared, was taken to Evangeline, and then the cheery "Come to supper" from Mary brought our party to the table. Father Felican blessed the food and we helped ourselves.

"I will take another cup of tea, please," said Father Felican.

"I am glad you enjoy it," said Mary as she refilled his cup.

"You see," continued Father Felican, "our journey for some months has been through the bush and we have not eaten from a table all summer except at Detroit. You will know our satisfaction at again reaching a place like this. But how, pray tell me, is it that this community, composed entirely of Indians, I am told, has arrived at such a state of civilization?"

"It is the power of God, Father Felican. It is by

his goodness that we are privileged to live in this happy state," returned Joshua.

"Yea, so it is," replied Father Felican, and from the look on his face I imagine he condemned himself for not mentioning the name of God first.

"Our story is a long one, Father," continued Joshua, "and I will not begin it to-night. On the morrow you will be rested and I shall be pleased to tell you the story of our trials and how the goodness of God brought us through them all."

"Very well," returned Father Felican, "but the neatness of your town, its pretty streets, and houses, your fowls, hogs, cattle and crops and everything so plentiful and thrifty, remind me of Acadia and make me want to know more about you."

Supper ended, we engaged in conversation for a time and were then directed to our sleeping apartments. Father Felican, Basil and I to the attic which had been occupied by Gabriel, and father and Captain White Eyes to another house near by.

I slept very soundly that night, and was awakened by the ringing of a bell as I had been on the first morning I was at Gnadenhutten. I presume Father Felican and Basil were awakened at the same time.

"We have no need to fear when within the sound of such music, Brother Basil," suggested Father Felican.

"How that resembles the bell which called us to mass," returned Basil. "Although there is something in the sound which brings joy, there is something which brings sadness and anger. It makes me recall the last time I heard the bell of our church at Grand Pre, when the tyrants of England carried us away from our homes and separated our families. My hatred for that nation is stronger to-day than when the crime was committed."

"You should not permit your mind to recur so often

to those scenes and live them over again," replied Father Felican. "When in a village as this, the sound of such a bell should bring back rather the pleasing recollections, or," as other thoughts crept into Father Felican's mind, "at the worst, only a sad recollection, for it is true that our beloved Grand Pre is gone, gone from us forever. But," he added, as a tear trickled down his wrinkled cheek, "it was God's will. We are chastened that we may serve Him better."

"It is true, it is true, Father, but you as a servant of God find it easier to look at matters in that light. I have endeavored to believe that we did right, but so often regrets creep into my mind that we did not fight to protect our homes."

"Learn to be patient, my dear Basil, all things work together for the good of those who love the Lord," answered Father Felican.

I listened attentively and drank in the whole meaning of Basil's words. From the story he had told us before, I knew he was speaking thus against the English, the same people who were now fighting the settlers across the mountains.

I went down the rude stairs as Father Felican was talking. He and Basil soon followed and passed by Evangeline's bedside.

"How are you, my dear Evangeline?" asked Basil.

"Be quiet, Brother Basil, she has just gone to sleep," said Benigna in a low voice.

"Is she ill?"

"She was restless during the night. She slept a part of the time, but awoke suddenly a number of times and would say something of Gabriel, or wish she had arrived at Gnadenhutten earlier. Once or twice her mind seemed to wander and she said something about the soldiers, the blacksmith shop, and about sailing

down the river. Toward morning I noticed she had fever," answered Benigna.

"Poor girl, poor girl," soliloquized Basil, "you were born under an unlucky star."

"Uncle Joshua said I should invite you and Father Felican to service at chapel this morning. He and Aunt Mary have gone already," continued Benigna.

"Let us go, Basil. We may be better able to ask God's blessing by going to His house than by remaining away. Watch over Evangeline, Benigna, her welfare is the object of our lives," said Father Felican, as they started away.

"I will take good care of her, Father," replied Benigna.

When they had left I was alone in the room with Benigna and Evangeline. Although I had visited Gnadenhutten several times before, I had not seen Benigna since the Easter Sunday when I first visited Gnadenhutten. Benigna had now arrived at the age of womanhood and a more beautiful creature I had never seen. She had dark eyes, the tinted skin of her race, and her jet black hair hung in braids down her back. Her features were regular and she seemed to always have a cheery smile. "She will make some buck a good squaw," I thought to myself.

Suddenly she looked around and saw me. "Charles, you were included in the invitation to attend chapel; I did not mean to leave you uninvited," she said.

"I do not care for chapel," I answered.

"I don't like to hear you speak like that. At chapel we hear things which make us better," she replied.

"I did not mean I would not hear good things, but I prefer to stay with you, Benigna."

At this she turned her head away slightly.

"Service is almost over anyway," I continued.

"I guess it is. I should have breakfast ready when

they return. Will you watch Evangeline?" she asked.

"It pleases me to," I answered.

Benigna had tripped lightly away, and when the voices of the chapel-goers were heard outside, breakfast was ready.

Captain White Eyes did not care to tarry long at Gnadenhutten, and that morning we left for Coshocton.

CHAPTER VII.

I Make My First Attempt at Courting.

The Moravians at Gnadenhutten followed the trades the same as palefaces. There were farmers, smiths and wood-workers. Joshua was a cooper. In our country he found little to do in his line, as but few buckets, tubs and barrels were needed to supply Schoenbrun and Gnadenhutten. The other Indian towns used none. But Joshua was ingenious. His ancestors were makers of arrow points in the Mohicans', country along the Hudson, and he inherited their skill. He stocked a gun nicely, and no one on the sunset side of the mountains could build a prettier or swifter canoe. The demand for these articles kept him busy. I visited his cooper shop frequently after Evangeline came. I liked to sit on the shaving jack in the corner of the shop while he was working with his plane, saw or chisel. Sometimes I wished instead of being a Delaware councillor, I was a Moravian, and knew how to make buckets, tubs and canoes.

During one of my visits Joshua called my attention to a gun stock he was finishing. "John Wallace left this work for me," he said. "He had two rifles with broken stocks and gave me one for repairing the other. I have no use for it. I have a good one. I might trade it, but I have scruples about the use to which a gun is put, which I give away."

Now I had wanted a gun for a long time. I liked to go hunting, but I had only a bow and arrows.

"What do you want for it," I inquired, thinking I might trade some furs or venison for it.

"So you would like it, my boy, would you? Are you

able to handle one?" replied Joshua, answering my question with another.

"I can learn to handle it," I returned.

"I think you can," and pausing for a time, he continued, carefully measuring each word as he uttered it: "The gun is yours, Charles, if you will make me one promise—that you will never use it as an instrument of death to any human being."

"But," I answered, "suppose I should be in danger, or some friend should be in danger from a paleface or an Indian, could I not use it in self-defense?"

"It is written in the Holy Bible, 'Thou shalt not kill.' No further conditions are added to that commandment. Promise me that this rifle shall not be used to kill or hurt any human being willfully, and it is yours."

"I promise," I answered.

"Then I will finish it for you next week," he replied.

A week later I received the rifle. It was a beauty. The barrel, which, when I saw it, was brown with rust, was polished and the stock was trimmed with silver mountings. A little box was fitted on each side, one for patches and the other for bullets. Joshua had also made a powder horn for me, and I was thus supplied with a hunter's outfit. There were few happier boys in those parts than I was that day. To own a gun had been one of my ambitions. When Captain Pipe told me that by favoring the English I would be given a gun and ammunition, he knew my weak point, but having declined his offer, I was now happy.

I had been out with hunting parties often, but never even shared the honor of killing a bear or deer. Owning a gun I determined to hunt once by myself. After Joshua had promised it to me I practiced with brother John's and found that my steady nerves and skill with a bow and arrows helped me to hit the mark frequently.

With the week's practice I could shoot as well as the ordinary hunter.

The first day I was hunting with my new gun I was out but a short time when I saw a fine buck drinking in the Muskingum. I approached him quietly, but before I got within range a twig broke under my foot. This attracted his attention. I knew he was about to run and raised my gun quickly and fired. But, like so many first attempts, the bullet continued its course past the buck uninterrupted and the object at which it was aimed bounded away into the woods. I followed, but the trail was soon lost and when night came I had not killed anything but a squirrel. This I roasted for supper and stayed out for the night. Late that night as I sat by the fire half asleep an owl frightened me, but remembering that the hooting of an owl foretold a successful chase according to our hunter's stories, I put a handful of tobacco on the fire as an offering to the owl as I had seen Captain White Eyes do on like occasions, and then went to sleep and dreamed of the success of the morrow.

When I awoke the moon was yet shining. I walked back over the trail I had passed the evening before for about six arrows' flight, where I had noticed a number of deer tracks. At this point a brook flowing through a ravine widened into a broad slow stream for a distance, the banks on either side being low and covered with marsh grass. I thought the deer might come there to drink. I hid myself within easy range of the trail and waited for morning. The sun was just rising over the hill when I heard a rustling in the leaves near me and not a stone's throw away a fine large doe was walking leisurely toward me. I quietly brought my gun to my shoulder and when she was within easy range, took steady aim and fired. She ran a few paces and fell. I had killed my first deer.

My first thought was the praise my own people would give me, for an Indian is taught to appreciate approbation from his elders. The killing of the first deer by a young Indian is always celebrated by a feast. I remembered when George White Eyes—one of my boy friends—killed a buck a short time before, a great feast was prepared for the men of the village and George was the hero of the occasion. Every Indian who was considered of any importance made a speech in which it was suggested that George must have paid attention to the words of the old hunters to be so successful and they prophesied for him a successful career. Now, if the customs were followed, the doe which I had killed would furnish a feast for all the squaws of the town. The honor of all Coshocton was mine for a time, when I would bring it home, and on that occasion I might with impunity select a squaw. But I wanted no squaw from the Delawares. I had observed nearly all of the Coshocton maidens but I had some fault to find with each. This dissatisfaction increased after I met Benigna. She had grown so womanly since that Easter morning, and her neat appearance and gentle manners with a knowledge of household affairs and education she had received at the missions—she could even read English—made her far superior to the ordinary squaw. The fact is, I loved her at sight and the morning I was left with her and Evangeline in Joshua's home an unbidden thought entered my mind that I would like her to be my squaw. I further confess that one of the objects of my frequent visits to Gnadenhutten to Joshua's cooper shop was to get an occasional glimpse of her. And do you wonder that I determined to forego the honor I could have by taking my deer home? I decided to carry it to Gnadenhutten and present it to Joshua. This would be evidence to him that I could take care of a squaw.

So, hanging the doe on a tree out of reach of wolves that might be attracted by the smell of blood, I hurried home for my pony to make the trip to Gnadenhutten.

"Been hunting?" inquired George White Eyes, as I passed him when entering the town.

"Yes," I replied.

He asked no further questions. For this I was glad, as it was considered highly improper not to bring one's first game home, and I did not want any of the Coshocton people to know I did not intend to do so.

I secured my pony and was soon journeying toward Gnadenhutten with the deer across his back. It grew dark before I reached my destination, so I camped out again for the night and reached Joshua's house the next sunrise. The Moravians were early risers, and Joshua's family was astir. I did not hesitate to carry the deer into his house, for the Moravians regarded work as proper and I wanted to win Benigna's approval.

"Evangeline will enjoy venison broth, I am sure," said Mary. "Isn't he a big deer?" said little Anna, and Joshua and Father Felican each had something to say about it. But of all the compliments none pleased me more than the simple suggestion of Benigna, "You killed it yourself? You must be a skillful hunter."

I thought my courtship had started finely. My present was accepted and I felt that Joshua and Mary thought well of me, and continued my visits to the cooper shop. But after a time I became discouraged at my prospects as Joshua never said anything to me about Benigna. It is true I did not tell him of my desire, but I thought he would know of it by my actions. On one of my trips home I wondered what I could do next to attract special attention.

At some of our Indian feasts an old man would scatter wampum on the ground for the boys to pick up—

finders being keepers—while he would swing light switches in different directions. If a boy could not dodge the switches he would get a sharp cut for his slowness. We usually gave the wampum thus gathered to our favorite girls to weave into belts or to decorate their clothes. I partook of these games in my youthful days and was successful in gathering wampum. I had a fine collection of different colors. On the occasion referred to I thought of the wampum, so later I carried it to Gnadenhutten and laid it in Benigna's lap. She accepted it very graciously, so much so that I felt she understood my intention and viewed it with favor.

Arriving at this point it was necessary for me to assume a more dignified manner than I had theretofore to impress upon her my importance. Dignity, according to the Indian idea, is a show of indifference. It is true, I had shown an amount of indifference from the beginning, and even when I received the compliments when I brought my first deer to Gnadenhutten I acted as though I cared nothing for them. In an Indian courtship, you will understand, the more stoical the buck appears in the presence of a maiden, the more he is enamored with her charms, and his action is intended to gain her admiration. That is why when I considered the climax of my courtship reached I seated myself at the door of Joshua's cabin where I knew Benigna would pass me. It was not long before she came tripping out on an errand.

"Good morning, Charles, I did not know you were here," she said as she passed me. Soon she came back. "Why don't you go in?"

I made no reply—in fact, I turned my head slightly to make her believe I had not seen her.

Mistaking my silence, or not noticing it, she continued: "Joshua and Mary are in Schoenbrun. I am

attending to affairs here. You can eat a breakfast of my cooking."

This was a temptation to break all the rules of Indian dignity, but I wanted something more than a breakfast and was firm in my purpose—I remained unmoved and silent.

"You foolish fellow, don't I know you hear me? Why don't you talk? I know you don't care for me, but you never acted in this way before."

I continued silent.

"Well," she added presently, "I don't know why you are angry—if I've done anything to offend you, I'm sorry for it."

Still I made no sound, but by this time I was wondering whether she did not understand me or if she was merely having fun, when she concluded, "If you are angry and won't tell why, you can recover at leisure," and into the house she ran.

I would have talked then if she had reappeared, for I was convinced she did not understand our custom of courtship, but she did not appear, and I soon left for home.

"Charles," said Joshua some days later, when we were together in the cooper shop, "you have been visiting here frequently of late, and I now know the object of your visits. When you brought the deer a few days ago my suspicion was first aroused, as it was strange to me that you did not take it home as is the custom of your people. I talked it over with Mary, and she thought it was a kindness on your part in return for the gun, so I dropped the matter. When you gave Benigna the bag of wampum I paid little attention to the matter, but when Benigna told me how you sat outside the door last week for almost a day and refused to talk I understood your intention. But, my boy, Benigna

does not understand the Delaware customs of courtship—she was born at the mission.

"How do Moravians select their wives then?" I inquired.

"You must ask the question directly. Obtain Benigna's consent, and then the permission of Brother David."

I resolved to have a reply from Benigna that day, and without tarrying longer at the cooper shop than was necessary to keep Joshua from noticing my anxiety, I hastened to the log cabin, where I knew I would find her.

Evangeline's illness had turned into a fever. She had now been bedfast four weeks and Benigna was in constant attendance upon her. When calling I usually inquired as to her welfare. This special afternoon it seemed to be fitting that I should make my presence known by the same inquiry.

"She is resting easily to-day, but she is too weak to sit up long. She has often spoken of your interest and wants to thank you for the venison you brought. Come in," answered Benigna.

I entered the room in which Evangeline lay. Her face was so pale and her eyes so hollow I would scarcely have known she was the person we had escorted from Coshocton to Gnadenhutten.

"Charles, you have been very kind to inquire so often about me," she began. "In my life I have found many true friends, but none have treated me more kindly than Benigna, Joshua and Mary, and I must thank you for guiding us here."

"You have no need to thank me. Father Felican said Gabriel had lodged with the cooper and we but showed you where he lived," I replied, and after a moment added, "I was glad to do you a favor."

"And I would be happy to return a favor," she added.

Just then Benigna peeked into the room. "Father Felican wants to talk with you before you go to sleep, Evangeline," she said, "and while he is with you I will go on an errand. Here he is."

This was an opportunity I did not want to miss, and hastily wishing Evangeline "good by" as I heard the Moravian Indians do on meeting or leaving each other, I followed Benigna. Can you believe it, when she saw me coming she waited for me, and if I had been as brave with maidens as I thought I would be on the war-path, I would have had an understanding then and there, but I could not speak the words I would. On the subject interesting me most it seemed I could not talk, and Benigna, who was an energetic little body, led the conversation and talked of Evangeline's coming and sweet disposition, of Gabriel's short stay at Gnadenhutten the past summer, of Captain White Eyes' visits to Gnadenhutten, and everything else but the one subject on which I wanted to talk. She did not even mention the incident of my sitting on the door step. Then time passed so quickly, before I realized it we were before Brother David's house, where Benigna had her errand. Just as we got to the gate John Heckewelder, one of the teachers, who was coming from Brother David's house, hailed me. Benigna bade me "good evening," and went into the house. My opportunity had passed.

"Are you going to Coshocton soon, Charles?" inquired Brother Heckewelder.

"Intended going to-morrow," I answered.

"Will you carry a message to Captain White Eyes?"

"Very glad to."

"Tell him Brother Shebosh (one of the helpers) and I wish to go to Bethlehem over the mountains. The

trail between here and Pittsburg is likely beset with warriors, who will take us to be enemies. Ask Captain White Eyes to send us a guard of braves, and his trouble shall be rewarded with as much corn as they can carry back."

"I will deliver your message," I answered, and passed on. I thought I would watch for Benigna to come out of Brother David's house and go back home with her, but somehow I missed seeing her when she left. I had a feeling of mixed fear, uncertainty and bashfulness. I did not know just what was the proper thing to do, and my indecision finally resulted in securing my pony and starting for Coshocton that evening. By being alone, I concluded I could map out some plan to accomplish my purpose. I could think better when in the wilderness. When it began to grow dark I turned my pony loose and prepared to spend the night in the woods.

CHAPTER VIII.

I Am Kindly Assisted in Performing a Difficult Task.

As I sat by the fire that night, I wished some owl would hoot that I might make it an offering of tobacco. It brought me luck when hunting, and I reasoned it would bring me luck in love. But no owls hooted for me that night.

I did not think I could ask the question directly after my experience of the evening before, and I could not depend upon Joshua to do it. Then suddenly a new thought came—"Was not Evangeline the one to help me? She was anxious to do me some service, and would not this be the thing she could do for me?" Pondering over the matter, I fell to sleep, but on waking the plan was mapped out in detail—It was this, I would hunt frequently and carry my game to Joshua to present it to Evangeline. I knew that very delicious dishes could be made from squirrels and that a piece of venison with roasting ears was very palatable. She would invite me in to thank me for the favors, and then I would request her services in my love affair with Benigna.

I followed the plan, always making my gift to Mary or Benigna "for Evangeline." I was invited in frequently as I had anticipated, and at last the coveted opportunity arrived when I was alone with her.

"You told me some time ago, Evangeline, that you would be glad to do me a favor," I began.

"Anything in my power, Charles, but I am weak and can do nothing," she answered.

"What I will ask you can do," I replied. "It is this. I love Benigna. I want her to be my squaw. I tried

to get her consent after our Indian fashion, but she did not understand me. She has been all her life at the missions and knows only the ways of the palefaces. What I want you to do is to find out whether she loves me and if she will be my squaw."

"What you ask me, Charles, is more difficult than you think," she returned. "Girls sometimes hide their real feelings in such matters, even from their best friends, and I may not be able to do as you desire. You have called here frequently of late and talked with her. Can you not tell by her actions if she loves you?"

"I am an Indian. I do not know the ways of civilized people. Benigna always talks on subjects far away from my thoughts and I can not understand her actions. I do not know whether she loves me or not."

"Charles, I know she loves—."

At that moment Benigna came into the room and our conversation was ended. It was a pleasure to look at Benigna, her very presence was music to me, but in that one instance I did wish she had remained out of the room a minute longer. I wanted Evangeline to finish the sentence, "I know she loves—." Was it some young Moravian buck at Gnadenhutten? Could it possibly be me? I then remembered I had seen Abel, a Moravian of about my age, at Joshua's house frequently of late. Joshua had taken him as an apprentice. I feared he was my rival, for Joshua remarked once in my hearing, that Abel did not put as much attention to business as he should, and indicated that a part of his attention was at Joshua's house. I feared the chances were against me, and that if Evangeline had finished her sentence she would have said, "I know Benigna loves Abel, and you had better know it now."

You need not be kept waiting, as I waited one long week before visiting Gnadenhutten again, to know the outcome. What transpired between Benigna and

Evangeline during that time I do not know. Evangeline never told me, and her investigations were carried on so quietly that Benigna, herself, did not know she had given Evangeline any knowledge on the subject. When I called at Joshua's house the very next time, Evangeline asked to see me. She asked about Captain White Eyes and the journey to Pittsburg, on which he had started, with Heckewelder and Shebosh, three sunrises before, remarking that she soon hoped to make the journey herself with Father Felican and Basil, and that she would like me to accompany them as a guide. After some conversation, she feigned weariness. "Benigna, will you bring me a cup of milk? I am thirsty and desire to sleep," she added.

Benigna answered affirmatively and tripped out of the room.

"Charles, this is your opportunity. I know Benigna loves you, but there may be differences between you which she alone can explain. They can all be remedied, though. When Benigna comes back, I will fall asleep. You and she will be left alone, and then talk to her as plainly as you have talked to me."

Benigna returned, and after Evangeline took a sup of the milk, Benigna carefully smoothed the quilt on the bed, took a seat by her side, and fanned her as she fell to sleep.

Evangeline's words inspired me to the task, and after a short silence I began.

"Benigna, I have something to say to you."

She looked up smilingly and nodded assent. I felt more encouraged.

"I have loved you since the first morning we met."

At this her head dropped slightly and her eyes, which had been smiling on me, were cast toward the floor, and instead of the smile, she had a sober expres-

sion—the dignity which an Indian loves—but I continued: "I want to make you my squaw."

"Charles," she replied, looking me straight in the face, and with a voice as calm and self-possessed as that in which she had spoken to me on other subjects, "I will never be the squaw of any brave. I am a Moravian. The man I marry must be a Christian, not a brave, and instead of being a squaw, I want to be a wife. I regard you as a noble, manly Delaware, but you are not a Christian."

"I am willing to become a Christian, Benigna."

"If you accept Christianity only to marry me, you can not be a true Christian," she answered. "Brother David says that Christianity must come from the heart, that it must be a desire to do good for the good itself."

"I have often attended the meetings of late, and have had a desire for some time to join the Moravians."

Benigna's face lit up at this and I felt assured of her interest.

"There are some rules which every Indian who joins the Moravians must follow. Brother David always requires that. If you will accept those rules as your guide, I am sure you will know what it is to be a Christian—they are the test," she said.

"Can you tell me what they are, or shall I ask Brother David?"

"I can tell you. You must be willing to put everything you own into the common fund of the Moravians, for with us no one person among us has more possessions than another."

"That is easy enough," I replied, "I have only my pony and a gun. What else?"

"You must not use witchcraft in hunting."

At that I remembered how the owl hooted the first night I was hunting by myself, how I put the tobacco on the fire as an offering to it according to the time-

honored custom of my people, and how it brought me good luck the next day, but I was willing to risk hunting without such practices if that was to be one of the requirements, and I so answered Benigna. "Is there anything else?"

"You must not go on the war-path under any circumstances. You must learn to work with your hands. You Delawares require your women to plant corn and do the work to raise crops, saying you must save your strength to be good hunters and to be strong in war. You must do the planting, gather the corn, care for the cattle and attend to the general work outside the house," she replied.

"That is a hard test, Benigna," I answered. "I can learn to do the woman's work, although in the eyes of our people it is degrading for a brave to—"

"Don't call yourself a 'brave,' there are no 'braves' among the Moravians. The once 'braves' are all men when they become Christians. You know our rule is that we must never go to war, and therefore we have no need for 'braves,' " interrupted Benigna.

"But Benigna, I would feel it my duty to help defend my people if we were in danger," I argued.

"Brother David has often talked on that question at our meetings. He says that all war is wrong, that the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and that whoever takes human life willfully violates the command of God. Again, the Bible says: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord,' and are we not assured that the Lord will take vengeance when it is necessary without our help?" returned Benigna.

"Well, Benigna, is there more?"

"There is one more requirement. You must give up for all time, everything which binds you to your tribe and the manners, customs and practices of your people; you must decline all claims to a chiefship, and live simply as a servant of the Lord," she replied.

"It is impossible, Benigna," I cried. "I can not forswear my nation and my people. I gave my word to great-grandfather on his death-bed that I would help preserve the legends and treaties of our nation, and I can not break my word."

"Did not Captain Glikkikin leave his people?" she retorted, "Captain Glikkikin, who was the head chief of the Monseys during Pontiac's war, and who was classed by his people as second only to Pontiac himself? Glikkikin, who was destined to be the king of the Monseys—did not he give up all his hopes and aspirations to join the missions? And Captain Johnny—was he not one of the great chiefs of the Turkey clan—equal to the great Shingas, so that the entire tribe remained at peace when he was imprisoned at Pittsburg as a hostage by Colonel Boquet? And yet, with all his tribal power and authority and position, did not he renounce them all for Christianity? Have you more to give up than these war captains? Is it asking too much that you give up your prospects? I love a brave man, but I love my religion more, and if one of the requirements be that the brave man shall show his strength by giving up that which he loves most in worldly pleasures, I will love that man the more."

My head was in a whirl—so many thoughts came to me.

"My dear Benigna, I can not answer you to-night. I want to be a Christian. I want to do what is right to all people. I want you to be my wife, but I can not do all you ask. I can not promise not to go to war to protect my people if such a time should come, and I can not have my promise to great-grandfather go unhonored."

"Then, Charles, although you may love me and I may love you, I can only repeat what I said before. If you will become a Christian I will be your wife."

CHAPTER IX.

In Which I am Bothered With a Difficult Question.

I went home that day with a heavy heart. I loved Benigna and she loved me. I was assured of that, but she loved her religion more. I had desired to be a Christian, even before she asked me, but that I should give up my people, put away all claims to a chiefship, and forget the history and traditions of our nation when great-grandfather had taken such pains to teach me, was too much. I wanted to be a Christian and retain these tribal relations.

Riding along I was suddenly startled by a clatter of hoofs behind me. Looking back I saw Captain Pipe coming down the trail on a handsome horse.

"Ugh! Charles, you have been visiting Gnadenhutten often of late. Are you turning schwonnak?" he asked.

"I am not a schwonnak yet," I replied, almost wishing I could say I was.

"Going to be, eh? Do you remember you told me two autumns ago you would not be a schwonnak?"

"I do remember you taunted me, and I said something like that."

"What influence is drawing you to the Moravians, the preachers?"

"I don't care to talk more on this subject, Captain Pipe. When I have decided to join the Moravians you may be told why I have joined. I have no more to say now."

"Perhaps there's a squaw in the case."

I made no answer.

"Well," he continued, after a time, "you are inde-

pendent. Is this the teaching you get at Gnadenhutten? You are better taught at home by the savages, so-called, for they teach respect for one's elders. But I have no quarrel with you. Tell me, why did Captain White Eyes and his braves go with Heckewelder to Pittsburg?"

"Heckewelder feared the Wyandottes," I answered.

"Did he fear the Wyandottes or the Monseys?"

"He said the Wyandottes were on the war-path. Had he known your clan was on the war-path probably he would have included you," I returned.

"Did Heckewelder take any message for the Americans?"

"No. He went only to visit his people and bring back news from the other side of the mountains."

"When will he return?"

"He expected to be back by Christmas."

"Christmas? When is that?"

"It comes the month the bucks lose their horns."

"When do you expect Captain White Eyes?"

"He was coming back directly. He may be home now."

I did not like to be quizzed in this manner, and thought I might relieve myself by quizzing in return, so I began:

"How did you know Heckewelder was going to the sunrise country?"

"Oh, a little bird told me. We have many little birds hovering around Gnadenhutten who whisper to me what is going on," he replied.

"Do you mean you have spies at Gnadenhutten?"

"I have not said 'spies,' but it is an Indian's right to know what his own people are doing and what is going on in his own country."

"Well, if you have had spies there they have learned

nothing wrong of the Moravians, for they are not enemies of the Delawares."

"They are their own worst enemies," he replied. "They are taught by their teachers to be holy. There is no place in this country where they can thrive. They will not go to war. During Pontiac's war when all the Indians in the country were fighting for their rights, these Moravians, then living on the sunrise side of the Ohio, refused to take up the hatchet for or against us, and if you had been around their towns as I was you would know they suffered more than those who fought. Here we must fight, and the man who refuses don't deserve to live."

"But I should like to know how you got the information about Heckewelder," I suggested.

"If you could realize it, you have told me about his journey, and besides that, is it not common knowledge around here that he went to the Moravian towns over the mountains? I have no spies at Gnadenhutten," he replied.

We rode along together in silence for a time, when Captain Pipe continued:

"Did you look at the horse I am riding? He is a fine beast."

"He is a nice one," I answered.

"He is the finest in these parts—brought from across the great water—and if you give him a chance nothing can catch him. Would you like to know how I got him? Few Indians have horses like Crow. If you want to know, the great father at Detroit gave him to me."

"The great father must think considerable of you," I answered.

"Very truly, he does. He pays well for our services. How would you like to work for him?"

"For the English, do you mean?"

"Yes, for the English. Have you thought over my proposition of two autumns ago?"

"Yes, Captain Pipe, and my answer is ready for you. I will not go on the war-path unless I am forced to, to defend our people."

"A pretty resolution for a descendant of old Netawatwes to make. You are turning schwonnak, indeed. Where is your Delaware spirit. Can you not raise enough courage to take a few scalps to decorate the council house in which you propose to make your fine speeches some day? Your talks will be forceful indeed if some Indian youth can rise and say: 'Charles Killbuck, who never took a scalp, speaks thus and so.' It is such Indians as you that bring upon us the reproach of women and petticoats."

"I feel your taunts, Captain Pipe," I returned. "My courage in which you think me lacking is strong enough to repeat what I have told you before, I will not take part in this war unless it is forced upon us. Great-grandfather counseled peace except in case of self-defense, Captain White Eyes is for peace, and my resolution has been guided by their teachings. When it comes to—"

"It will come to that, my boy, and you will lift your hatchet in this war," shouted Captain Pipe. "The only question is, Will you join the winning side and share the pleasures and fruits of victory, or will you fight with the losing side and be forced to accept the results of defeat? Will you join the side which has money and soldiers, and which can pay its helpers as the English are doing, or will you join the side that offers no pay, that can not furnish powder and bullets for its own soldiers? Simon Girty talked to me about this matter. He joined the Americans at Pittsburg, is there now, perhaps, but he has enough of them. He has told me that the Americans will be licked."

"Very well," I replied. "When I am forced to take one side or the other I will consider the matter."

Captain Pipe seemed disposed to travel faster than I after our conversation had reached this point, and caring nothing for his company, I was soon traveling toward Coshocton alone.

I was glad to have had the conversation with him. It was an annoyance when he would give me the underhand thrusts, but thinking he had been answered plainly, I felt a spirit of stronger independence that the matter was settled.

On arriving at Coshocton, it had long been dark, but something said within me, "Go to the council house."

The council house was probably unoccupied and dark, and I was tired and sleepy, but that unexplainable feeling that I should go to the council house awakened a superstition, and I went. Entering, I found the council fire still smouldering. There had apparently been a meeting there that day or evening, but I could not remember what special subject was now before the Delawares for consideration that a council should be called. There was nothing there to attract my attention, and I should have proceeded home, but the evening was cold and I replenished the fire to warm myself before leaving. The fire caught readily, and as the flames grew brighter I noticed the light reflecting from a familiar object. It was the treaty bag which great-grandfather never permitted to be taken from his lodge unless it was under his immediate supervision. Brother John was not so careful, evidently, and I immediately surmised that the treaties had been brought to the council for some reason and that Brother John had forgotten to take them back to the strong box in which they were usually kept. I arose and brought the bag to where I could look over its contents. The first object I pulled out was the great Congress treaty belt Colonel

Gibson had brought to us only a short time before. I looked at its beautiful design. Then laying it carefully on one side I reached into the bag a second time, pulling out a number of smaller belts which had been given us by the Creeks, by the Wyandottes, and other Indian nations. Some were received when we agreed to bury the hatchet after a war over some trifling misunderstanding, others when we received good will messages, and still others had been presented as tokens of sympathy by the Wyandottes, Shawnees, Miamis, and even the far-away Cherokees, when great-grandfather died. Among them was one which did not mean peace. It was the one Pontiac sent great-grandfather just before the Delawares took the war-path with that great warrior. This belt was made of red wampum with black ends and a white hatchet in the center. I remember great-grandfather told me once when he was looking over the belts and happened to come across this one that Pontiac colored it red with the blood of his prisoners which he had killed and blackened the ends with the charred bones of those who were burned at the stake. I no sooner touched this belt than I dropped it, for the thought and sight of it were frightful to me. I reached in again and again. Out came strings and belts in plenty, with each of which was associated something great-grandfather had taught me. Finally I drew out a bundle wrapped separately in a deer skin which was not wampum. I opened it carefully, and before me was the treaty King Tammany had made with William Penn—the great Miquon treaty—the document great-grandfather prized so highly. Looking at it my thoughts reverted to the promise I made great-grandfather when he had me repeat its provisions and which promise I again repeated at his death-bed. How could I disavow that promise now? Did I really want to? These were questions undecided in my mind.

I loved Benigna, but could I afford to disown my people even though they were not Christians, to marry her? "No," I said half aloud. "I will keep my word to great-grandfather. Benigna is not for me, she is not for me."

My reverie was broken by the voices of two braves.

"If we can get that treaty bag half our work will be done. Captain White Eyes' power will be gone if he can not wave that treaty of Miquon when he asks for peace," the one said.

Then the other answered: "That was a good scheme to get John to bring them to the council and then to lead him away. Good thing his brother was not here, for old Netawatwes filled his head with their value and he would have made it his business to watch them, even in council. Are you sure John left them in the corner?"

I was listening intently. By this time the braves had passed the side of the council house and were coming around the corner to the door.

"That fire ought to have burned out by this time," continued the first speaker.

"Be quiet, some one is there," said the second speaker, and at that I saw the firelight reflecting from a pair of eyes at a crack in the door. It was just for an instant. "It's young Kill himself," said the first speaker excitedly. "Let's get out of here."

I rushed toward the door to see who it was had designs on the treaties, but on reaching it the braves had disappeared in the darkness.

I returned, replaced the documents and wampum belts in the treaty bag, threw dirt on the council fire to reduce the light so no one could see my movements, and then quietly stole out of the council house with the priceless package, and carrying it to father's house,

placed it in the strong box where no one would touch it. I then lay down and slept until morning.

My first question on meeting Brother John the following day was about the treaties.

"They were left at the council house last night. I'll go for them before they get lost," he answered.

I then told him of my finding them and of the conversation I had heard.

"I did not think our people would want to destroy them," he replied. "If what you tell me is true I'll be more careful in the future."

"But why was a council held last night?" I asked.

"Do you not know our treaty feast will be celebrated the next change of moon? It is only five suns away," he answered. "Of all the braves, I thought you would remember that. Captain Pipe wanted it held at the fort on the bluff near Gnadenhutten, but Captain White Eyes wanted to go to the glen. It was left to a vote and the council decided to go to the glen."

"Then Captain White Eyes is back, is he?"

"He arrived two suns ago," John answered.

CHAPTER X.

The Meeting in the Glen.

"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Listen to this Indian legend."

—Longfellow.

Our records consisted of pictures made on pieces of bark, skins, or trees; wampum belts and strings, and such written treaties as the English gave us. The picture writing was readable by almost all Indians. The belts and strings of wampum also had a general meaning. A red belt, or one with a hatchet in the center, was an invitation to war, and one entirely white or having clasped hands in the center indicated peace. They also had a distinct meaning. In addition to the private instructions given to the youths who were to be the future historians of the tribe—such instructions as great-grandfather gave to me—we had meetings once a year, at which the treaties were rehearsed as nearly as might be in the manner they were originally given. The history of each belt was recited and the surroundings under which it was given were explained. Only braves and boys of our tribe were permitted to attend these meetings, with the exception of one paleface, John Heckewelder, who interpreted our written treaties. This was the treaty feast, the great event in the Indian calendar.

These meetings were held on Tammany's day, which occurs when the flowers bloom, but, for reasons I do not now recall, the meeting was put off this year until the first full moon in corn-gathering time.

When great-grandfather was living we held these

feasts in a stone fort on a hill near Gnadenhutten, but since that town had grown so large, bands of Wyandottes and Shawnees frequently camped there. This was the "bluff" to which Captain Pipe wanted to go, and to which Captain White Eyes objected.

When the moon was full we started for the glen, traveling the first day to Gnadenhutten. The succeeding morning, before the town was astir, we were again on the march to the south.

The afternoon shadows were about half the length of the trees which cast them when we arrived at the top of a hill Captain White Eyes said was only an arrow's flight from the glen. We could see nothing of it, but following our leader it was suddenly before us. I had never visited it before, so the view impressed me the more. It seemed as though the Great Spirit had cut out a huge block from the center of the hill, leaving a hole walled on three sides with hard gray stones. It was half an arrow's flight long. The walls on the two sides were straight from top to bottom, the height of seven fathoms*, but at the upper end the wall slanted sharply inward. A large stone had fallen from the roof and formed an elevation from which a speaker could address an audience seated on the earthen floor under the projecting rock. From this elevation a faint sound could be heard throughout the glen and a loud one would echo from wall to wall, but never a sound could be heard outside. The walls cast the sound toward the bottom. It was an ideal place for a treaty feast.

The day after we arrived at the glen, the rehearsals began. The usual order was to have the traditions and history first, in the order of events, and follow with the treaties.

*A fathom of wampum was a belt the height of a grown Indian.

Captain White Eyes began on this occasion with the story of the Delawares. He told how very many seasons before the palefaces came the Delawares lived far away to the sunset, but as the land was unproductive and game scarce, they migrated toward the sunrise where they found a race of giants, who had fortified the country with great earthworks. But the giants could not fight and were soon conquered. The Delawares were not yet satisfied, so they crossed the mountains and took the country along the sea where they were living when the palefaces came. He told of the troubles between the palefaces and our ancestors and how finally the Delawares retraced their steps over the mountains to the country once taken from the giants—the Muskingum Valley. Although Captain White Eyes was the war chief, after great-grandfather, he was the recognized authority on our history and traditions. It was evening when he concluded.

The second day Captain White Eyes explained the trouble between the Iroquois and the Delawares. The Delawares were the most peaceable of all the Indian tribes. Its braves realized the evil effects of war and the great advantage of industrial pursuits, and fought only because it was necessary to exist. Shortly after the palefaces came, the Delawares, who had long and bloody wars with the Iroquois, proposed that as between all Indian tribes and clans the hatchet should be buried forever. In a great council attended by Indians from all the tribes on the sunrise side of the mountains, they voted for a perpetual peace. The Delawares having proposed the peace, were chosen to be the arbiter of all differences between the tribes to the compact, and the council of the Delawares was charged with the duty of keeping peace. The Dutch, on Manhattan Island, knew the disposition of the several tribes, and it was usual then to cultivate friendship with the most

aggressive, so they attached themselves to the Iroquois. The latter, being thus strengthened, and caring nothing for their compact, assumed a superiority over the Delawares and dubbed them "women" because they stood for peace. Then it was the Iroquois started the story that they had conquered the Delawares and held them in subjection.

The third day was to be given to the Penn treaty. It was intended that Brother John read it, as Heckewelder had gone east. John took violently sick the second day of the feast so that father had to take care of him while the feast proceeded, and on the third day he was no better. We then thought Captain White Eyes would recite it, for well he might, but he arose before the assembly and proposed that I do it. "Your young sachem, John Killbuck, who was to read the great treaty, is at this moment lying under yonder tree too ill to attend to this duty," he said. "You remember how our good King Netawatwes in the past would hold this treaty in his hand and repeat it word for word, just as well as Heckewelder could read it. In Netawatwes' last days he wanted a successor to his learning and he took special care in teaching Charles Killbuck, his great-grandson. I ask that he take the part of an old, wise brave to-day by reciting this treaty to us."

At that there were grunts of approval from the braves of the Turtle clan. It was an honor which had never come to an Indian so young as I, but I had repeated the treaty so often to great-grandfather I knew it well. I assumed as dignified an air as possible as I mounted the rock and took the treaty from the extended hand of Captain White Eyes.

As I stood before that assembly there was a scene before me I shall never forget. I beheld for the first time the sullen, sober, but anxious eyes of five hundred braves, all centered upon me, waiting to hear what I

might say, some wishing my voice or memory might fail and others wishing me well. Captain White Eyes was near the front, surrounded by the braves of the Turtle clan. They were ornamented with but few feathers, just enough to indicate their positions. They were my friends. Just to the left was Captain Shingas and an array of the Turkey clan. Shingas was a greater warrior than Captain Pipe. In fact, he stood second only to Captain White Eyes, and was one of the greatest fighters in the history of the Delaware nation. Although he had not chosen sides in the war between the English and the colonists, he favored going on the war-path, and was held back only by the influence of Captain White Eyes. He was honest at heart, and even though I knew he was in favor of war, I thought he would regard the following of our usual custom reading and commenting on the great treaty as for the best interest of our people. But, to the right were Captain Pipe and a host of Monseys. I knew him to be secretly working for the English and an enemy to peace, and he would do underhand work to accomplish his purposes. His braves were decorated with feathers in plenty, but had on no war-paint. I knew Captain Pipe did not want to have the Miquon treaty read at the treaty meeting, on account of the influence it would have for peace, and I thought it was at his instance the two braves tried to steal away the treaties a few nights before.

As I stood there my courage at first almost failed me, but glancing down at the Miquon treaty I thought of my hearers no more, for my attention was fixed on the story of the treaty as great-grandfather told it. I told how the great elm tree at Sachemexing for many generations had been the treaty tree of the Delaware nation; that the elm tree was chosen because the wood was tough and could not be easily broken, and that

"THUS READS THE TREATY GIVEN BY MIQUON TO THE GREAT DELAWARE NATION." See p. 75.

treaties made under it were to be as strong and difficult to break as the elm wood. I next described Miquon as he appeared with his followers, and repeated his words. Then unrolling the treaty and holding it before me as I had seen Heckewelder do, I repeated the words I had heard so often: "Thus reads the treaty given by Miquon to the great Delaware nation, represented by its sachems, Tammany and Metamequan.

"Article one. All the English people who we shall herein term 'Christians,' and the Delaware nation of Indians which we shall call Indians, who rightfully own the country they are now occupying, shall be brethren, as children of one father, joined as with one heart, one head and one body.

"Article two. All paths through the country shall be open and free to both Christians and Indians.

"Article three. The doors of the Christians' houses shall be open to the Indians and the houses of the Indians open to the Christians, and they shall make each other welcome as their friends.

"Article four. The Christians shall not believe any bad rumors or false reports of the Indians, nor the Indians believe such rumors or reports of the Christians, but shall do as brethren, inquire of each other as to the truth of such rumor or report, that the false ones may be buried in a bottomless pit and not disturb the peace of the land.

"Article five. If the Christians hear any ill news that may be to the hurt of the Indians, or the Indians hear any such ill news that may be to the injury of the Christians, each will acquaint the other as speedily as possible.

"Article six. The Indians shall do no manner of harm to the Christians or to their creatures, and the Christians shall do no hurt to the Indians, but each shall treat the other as brethren.

"Article seven. If an Indian injure a Christian in any manner, or a Christian injure an Indian, the matter shall be brought to an end by six Indians and six Christians who will be appointed for the purpose.

"Article eight. As there are wicked people in all nations, if either an Indian or a Christian shall do harm to another, complaint should be made to the Governor that satisfaction may be obtained and the wrong buried in the bottomless pit.

"Article nine. The Indians shall in all things assist the Christians, and the Christians the Indians against all wicked people that would destroy them."

And lastly, it was promised by Miquon and Tammany that this league of friendship should grow stronger and be kept bright and clean, and that this treaty should be taught to our children's children as long as the creeks and rivers run and while the sun, moon and stars endure. While this is not written herein, Tammany made this promise when he received the treaty.

There was silence while I was repeating the treaty, for with the exception of a few, the treaty was as dear to them as it was to Tammany when he received it from William Penn. When I had finished, the silence gave place to grunts of satisfaction.

That night I received many compliments from the elder braves that I must have listened very attentively indeed to Sachem Netawatwes to be able to repeat such a lengthy document and tell so much about it, and I felt not a little pleased that I had the chance to take a part in the treaty meeting.

CHAPTER XI.

A Plan.

When Benigna answered me as related, when I asked her to be my squaw, I determined to tell Captain White Eyes, and seek his advice, for I put implicit confidence in him. No opportunity occurred until we were returning from the treaty feast, when I noticed him riding alone behind the main band. I dropped back and traveled with him, and told him all—of my love for Benigna and of the difference between us. "I want to be a Christian," I said, "but I remember my promise to great-grandfather."

Then Captain White Eyes opened his heart to me, and—would you believe it?—he wanted to be a Christian too. "I have known Heckewelder since before we went on the war-path with Pontiac, and a nobler man never lived," he began. "It is because he is a Christian. I have tried to follow his teachings, for what more becomes a brave than to do unto others as he would wish them do to him. But, like you, I could not live with them because their rules would compel me to forswear my people and abandon our customs—the people I love so well and the customs which mean so much to me. But I have a plan."

"Good, Captain White Eyes! I thought if anyone could help me out you could," I exclaimed.

"There, my young buck, don't be too joyous at the prospect. You have not heard the plan or its progress. I have spent nearly six months before Congress now without show of success, except vague promises," he continued.

"Tell it to me."

"You remember our trip to Pittsburg the fall before Netawatwes died?"

"Yes."

"And that I went from there to Philadelphia and stayed the entire winter?"

"Yes."

"At that time I visited the great father of Congress, Henry Laurens, and told him of our people; of the Moravian settlements; that we did not want to go on the war-path against the colonies, and that our chiefs and head men wanted to adopt the paleface religion. I then proposed that the Delawares on the sunset side of the mountains be recognized as a state and placed on an equality with the colonies, and that we be allowed a representative in Congress. I asked for more teachers and mechanics to teach our people. This will be taken up at our next treaty."

"But, even if your plan is adopted, how would that change the Moravian rules? What good would it do me?"

"The rules might not change but they would no longer apply to us. They are against savage nations, and were our nation to stand on an equality with the paleface colonies, we would no longer be regarded as savages. Then you could keep your place in the council and take part in the treaty feasts."

"When will we hold the treaty council to consider your plans?"

"Before another autumn," he replied.

There was a silence for a time and Captain White Eyes continued: "You have chosen the course which meets with my approval, Charles. I want you to stick to it. You owe a service to your people. We have need of such men as you in our nation. There are too many Indians with the war spirit like Pipe, and we need all the strength we can to fight his influence, to

remain at peace. You should explain this matter to Benigna. Tell her you will stay in the council to help keep the Delawares at peace. She will admire you for it. Ask her to wait one year before giving her hand to another, and by that time my plan may be accomplished."

I was full of joy at the plan of Captain White Eyes, for my greatest desire was to be an influential councillor, and since I had been given a prominent place at the treaty feast I was intoxicated with the prospect.

When we reached Gnadenhutten the Monseys left us, going toward the north, and the Turtle and Turkey clans continued toward the west. I remained at Gnadenhutten. As I was walking along the street I saw Evangeline and Benigna.

"This is my first walk since I came to Gnadenhutten," said Evangeline, as I approached.

"I am glad to see you out again," I replied.

"She is hardly able to be out," answered Benigna, "but fresh air is medicine for sick people." And then to Evangeline, "Let's go to the river."

"May I walk with you?" I asked.

"You are always welcome company," answered Benigna.

"I am pleased with the welcome," I returned.

We walked to the river and sat down on a fallen tree, from where we could view the cornfields, the forest, the distant hills and the sunset.

Evangeline spoke first: "When I viewed that valley last, the corn was soft and the leaves green. Now it is ripe. I did not think then that I would remain in Gnadenhutten so long."

"Come, Evangeline, don't think you have stayed too long, we would like you to remain with us always," said Benigna.

"If Gabriel were here, no other place would please

me better. But you have helped bear so many of my troubles I don't want to complain more."

"Tell us something, Charles, can't you," said Benigna, after a time.

"We have had a very interesting feast," I replied.

"Tell us of it," asked Evangeline.

I then told them of the beautiful glen to the south, of our treaty feasts, of some of our legends, and the story of Miquon's treaty and how I was called upon to recite it.

"But how is your brother John, has he recovered?" asked Benigna.

"He was well enough after the feast to ride home. He acted very much as if he were poisoned. Wingenund, our doctor, gave him an emetic and he is weak from it."

"I have often wondered what medicine your Indian doctors give," queried Evangeline.

"Wingenund gives only emetics and then dresses up like a wild animal and dances around his patient. I don't believe much in it since visiting here so often," I replied.

Our conversation continued on such subjects until the sun had set behind the distant hills, when Benigna suggested that we should return to the house. She was answered by Evangeline. "Just a minute, isn't that Basil getting into the canoe on the other side? He will be so happy to see me out and I don't feel weary yet."

It was Basil. He had been across the river helping the Indians husk corn, for after coming to Gnadenhutten and receiving such kind treatment, he helped wherever he could, teaching them to forge articles from iron, and when not at work in the smith shop, he helped in the fields.

We watched him get into his canoe, paddle across,

land on our shore and climb the bank to where we were seated.

"I have just been thinking we can soon start for the east," said Evangeline, as Basil greeted us.

"Then we must start soon for a severe winter is ahead," he answered.

"How can you tell?" she asked.

"Many signs show it," he replied. "The husks on the corn are tight, the bees have gathered much honey, and the squirrels have the hollow trees filled with nuts. But come, let us go to the house, for you must not be out too long now if you would soon be strong enough to take that journey."

We walked back through the short street leading from the river to Joshua's house, Evangeline and Basil, and Benigna and I. On our way I quietly told Benigna of Captain White Eyes' plans, of his plea to me to stay with the nation until it had accepted the pale-face religion, and until peace was established, and of his intention to do so. "And," I continued, "Captain White Eyes hopes to have the entire matter settled within a year."

"My dear Charles," she replied, "you do not want to give up your people and customs. You may be right. But I do not want to give up my religion. It is all the enjoyment I have, I can not give it up. Should I marry you and you continue to attend your councils and feasts, I would have to leave the Moravians and we could not live in Gnadenhutten."

"Then, Benigna, give me this one promise, that you will wait one year before giving your hand to another."

In her sweet voice she answered, "I promise."

By this time we had arrived at the house, and the subject of our conversation was changed by some remark of Father Felican who was watching us approach.

During the next week Evangeline took daily walks,

each time longer than before, and we were surprised to see how fast she gained strength.

The next time I met her she seemed in brighter spirits than usual. "I have persuaded Basil and Father Felican that I am able to travel again, and we will start for Pittsburg a week from to-day," she said.

"I am glad you are well, but sorry to see you leave," I returned. "You will want a guard, and as you asked me a long time ago, I will fullfill my promise to you."

"Is the way dangerous?" she asked.

"The Shawnees have been on the war-path since Cornstalk was murdered," I answered, "and between them and the Wyandottes the trail from here to Pittsburg is not safe. I will get Captain White Eyes to send a band of braves with us."

"You are kind, we accept your offer," she answered.

A short time after Captain White Eyes detailed a number of braves for the trip as I requested, and we set out for Gnadenhutten. The warm autumn days changed suddenly to winter as we journeyed from Coshocton. Black clouds covered the sky, and a wind was blowing from the sunrise. It began to snow before we were half way to Gnadenhutten, and the ground was soon covered a hand's-breadth deep. That night the snow stopped falling, the wind began to blow from the sunset and a more bitter gale I never experienced in corn-gathering month. When on the morrow we would have started for Pittsburg, the gale was so severe we did not make the attempt.

"Just make yourself comfortable with us for the winter," said Joshua, who had discouraged their going.

On Basil's advice the trip was put off until spring. My braves left for their homes, but I remained at Gnadenhutten.

CHAPTER XII.

New Arrivals.

One morning late in hunting month, when just outside Gnadenhutten, returning home, I found deer tracks in the fresh snow. I could not resist the temptation to follow the trail, although it took me to the south instead of toward home. The deer seemed to have traveled very fast. About midday I concluded to return to Gnadenhutten, when a noise of something running through the brush attracted my attention. Quickly jumping behind a clump of briers and waiting a moment I saw a buck coming toward me. He was evidently the one I had been tracking, and something had frightened him, for he suddenly stopped short and turned his head as if to see how he had distanced his pursuers. The delay was fatal, for during the moment he gave me I raised my gun and fired. The deer quickly turned his head to the front and without realizing from which direction the bullet came, lunged past me.

"Are other hunters out? What frightened the fellow?" I said half aloud to myself. "It must be the hunter was close upon him to make him double his tracks in this manner."

The echo of my gun had scarcely died away when I heard a faint yell in the distance. "Shawnees, and they are not hunting or they would not yell. So that's what frightened the buck," I said to myself. I listened a moment longer and the aw—o—h was repeated. "It was the scalp yell. Some war party coming by way of Gnadenhutten to get fed." Then the scalp yell sounded again, and again, until I counted eight. Then all was silent for a time. "Eight halloos—eight heads;

well, the war party can not be over a hundred strong. Eight—probably that represents but one family killed or taken prisoners to be burned at the stake. Oh, that all people were Moravians and believed that war is wrong, so these horrid things would not occur. Benigna is right in not accepting a savage for her buck," were the thoughts which passed through my mind.

I followed the deer, for noticing drops of blood in the snow I thought his wound might prove fatal. The assumption was correct for the bullet had cut through the large vein in his neck near his shoulder. Although he ran about ten arrows' flight, he had bled so much he was too weak to travel further, and on reaching him, he was dead. I cut off his head, and started with him for Gnadenhutten. To travel more easily and quickly I struck a beaten trail in the vicinity leading to the town.

All afternoon I heard the scalp yell behind me at regular intervals, each time nearer than before.

Arriving on the outskirts of the town I found a few excited people who had gathered where the southern trail entered.

"Have you heard the scalp yell?" said one of them.

"Been hearing it for some time," I answered.

"Do you know what party it is?" was the next question.

"Shawnees," I replied, "and they are not coming as peaceably as Cornstalk when he visited us last."

"Well," spoke up Basil, who had been advised of some recent occurrences, "if some Americans would not be such fools in their treatment of the Indians, the Shawnees would not be on the war-path. Even though there are wicked Indians, matters can not be righted by treating them as they did Cornstalk."

"When Cornstalk was murdered, one of the best friends of the Americans fell," said Glikkikin.

"And to be so treacherously murdered by the people he risked life to defend," interrupted Basil. "Oh, the wrongs being committed by governments in the name of self-defense is enough to bring down retribution from God."

Probably you will better understand the thoughts which called forth the anathema, by knowing more about their subject.

Cornstalk had been one of the great captains of the Shawnees, but like many others of the bravest warriors, he was an advocate of peace. During the early part of the Revolution, while White Eyes was striving to keep the Delawares neutral, Cornstalk was endeavoring to keep the Shawnees at peace. He was successful. But the paleface garrison at Point Pleasant was fearful lest the Shawnees should join the English, and one day when Cornstalk made a social call at the fort they seized and held him as a hostage for the good behavior of the tribe. Shortly after, in a fight between two Indians and two drunken palefaces near Point Pleasant, the latter were killed, and in revenge, friends of the unfortunate palefaces rushed to the fort and murdered Cornstalk. The Shawnees were so incensed at this they forthwith declared war on the settlers.

"There comes the war party, Little Eagle is leading them," said Glikkikin, as they rounded a bend in the trail about two gunshots away. "They mean no harm."

We watched the line of painted savages coming toward us. The leader had two scalps hanging from his belt. He had ten yellow stripes on his forehead, indicating the number of scalps he had taken in his lifetime. Around his head was a band and streamers were hanging down his back, all of which were bedecked with small eagle feathers. This was significant of his name, "Little Eagle." Just behind him was a captive,

a large, fine appearing man, dressed in a hunter's garb of fringed buckskin. His hands were tied behind his back and two thongs fastened to his arms were tied to two stalwart braves who walked behind him. Then followed a number of other braves and five captives, two men, one woman and two girls.

"How is this?" said Glikkikin to Little Eagle, when he halted his party before the little group of Moravian Indians. "I thought the Shawnees were peaceable and I see their captain has scalps and paleface captives."

"Paleface kill Cornstalk," replied Little Eagle in English.

"That may be true, but why should you take revenge on these people? The paleface squaws did not kill Cornstalk," replied Glikkikin.

"Paleface all same, paleface squaw, buck, all one. If great American father punish paleface who kill Cornstalk, then difference in palefaces, and Little Eagle not lift hatchet, but American father care not for Cornstalk and have him killed. Little Eagle must have this many more scalps," and he drew his hand across his marked forehead four times, which indicated four times as many as he had already taken.

"What do you want with the Moravians? Have you a dispute with them?" was Glikkikin's next query.

"Moravian Indians good friends Cornstalk—teachers kind to Cornstalk—he loved them. We want Moravian Indians to help revenge. These (making a motion to his prisoners) must run gauntlet here."

"The Moravians were Cornstalk's friends. They do not go to war. They will not hurt your captives," replied Glikkikin.

"Captives must run gauntlet here," he replied.

Glikkikin understood Indian character sufficiently not to appear anxious about the matter, so he suggested that after their long journey they might be hungry,

and offered to get them hominy and meat. They gladly accepted.

I went to Joshua's cabin, where I met Benigna and Evangeline. They had heard the scalp yell and excitedly listened to what I had to tell them.

"And you say women were with them?" said Evangeline.

"Yes, three squaws."

"I wish you would not call them squaws—women and girls are the proper words," said Benigna.

"Well, then, one woman and two girls."

"Likely as not they have had nothing to eat; could we give them something?" asked Benigna.

"Good thought, dear," interrupted Evangeline, "Charles will go with us."

"I'll be glad to," I replied.

Benigna placed some meat on the table for me and by the time I had eaten she had prepared a basket of eatables to take to the Shawnee camp. It was night and the moon was shining brightly. As we passed through the town we met a number of painted warriors. None were disposed to do us harm, however. Glikkikin had fed them well, and an Indian whose hunger is satisfied, is usually good natured, even if his exterior is covered with paint. But when we arrived beyond the limits of the town we found one who was not good natured.

"What have we here?" he demanded in Shawnee.

"Something for your prisoners," I replied.

"They need nothing, give this to me," he said, reaching for the basket.

"Leave that alone, you," I protested. "You have no business to interfere with us!"

"Ugh! the squaws have something better than the Moravian buck gave us," he said, still keeping hold of the basket.

Just then Little Eagle came to where we were standing, and inquired the cause of the trouble.

"I am Charles Killbuck and these squaws belong to the Moravians. We want to give your prisoners something to eat and this fellow objected," I explained.

"What interest have you in the prisoners or in these Moravian squaws?" asked Little Eagle, looking closely at me.

"I have the same interest Netawatwes had—I am their friend—the same my father, Gelelemend, and Captain White Eyes have. And, as to your prisoners, we have a right to feed them when you and your braves are given food."

"You speak well, my young buck. Are you a Moravian?"

"I am a councillor of the Delaware tribe."

"You can see the prisoners, but you will be responsible if they escape."

"They will not escape," I answered.

"Go, they are yonder,' said Little Eagle, pointing in the direction of a camp fire.

We passed on to the place indicated where several Shawnees were guarding the prisoners. We might again have had some trouble, for one of the braves arose and approached us, but Little Eagle had followed and with a wave of his hand the brave understood we were there with his permission.

When we first spoke to them in English the female prisoners were overjoyed. "Oh, mother, these people are not savages and probably can help us," said the younger girl rather excitedly.

"Don't expect any help from us," I replied. "While the Moravians would help you if they could, it is beyond them. You are prisoners of the Shawnees." I spoke harshly as I thought it better to retain influence

with Little Eagle and could do it no better than by acknowledging his authority.

"We have brought you supper," said Benigna, setting the basket before them.

"How kind you are," replied the elder of the three. Without more ado they helped themselves to the provisions we had brought.

We had little chance to talk. The warriors could understand English, and were listening to all that was said. When we arose to leave, the girls began to cry at the thought of being left alone again. "I have been so cold since leaving Chillicothe I ache all over," sobbed the younger one.

"Have you no blankets or skins to cover you?" inquired Benigna.

"Nothing. They burned our cabin and all in it when they took us, and have given us nothing," said the elder.

"And you have no shelter these cold nights?"

"None. The Shawnees think we can stand as much as they."

"Then we must give you shelter to-night," said Benigna sympathetically.

"These paleface squaws stay in my camp, they are my captives," said Little Eagle, who was listening to our conversation.

I addressed Little Eagle: "Is it not the practice among Indians when a war party stops at a town to give the captives into the hands of their hosts? If we wanted to see them run the gauntlet would you not permit it?"

"That is so, Little Eagle have prisoners run gauntlet if Moravian Indians wish," continued Little Eagle in broken English.

"If the Moravians do not enjoy watching your cap-

tives run the gauntlet, is it not still their right to use them for their pleasure while you eat their food?"

"Maybe, yes; what you want?" was Little Eagle's answer.

"That the captives be given the Moravian squaws until you are ready to leave."

"Want too much—let them get away."

"But I give you my word they will be returned to you."

"You a Delaware. If find Shawnee who promise, can have paleface squaws, but no paleface buck. Big buck—him Boone—good fighter—make warrior of him. Young buck, not know name—him grow up be heap good fighter, too."

"Will you let us have the squaws if a Shawnee promises to guard them?"

"Ugh," answered Little Eagle, and he walked away.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Rescue.

I was delighted with his grunt of approval. It was only the matter of a few minutes to hurry back to the town to where a paleface named Leeth lived. He had been taken captive when a boy by the Shawnees. A girl also had a similar experience, whom he afterwards married. Both had been adopted into the Shawnee tribe, and had lived in the Shawnee country until the Moravian settlement at Gnadenhutten was established when they moved to that town. Finding him at home I hastily explained what I wanted. He was happy to be of service in any good cause, and readily agreed as a Shawnee to be responsible for the women prisoners. We returned to the camp and found Little Eagle.

"Here is a Shawnee who will be responsible for your prisoners," I said, as we approached.

"Leeth, Moravian, Shawnee? Little Eagle forgot. Thought no Shawnees here. Little Eagle not know what he give when he talk. But Little Eagle speak truth—no lie. Leeth promise he return squaws he may have them so long Little Eagle stay at Gnadenhutten," came Little Eagle's response.

Leeth made the formal promise required of him.

Benigna and Evangeline thanked Little Eagle, and the women captives followed us to Joshua's house.

"Oh, how can we thank you for what you have done for us this evening?" said the elder of the captives, as we passed out of sight of the Shawnee camp.

"We are taught to do unto others as we would be done by," replied Benigna. "It is a pleasure to help you."

"We have been carried to many towns, and this is the only Christian town we have found," returned the first speaker.

"What are your names and where are you from?" asked Evangeline.

"Martha Collins," she answered, "and these are my daughters, Sara and Ella. We were living some miles north of Boonsboro, when pounced upon by these savages one morning before daylight. My husband and eldest son were shot and scalped and our cabin was burned, while we were held captives in sight of it all. Then they carried us away."

"Poor people," said Evangeline, as she drew Ella, the younger one, to her.

"Little Eagle said the one captive is Boone. Is he the Boone who lived at Boonsboro?" I asked. A young Shawnee buck, Silver Heels, told me of the great paleface fighter, Boone.

"Yes, that is Boone. He was captured a short time before we were. There were about two hundred Shawnees in the band which attacked our home. They had almost thirty prisoners with them at the time. They took us to their capital at Chillicothe, where we stayed several weeks. Then a large band started with about ten of the men and we three women to Waketameka. There they divided and our party came here. I heard Little Eagle tell Boone he was to be taken to Detroit, and probably we will be taken there also. God only knows what they intend to do with us when we get there."

"Have they treated you badly?" asked Benigna.

"We are continually in fear, but they do not strike or beat us," answered Mrs. Collins. "I guess Boone has told them to be kind to us. Although he is their prisoner, they have respect for him. They do not make him run the gauntlet, and although we were com-

pelled to run it once at some little town before we reached Chillicothe, Boone said something to Little Eagle and we have not been treated cruelly since. But, they watch us so closely."

"Little Eagle said they would make a warrior of Boone—they intend to adopt him—and that is the reason he has influence with them," I interposed.

"But did not some one say they intended to have the prisoners run the gauntlet here?" inquired Evangeline.

"Yes, but that was a pretense merely," I returned.

"What object would they have in making pretenses like that?"

"The Moravians have taken pity on many prisoners and ransomed them, and if they want to trade these, by threatening them in that manner, they awaken the sympathy of the Moravians and secure larger ransoms."

"But even if we could be ransomed, we have nothing to give," sobbed Mrs. Collins.

Benigna answered: "The Moravians have corn and cattle in plenty, and if you can be ransomed we will ransom you. Isn't it true, Brother Leeth?"

"Of course, my dear Benigna," he replied.

"Will you not try to ransom them?" asked Benigna, addressing Leeth.

"I will if an opportunity comes. He has a kind heart even if he is a warrior. If Blackfish were leading this band, no ransom could be made."

"Blackfish? He led the band we left at Waketameka," said Sara.

"And Blackfish was the one who made us run the gauntlet below Chillicothe," spoke up Ella.

By this time we had reached Joshua's cabin, and leaving our friends I walked with Leeth to his home.

"Do you know how long the Shawnees will remain here?" he asked, as we were walking.

"I believe they are on their way to Detroit and will remain but a few days," I answered.

"Why did they leave the trail at Waketameka?"

"That is what I do not understand, but I believe I see their plan now. They have been on the war-path all summer, and expect to keep up their raids this winter. They want corn. They know the Moravians have tender hearts and full corn cribs."

"I believe you are right, Killbuck."

"I have a suggestion," I continued. "Feed Little Eagle well and when he is so full he can hardly sit up ask him to exchange his captives for corn. Tell him the Moravian squaws have fallen in love with his captives, and for their pleasure you desire to make the exchange. If it is his intention to trade them, well and good. You lose very little by feeding Little Eagle, and if it has not been his purpose, when he is in good humor he may make the exchange anyway."

"Fine idea, my boy," said Leeth. "I believe the Shawnees intended to work this game when they came. Are you helping them to operate it?"

"I am not a deceiver, I—"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. You are wholly loyal to Benigna and not to the Shawnees."

"An Indian, you must remember, takes all things seriously, but no harm is done."

"I hope not."

"Then will you undertake to make the exchange?" I asked.

"You can place the whole matter with me," answered Leeth.

We had reached his gate, and he left me, going into his own house, and I went to the cooper shop, where I fixed a bed on the shavings under Joshua's work bench, and slept until morning.

The following day Leeth met me again and invited

me to dinner at his house. Of course the invitation was accepted. Little Eagle was also invited and was there when I arrived. He was regaled in feathers and paint. His object was to appear dignified, being the head man of the Shawnee band. From the ideas prevailing at Gnadenhutten, his appearance was not in accord with the occasion, but that made no difference. The meal was prepared by Mrs. Leeth, and was served in a style which an Indian appreciates—bountifully. Little Eagle ate as though it were to be his last meal.

"I have very kind remembrances of your great and good chief, Cornstalk, who visited Gnadenhutten occasionally," Leeth began, as the meal was concluded. "I have hunted with him many times and have enjoyed his hospitality frequently, and since I can no longer exchange favors with him, I desire to bestow hospitality on a Shawnee who would be his worthy successor. Cornstalk often granted us favors that we might remember our meeting. Our visit with you has been pleasant indeed, and I propose an exchange of presents."

"Ugh," said Little Eagle, in his calm, dignified manner, which he assumed on proper occasions. "Tell me what Leeth wants?"

"You have brought captives to our town. By your greatness of heart in which you follow your good chief Cornstalk, you permitted me to take charge of the squaw captives, that we might feed them and furnish them warm beds in which to sleep. I promised you I would return them when you left. I will do as I said, for my word is spoken, and I have truth in my heart. But while these captives have been in our town a strong attachment has arisen between them and some of our young maidens. When you go away and take them with you, this attachment must be broken. This is what grieves your brother Shawnee, and my desire is

to be given these captives, so I can present them to the young maidens."

"Ugh! what Little Eagle's warriors say to giving up paleface squaws they helped capture. Must ask braves," returned Little Eagle with a look of great solemnity.

"Your people are in need of corn," answered Leeth.

"Ugh!"

"And I propose that my present to you shall be two times the weight of the squaws in corn. Tell your braves you have made an exchange and they will not care."

"Little Eagle hears Leeth's words. Maybe squaws have run off. If you show me squaws Little Eagle will make exchange."

"I will show you the squaws," said Leeth, and going to a door leading into another room, he opened it and beckoned to any who might be inside. Out walked Mrs. Collins, Sara, Ella, Benigna and Evangeline. "Little Eagle has consented to give you into my hands," he continued, addressing Mrs. Collins.

"Oh, how can we thank you for this kindness," said Mrs. Collins, as she took Leeth by the hand, and Sara and Ella rushed to their mother's side weeping for joy.

"Talk not of this now," replied Leeth. "Go home with Benigna, I have some other matters to attend to. But no, stay—I will need you to help complete this bargain. Charles, get some of Little Eagle's braves to carry the corn. We'll take it from my crib."

I hurried to the camp and told a half dozen braves to get their horses and follow me to get corn. They lost no time in obeying. When I got to the crib, Leeth and Little Eagle were already weighing it. The scales consisted of a long wooden beam, balanced in the center on a post with a box on either end. In one box sat Mrs. Collins and her daughters, while corn was thrown

into the box at the other end until a balance was obtained. This was done twice.

"Now, will you exchange Boone for three times his weight in corn?" asked Leeth, when the first bargain was concluded.

"No exchange Boone. Him brave man, good fighter, make great Shawnee warrior," replied Little Eagle.

"Then his companion—will you exchange him?"

"No exchange bucks—we need bucks take place warriors being killed."

"Then you do not intend to kill Boone and his companion?"

"No, no; treat them well. They be Little Eagle's brothers."

In the meantime Little Eagle's braves placed the corn in the skin bags. That night they broke camp and left for Waketameka.

Mrs. Leeth met us as we left the corn crib and asked us to supper with them. "We want you all with us this evening," she said. "This should be a Thanksgiving."

Shortly after, our little company was sitting in Leeth's house. We were talking of various subjects, principally Indian wars, while Mrs. Leeth prepared the supper in a room separated from the one we were in by a clapboard partition. Mr. Leeth had some other business to attend to for the evening.

"I am happy this evening, but there is just one wish I hope to have gratified while I live," said Mrs. Collins. "My husband and my darling boy are dead—I know they are out of trouble and beyond the reach of savage tortures, but I have a daughter, a darling baby—woman by this time, for it happened twenty years ago, but I always think of her as my baby, my Judith—who was taken from me. If she is dead I hope to hear of

her death, and if she is alive, that I may again see her face."

"How was she captured? Tell us of her," said Evangeline.

Mrs. Collins continued: "It was twenty years ago, as I said. My husband and I were at that time living some miles from Fort Henry.* Judith was then but two years old. It was evening and I went a short distance from the house to milk. I usually took Judith with me, but that evening she was playing in front of the cabin and did not want to go along—she was so interested in a little house her daddy had built for her. We had not seen an Indian for some weeks and I thought she would be safe until I returned. But when I came back dear Judith was gone. The house had been rummaged and tracks indicated that a small party of Indians had been there but we could not tell even the tribe. My husband came home shortly after and we gave the alarm and searched for Judith, but we have never heard of her since."

"It was not the Indians' intention to kill her, else they would have done so at the time and set fire to the house," I suggested.

"That was Ed's opinion—Ed was my husband—and that was the one reason influencing us to stay in the Indian country—hoping some day to find our little Judith. If she were with us, or if I but knew that she was dead, I would go to my parents' home over the mountains and never venture to the Indian wilds again—but Ed and I vowed we would find Judith if we had to remain in the Indian country all our lives."

"How I sympathize with you, you can not know, for I too am searching for one I love," said Evangeline.

"Were you here when Colonel Boquet was in our country, thirteen autumns ago?" I asked. The fact

*Wheeling, W. Va.

was well known at that time that Colonel Boquet came to the Muskingum Valley at the close of Pontiac's war, built a fort below our capital at Newcomerstown, and required the Indians of the surrounding tribes to bring him their white captives.

"Yes, we journeyed from Fort Henry to Colonel Boquet's camp and looked into the faces of almost a hundred women and maidens brought in by the Delawares, but she was not among them. The Shawnees kept many of their captives—if Judith is alive she probably is with them," replied Mrs. Collins.

"Did you know Sister Leeth was taken captive by the Shawnees when a child?" I asked.

"Yes, I repeated my story to Benigna and she told me. I looked closely at her and thought I saw Judith in her eyes, but she did not remember me. I told her of the little cabin her daddy built for her, but she did not remember it, and I am sure Judith would have remembered that, for it pleased her so at the time. Then she has no idea from whence she was taken—she was too young to remember, and her Indian captors have never told her."

"Sister Leeth has an ear for music—she is such a sweet singer. Do you sing?" suggested Evangeline.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Collins.

"And have you ever sung Judith to sleep?"

"Yes."

"Then sing one of the lullabies which used to put her to sleep," said Evangeline.

In a voice which might have been mistaken for Sister Leeth's, Mrs. Collins sang.

Mrs. Leeth was arranging the table when the singing began, as we knew from the rattle of the knives and pewter plates. As the song proceeded the noise in the kitchen ceased, and then, in rushed Mrs. Leeth—the real Judith.

"Oh, mother! dear mother!" she cried, as she threw her arms around the neck of the singer, "now I know you, I know you! I remember my little cradle and how you sang me to sleep. My dear, dear, darling mother!"

"It is you, Judith! My darling baby! My dearest baby! The prayer I have uttered daily for twenty years is answered. My Judith is found, and oh, she is not the savage I feared she might be, but a Christian. My Judith! My Judith!" exclaimed Mrs. Collins. The joy gave way to tears, and with sobbing, laughing, thanking God, and regretting other incidents, their joy at meeting was expressed. But we will leave our friends here.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Christmas Carol.

The winter of 1777-78 was probably the coldest I have ever experienced, although much of my life has been spent further to the north. It was so cold at father's lodge in Coshocton that I spent much of my time at Gnadenhutten, at Joshua the Mohican's cabin. The latter was well built and when the logs were burning in the large fireplace it was cheery and warm. But the bodily comfort was not the only advantage. There was refining and educational influence at Gnadenhutten, and particularly at Joshua's home.

Early in the winter Evangeline suggested that I learn to read. I was reluctant to undertake it, but Evangeline insisted and offered to teach me. I accepted her offer. Bathseba's spelling book was first tried. It was difficult to learn the letters, but that accomplished, I got along well and my teacher frequently complimented me on my progress. This served to make me apply myself more closely, and before the winter had passed I could read some. After knowing how to read I was much taken with getting an education, and I not only studied when at Gnadenhutten, but also when at home.

Benigna got me to attend chapel. She attended regularly and usually invited me. Even though I cared little for the services, that was one of the greatest pleasures I had during the winter.

It was in connection with chapel service I heard so much talk about Christmas. Glikkikin told me when I inquired that it occurred the month the bucks lose their horns, but that was all I knew about it. Finally I was told that Christmas would occur in two suns. I noticed Joshua and other helpers carrying logs, stones, moss

and other stuff into the chapel. When Christmas eve came I went to the chapel early, and then I saw what the helpers had been making. In one corner of the room was built a pretty little landscape, showing hills, valleys, houses, people, horses, and other animals and things. Brother David called it a putz.*

When the bell had rung a second time Brother David arose and read a hymn. Joshua sat down by the spinnet—one he had made—and led the singing. Then, after a long prayer and more singing, Brother David explained the meaning of Christmas. He explained the story by pointing out places on the little landscape. Everything about it seemed to have some meaning. He pointed to one lodge as representing the stable in which Jesus was born, and he told of the wise men hunting for Him, how they were guided by a bright star, and that when they found Him they gave Him valuable presents. When he had finished talking Joshua again sat down to the spinnet. Benigna walked to the front and in a voice which thrilled me through and through she sang a beautiful song in Delaware. At the instant she began a bright light filled the chapel and Mary and two other women I did not know walked down the aisles of the chapel and distributed lighted tallow dips among the children. They looked so pretty I wished one would be given to me.

After Benigna's song Brother David arose again and explained that the lighted tallow dips were to represent the light of the world, which was Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem of Judea, and whose birth they were that evening celebrating. After another song the assembly dispersed.

*Putz is the name given the Christmas decorations peculiar among Moravians, representing a miniature landscape, and especially the nativity. While the word is not in our dictionaries, the author asks permission to use it, because of its long use by Moravians, and its occasional use in magazine articles.

CHAPTER XV.

The Great War Council.

But like all pleasant experiences, the Christmas season of 1777 passed away and for two more long moons we faced the cold weather.

On one of my trips to Coshocton Captain White Eyes accosted me. "Rumor tells me the Wyandottes and Shawnees intend to send us war belts when the grass begins to grow. We will have a fight on our hands in the council. We must be prepared. Have the Moravians received news from across the mountains?"

"They have heard nothing since your return from Pittsburg," I answered.

"Heckewelder has not come back then?"

"No, I presume it has been too cold for such a journey."

"Very true, it has been too cold for a paleface to travel a long distance. But," he added reflectively, "it has not been too cold for the Wyandottes and Shawnees. They have been on the war-path all winter and unless the Americans have stationed a wise man at Pittsburg we will have to suffer for it. A little bird has told me much."

"Who was commanding there last fall?" I asked.

"Colonel Hand, a new officer among us, and no one knows his feeling toward the Indians."

"We will probably find out. I wish Colonel Gibson would be placed in charge."

"Yes," returned Captain White Eyes, "Colonel Gibson is our friend."

"I have a letter from Colonel Hand, given me last fall, telling of the friendship of the Americans for the

Delawares, but did you know that a band of palefaces from near Pittsburg started to capture our towns about the same time, but were met and driven back by Pomocan and his Wyandottes? Whether Colonel Hand knew of it I do not know, but after the defeat he sent a runner to our town to tell us that the raid was not started at his order."

Captain White Eyes was right in anticipating trouble. The sugar water had not begun to run before bands of Wyandottes, Shawnees and Mingos came to Coshocton and Gnadenhutten. Captain Pipe also arrived with a large band of painted Monseys, which camped near Coshocton, and even Shingas, with his Turkey followers, came upon the scene. While many of these bands were camped near Gnadenhutten their chief and head men were at Coshocton. The Shawnees and Wyandottes had each brought a war belt, which they insisted the Delawares accept.

Captain White Eyes called a secret meeting of the leaders of the peace party. Brother David was also invited to attend. Plans were discussed. The one adopted was to meet the war party in open council and defeat their plans by argument if possible. Captain White Eyes was selected to lead the debate for the peace party.

Immediately after the meeting it was announced by our sachem that the Delawares would hold a council within five sunrises to consider the accepting of the war belts, and the squaws were directed to carry enough wood to the council house to burn from one sunrise to another, so that a long session could be held. When the sun was rising on the day set, the fires were kindled in the council house and the councillors met. Brother John took his seat on a block of wood at the fire farthest from the entrance. He had the chaplet on his head which great-grandfather and King Tammany had worn

during important treaties and meetings. It was made of deer skin straps with three rows of white swan feathers arranged so it looked like a white crown.

The chiefs were seated near the council fires. On one side of Brother John was Pomocan, the half king of the Wyandottes, and on the other was Little Eagle, of the Shawnees, each with a war belt. Then came Captain White Eyes, my father, Red Eagle, Captain Pipe and Shingas. The braves were seated or standing without order as to their clans. Turtles, Turkeys and Monseys and a few Wyandottes and Shawnees all crowded together, those nearest the council fires sitting on the earthen floor, while those nearer the walls were standing so they could look over the shoulders of the braves before them. The council house was crowded. Each Indian filled his pipe with tobacco and, lighting it, began to puff the fragrant smoke into the air to mingle with that from the council fires that the thickened air might darken the vision and clear the brain.

The council opened. Brother John spoke first:

"My uncles, the Wyandottes, and my cousins, the Shawnees, desire that I accept the war belt. They have speeches to make to us. Let us hear them."

Thereupon Pomocan arose. In a speech full of earnestness, for he was a good orator, he recited the wish of the great father at Detroit, who desired that all his children help him in the struggle against the Long-knives.* He ended with the offer by the English father of great rewards to all who would join him—presents of guns, powder, bullets and blankets. He then pulled his hatchet from his belt, wrapped a black and red war belt around it, laid it at Brother John's feet, and sat down.

Little Eagle then arose and held aloft his belt, which

*The name given by the Indians first to the Virginians and later applied to all Americans.

he asked be accepted by his cousins, the Delawares. "It is not the love of gain or the pleasure of the war-path which brings me here, but revenge," he began. "Did you not know our great Captain Cornstalk? Where was there a better friend of the paleface than he? Did he not ask his braves to keep their hatchets in their belts, even after your uncles, the strong Wyandottes, were holding theirs high in the air getting ready to have them descend on the heads of the Long-knives?

"And what became of Cornstalk? Is he not sleeping beside the beautiful river, killed by a Long-knife? And was he killed in battle? No. He was taken captive when on a mission of peace, and murdered while under the promised protection of the Long-knife father. Such was the reward Cornstalk got for his love for the paleface, and it is in revenge for him the Shawnees will keep the grass trodden down on the war-path. As you are our cousins, we love you, and offer you this belt that your braves, who love peace, may not be deceived as was our great Cornstalk."

When Little Eagle laid his war belt at Brother John's feet there was silence. That these two appeals were not sufficient, Captain Pipe next arose.

Captain Pipe also was no mean orator, and when he arose every head bent toward him to catch his words, for although he talked loud enough after speaking a time, he usually began in a low voice, probably to have closer attention. He expressed the sorrow of the Delaware nation at the death of Cornstalk. He referred to the friendship the Wyandottes bore for them, and how the war party of Long-knives, on its way to Coshocton, had been turned back by the war captain of the Wyandottes, who had presented them the war belt. He spoke of the wrongs they had sustained at the hands of the Long-knives, and if war was not declared the probability of having both the English and the Long-knives

as their enemies. Captain Pipe gained the sympathy of his hearers as he spoke. He knew it. He seemed to be inspired with his apparent success and in a final appeal he denounced every Indian opposing the acceptance of the war belts as an enemy of the tribe and demanded that such an one be branded as a coward.

Although Indian character is always dignified and silent there was more than one "Ugh!" "Him tell truth." "No song of bird," or some such expression went over the assembly. I must confess my spirits fell —for what argument could be brought against the words of Pomocan, Little Eagle and Captain Pipe? I could not answer.

After Captain Pipe sat down Brother John arose again to speak. "It is a custom among our people before taking up the hatchet in any cause to hear from the head war chief. That man is Captain White Eyes. We should not reject the belts presented by our uncles and our cousins without first hearing what he has to say, and we can not accept them without his advice. My braves, Captain White Eyes has stood by us in every war in which our nation has engaged since before many of you were born, and none is more brave, none more true and none better capable of giving advice."

All was silent for a moment. Then Captain White Eyes slowly arose. He was about half a head taller than any other brave in the assembly. His bearing was dignified. Not an emotion had been shown by him during the meeting. He began: "The brave Monsey Captain tells you that every one who favors peace should be branded a coward. Does he think by such talking he will frighten a Delaware who is in favor of peace into remaining silent? Who is the coward—the man who follows another for fear of derision, or who is willing to stand the taunts of his opponents, not knowing how many there may be, by speaking what he thinks? I am in favor of peace! I am that peace In-

dian to whom the Monsey Captain referred! Does any brave here call me a coward?

"Need I tell you that when Pontiac sent us the bloody wampum belt and our council accepted it, I led a band of the Turtle clan on the war-path, and it was my fighting which induced our great sachem, Netawatwes to appoint me his chief adviser and the war captain of the Delaware tribe? I will challenge the brave Monsey by putting his courage to the test. If this council votes for war I will go. I have never shirked duty and care not for my life. If the Monsey Captain, or any brave in this council, thinks me a coward because I stand before you and say, 'White Eyes is for peace,' let him make it known and promise to follow where I lead, or himself be branded a coward."

Captain White Eyes stopped a moment, but not an Indian moved. They knew his bravery and recklessness in war too well. But he thus established confidence, and the right to make as strong a reply to Captain Pipe's argument as he chose. Then he resumed. The building of Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrun was referred to. The bad effects of war were described, which only weakened the forces engaged, and he declared that only when some right was to be protected would he vote for war. He referred to the kindness of Colonel Gibson and George Morgan and the Long-knife father, who had not asked them to go to war against the English, knowing that their braves would be slain and their squaws and children put in danger, all to settle a private quarrel to which the Delawares were not a party. He compared this action with that of the English father at Detroit, who was continually sending them the war belt—thus acting like a hunter who set his dogs upon a bear, caring nothing as to what became of the dogs so he finally got the bear. He then touched on the death of the great and beloved Cornstalk, and repeated some of the words he

used when he objected to having the Shawnees take the war-path. "I loved Cornstalk, he was always my friend," he said. "My love for him can not be shown in doing what he disliked. I follow his advice."

My faith in Captain White Eyes grew stronger as he continued, and when he finished I knew the council would vote for peace. Such a voice and such argument had never been equaled by any Delaware and when Brother John put the question: "Shall we accept the war belts or bid our uncles and cousins hold them for a season?" there was a general cry of "Peace! Peace!"

I left the council house immediately and ran to the Moravian town of Lichtnau, about ten gunshots away.

"White Eyes has won! White Eyes has won!" I yelled as I rushed into the chapel where Brother David and some of the Moravian Indians were holding a prayer meeting.

"What is that?" said Brother David, rising in the midst of a prayer.

"White Eyes has won! The council has declared for peace!" I shouted, and at that every kneeling Indian was on his feet.

"The Lord be praised!" shouted Brother David. "Even as the Holy Bible saith, it hath come to pass. The Lord bringeth the council of the heathen to naught; he maketh the devices of the people of none effect. Let us thank the Lord," and they all bowed again while Brother David poured out a volume of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for once more saving his little flock from impending ruin.

As I returned to Coshocton I met Captain Pipe just outside of the town. His failure stung him to his soul. He had been Captain White Eyes' opponent ever since he became the war chief of the Wolf clan, and he wanted to succeed to the position of head war chief of the Delaware tribe. He had waited a favorable opportunity to make a challenge. He made it and lost

But if you think Captain Pipe a defeated man you are mistaken. If Captain Pipe had one quality of character stronger than any other which made him a leader, it was his persistency.

"So you think you have won, do you?" he asked sarcastically.

"Captain White Eyes won!" I declared in a bravado spirit.

"Won this time only," returned Captain Pipe. "Do you know, my boy, the same question may be brought up again in the near future?"

"Very true, it may; but what new argument can you have," I asked.

"New arguments for war are rising continually, and there is a limit to Captain White Eyes' peace argument. The war party itself can bring on war if it desires."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I mean the Wyandottes and Shawnees are on the war-path and will not let the grass grow on it. If my braves want to go with them I will not hold them back. When one or two raids have been made and a few paleface scalps and prisoners are brought to our country, the Long-knives will want revenge, and on whom will they take it, the Monseys and Wyandottes? Listen to me. A paleface can not tell a Delaware from a Wyandotte, or a Monsey from a Turtle. An Indian is an Indian to the Long-knives. If a Wyandotte or Monsey has taken a paleface scalp and the Long-knives come for revenge the Wyandottes and Monseys will have gone. The paleface will find a peace Indian, and the peace Indian will answer for the work of his warrior brother. When a paleface army comes to these parts no Indian will be spared and then you must either give up as cowards or fight."

"When the paleface army comes we will decide what to do," I replied.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Deserter's Story.

Three nights after the council Captain Pipe left Coshocton with his Monseys. Pomocan and Little Eagle headed their braves and marched to the eastward a day earlier.

We were happy when the disturbing element had left, but our happiness was short lived. George White Eyes came to father's lodge late one evening a week after Captain Pipe had gone with the message that Simon Girty, Colonel McKee and Captain Elliott, together with Captain Pipe, Pomocan and Little Eagle had stopped at his father's lodge that evening and would arrive in Coshocton the next morning.

"That means trouble. Girty is a man of blood," said father rather seriously, and then he added, addressing George: "Were they accompanied by their braves?"

"None were with them, but I heard Pomocan tell Pipe his braves would be here to-morrow," answered George.

"And did they tell why they returned?" was the next question.

"No. They told me they wanted to communicate important news to father, and I heard Girty say something about his story fixing up matters," replied George.

"Likely they have some scheme to get the Delawares to accept the war belt," said father, talking as much for his own benefit as for George and me. Then suddenly turning to George he asked: "Where is your father? Is he not at home?"

"He went to Waketameki when Pipe left."

"Then you must carry him word to-night. These chiefs will have all our braves on their side before the sun sets again, for they are up to some trick. Ride to Waketameki and tell your father of this. Charles will accompany you."

In less time than it would take to eat a meal we were on our way to Waketameki—George and I. We found Captain White Eyes ready to return and we immediately retraced our trail. Captain White Eyes was much surprised at the return of Captain Pipe and his confederates, as we knew by the questions he asked.

Girty and the Wyandotte captains, Pomocan, Kuhn and Snipe, were first to meet us when we reached Coshocton.

"Hey, there! How are your braves, White Eyes, ready to use the hatchet?" asked Girty, in Delaware, as he approached us. To make his salutation and question more impressive he used oaths wherever he could insert them.

"They are ready when occasion requires," replied Captain White Eyes.

"The occasion is here, and I have just come to tell you of it—to put my friends on their guard," answered Girty, with more oaths, and pulling a pewter flask of rum from his hunting shirt he took a drink and then, holding the half emptied vessel at arm's length toward Captain White Eyes, continued in English: "Have a swig of good old fire water. It'll brace you up, give you courage, make you feel good."

"I don't want your stuff, put it up," commanded Captain White Eyes in Delaware.

"Aire yer become one o' these—psalm-singin' devils; won't take a drink with an ole friend?" continued Girty, and his words were spoken in a disrespectful and belittling tone, which must be heard to be understood.

While the mere words did not mean so much, the intended meaning was grasped by all present and Kuhn and Pomocan gave grunts of approval, which in an Indian takes the place of a laugh.

Captain White Eyes was quick to detect and resent a slur. "I have not too much of the psalm-singing spirit to give a dog like you his deserts. If you want to ask me whether I am a psalm-singing Indian, ask me, but don't put on that style when you say it. You will understand I must be treated with respect, and when curs like you need a lesson along that line they get it," replied Captain White Eyes in a deliberate way, at the same time giving the half-drunken Girty a quick but solid cuff on the side of his head with his clenched fist, which sent him sprawling to the earth.

"Meant no offense; meant no offense, White Eyes," said Girty as he arose, his face somewhat more red from the blow, but with an expression which indicated a change of attitude.

Captain White Eyes paid no attention to the apology, but continued as if nothing had happened. "What's up that you come to drop a word of warning?"

"Enough's up, if yer wan' ter know. You hull d——d set of red devils will be murdered 'fore a change of moon if yer don't get in shape to p'tect yerself."

"What do you mean?" asked Captain White Eyes calmly, seemingly not being so much impressed as Girty expected.

"Haven't you heard the news? Don't you have spies in Pittsburg?" returned Girty in Delaware.

"No one has visited Pittsburg this winter."

"Your ignorance will be the death of you, but you can thank Girty for saving your lives this time. The Americans across the mountains have been defeated. The English have driven them from every city along

the sea and Washington's soldiers are coming this way —so they say—and intend to establish themselves on this side the mountains."

"Did you say General Washington is leading them here?"

"No. General Washington was captured and hung with a score of other captains. The man at the head of the army now is so little known I do not remember his name."

"Any other news?"

"Congress is abolished, and—"

"I don't believe you, Girty," I shouted.

"Do you mean I lie, you d——d scalawag buck," said Girty with more oaths than I care to indicate, as he raised his gun to strike me.

"Leave this young buck alone or I'll sing you another psalm," said White Eyes, stepping between us, and Girty lowered his gun slowly and meekly submitted.

"What do you mean by this?" said Captain White Eyes to me.

"I mean Simon Girty is an English spy and has an English captain's appointment, and I do not believe anything he says against the Americans," I said emphatically.

"That does not change the truth of my story. When I saw how matters were turning I took care of myself and left the d——d Americans to help a better cause," said Girty.

"I join this young buck in his suspicion of you, Girty," returned Captain White Eyes.

"You need not suspicion long. Plenty of evidence is on the way. If you will not take a word of warning you can take the consequences later. Not all your braves are fools enough to follow you because you don't want to believe my story," returned Girty.

"We'll wait for other evidence," concluded Captain White Eyes.

We had met Girty and the Wyandottes just in front of the council house, where many Indians were passing, and while we were talking a large crowd gathered around us. Captain Elliott and Colonel McKee also came up and interrupting near the close of the conversation they confirmed Girty's statement that evidence would soon be here to show that Girty told the truth.

The evidence referred to by Girty arrived two days later. It consisted of an officer and twenty privates who had deserted the Americans at Pittsburg, and—can you believe it—the leader was the officer of the day to whom I had told the conversation of Girty and Captain Pipe two autumns before. They confirmed Girty's statement, and after this news was known the friends of the Americans in Coshocton might have been numbered on the fingers of one hand. Captain Pipe was full of activity, and as Captain White Eyes did not express himself in favor of war, which was a condition precedent to formally going on the war-path, Captain Pipe and his followers demanded a council for the purpose of deposing Captain White Eyes or compelling him to take the part which popular opinion required.

At Brother John's call the councillors met. I walked into the council house and sat beside Captain White Eyes. Girty, McKee, Elliott and the officer leading the Americans also came into the council house. The council was opened by smoking, for we thought with tobacco fumes floating around we could better meditate, and the more serious the question at hand the more we smoked. Then Brother John stated to the council that messages were received from Pittsburg which seemed important to communicate to the councillors, that deliberate action might be taken thereon, and he asked Girty to make a statement.

Girty arose and told a story much the same he had repeated to us a few days before.

Brother John then asked the other palefaces present if they had anything to say, and they replied that Girty had told all and that his statements were true.

I could not wait the accustomed time which the dignity of such a gathering demanded. I arose to make my first speech in council. I was excited, but the excitement strengthened me.

"If what these palefaces say is true we must take up the hatchet to defend our homes," I began, "but I have reason to believe that they have spoken lies. Why is this paleface wearing the coat of an American soldier? Because he was one of them. Then why is he here? Because he is a deserter—because he is false to his own flesh and blood. Can we believe the word of such a man? May he not be deceiving us as he deceived his own people? Who are Captain Elliott and Colonel McKee? Have they not been here before in the service of the great father at Detroit? Do we not know that before we attended the treaty two autumns ago these men had given their promise that they would not fight the Americans? They have been fighting them ever since. Has not the great father at Detroit sent us a hatchet wrapped in a bloody belt time after time, only to be refused, and is this not only a new plan to get us to go on the war-path for him—to get us to act as his dogs in attacking the bear which when killed he will carry away without so much as giving us a bite to satisfy our hunger? And who is Simon Girty? Let me tell you of him," and I detailed how I had overheard the conversation of Captain Pipe and Girty in the log cabin at Pittsburg; how I told of the affair to the officer of the day, who was leading the deserters today, by whom I was told to keep it a secret that the

guilty might be caught, and that nothing was ever done.

"It's a lie!" shouted Girty with a double oath.

"Hear the young schwonnak, who never took a scalp!" yelled Captain Pipe at the same instant. Then there was a regular storm of shouts and yells, some denouncing me with oaths and others upholding me. All the dignity seemed gone until the powerful voice of Shingas was heard above all:

"Listen to me. Am I not the oldest warrior among you? Is there a warrior here who can show a longer string of scalps? Is there a brave who has had a greater reward put on his scalp by the palefaces? I believe this young buck has told what he thinks is the truth. He is a descendant of Sachem Netawatwes and by right a member of this council, and should be permitted to speak what he thinks. What Delaware among you will not give him that privilege? Let order be restored. Fill your pipes anew before further proceedings, that we may deliberate on these matters."

The words of Shingas had the desired effect. Order was restored and pipes were again lit. After a time Shingas arose again.

"While I believe young Killbuck, his conclusions may not be right, and I have reason to believe the message that was brought from Pittsburg is true. Tell me, Girty, in what condition were the Americans when you left them?"

"They were destitute from the cold winter; one hundred braves could take their fort."

"When did they propose marching to our country?"

"As soon as they could get supplies and soldiers from Washington's old army."

"How long will that be?"

"In about twenty suns."

"I am satisfied, I vote for war," concluded Shingas as he sat down.

There was a silence for an instant and Captain White Eyes arose.

"I have not taken part in this debate. I have listened that I might form an unbiased opinion. I, too, believe the words of young Killbuck, but as our great Captain Shingas has told you, his conclusions may be wrong, and I want my braves to be ready for anything that comes. Girty has told us that the Americans will not start from Pittsburg for twenty suns. If we believe one part of his story we must believe the other. As your head war chief, who will lead you into the thickest of the fight, my request is that we do not decide hastily on this matter. Let us not lift the hatchet when the handle may be loose and have the hatchet fall and injure ourselves. Let us not draw the bow when the string is worn, when it may break and leave us in the hands of our enemies without weapons. Success in war is to prepare and then fight. We have plenty of time, as Girty says the Americans will not start for twenty days. Let us, my braves and warriors, wait for ten days, fasten the handles securely in our hatchets, get new bow strings, mould more bullets, fill our hunting bags with food, that we may fight the enemy for many days. And when war is at last declared we will have ten days to march out to meet the enemy."

"Agreed, agreed," shouted the councillors, and Captain White Eyes' proposition was carried again to the discomfort of Captain Pipe.

After the council Captain White Eyes met me and indicated by a motion that he wanted to see me alone. To give him an opportunity I walked away from the crowd a short distance. I noticed Captain White Eyes had observed my movement, so when I was about a gunshot away I turned at right angles with the trail I was

traveling and was soon out of sight of the crowd. Captain White Eyes divined my plan and by a stroll in a different direction from that taken by me at first, he crossed my path and we met.

"Charles, meet me in the clump of hazel bushels below the big beech on the river bank when the sun is setting. Tell no one of this. Look not after me when we separate. That would lead an observer to suspicion something out of the ordinary between us and many of Pipe's men are watching. Our lives may depend upon our secrecy. If I am not there, wait. I will come. Don't fail."

Captain White Eyes spoke hurriedly, stopping but an instant, and then passed on toward the Shawnees' tepees, which were two gunshots away in the direction he was going. I likewise passed on toward the Wyandotte camp.

By a circuitous route I came back to the council house. There was Captain Pipe talking vehemently to a pack of Monseys and a few Turtles, but when I came near he told them they should think over his words, and he came to me.

"Well, my young buck, do you remember the words of Captain Pipe?" he said in a tone half in inquiry and half in derision.

"Girty has lied to you," I replied.

"Ugh! You still doubt? Come, my young buck, I would have you, a descendant of King Netawatwes, do his father more honor. We are sure his voice would be for war at this time. You do not know how he stamped the earth when he sent us with uplifted hatchet to help Pontiac.

"I believe the whole story is a lie, Captain Pipe. I don't believe the Americans intend to raid our country even if they are defeated. You have been a friend of the English since the war bgan. Girty is an English

spy and a deserter, and the other palefaces who have supported Girty's statements are untrue to their own people. If they are traitors to their own people, how can we put faith in them?"

"Even if it is a lie, no power less than the Great Spirit could make the Indians see it differently. In ten days the greatest Indian tribe on the sunset side of the mountains will be on the war-path."

"I don't want to talk with you, Captain Pipe, I despise you."

"Answer me one question yet and I will say no more," returned Captain Pipe, not taking the insult. "Has Captain White Eyes said anything to you since the council about its proceedings?"

"He has not," I replied, walking away.

CHAPTER XVII.

An Unsuccessful Mission.

I was at the clump of hazel bushes before sunset. It was a fine place for hiding. The twigs were straight and close, so a person hidden in the center of the clump could not be seen from even a short distance, but the one hiding could look between the narrow spaces near him and see a person an arrow's flight in any direction. When I took up my position no one was to be seen. I waited a time and looking up the river as the sun was setting I saw a canoe containing a single Indian coming down the river. I watched it, half afraid, I must confess, but when it drew nearer I saw dear old Captain White Eyes was its occupant. He paddled to the shore a short distance below me. I watched him pull the canoe behind a tree lying half in the water, and then approach the clump of bushes. He looked very earnestly toward it.

"Captain White Eyes?" I called in a low voice. The look of earnestness disappeared, and by a winding path hardly large enough for a coyote to crawl through, Captain White Eyes drew himself to the center of the clump. "A good hiding place, indeed," he said. "I thought you had not come. I could see no trace of you, but so much the better, for within we can see farther than our voices will carry. No danger of that poking dog, Pipe, hearing our conversation. I believe Girty has lied to us. He told me that Colonel Gibson is in Pittsburg, and although Colonel Hand is in command, Colonel Gibson is not a man to permit his Indian friends to be deceived. He has visited Gnadenhutten and the Delawares so often he understands us.

"But these lies are forcing us into war—they are as bad as the truth," I answered.

"Ugh, my boy, I fear it is so! I saw the drift for war. No argument could prevent it. Had I protested, you know the result. My influence for peace has run its course unless we get news from across the mountains different from Girty's story. A peace argument would have meant my downfall and the defeat of our plans. But we have ten days in which to see this tide turned—ten days in which to hear from Pittsburg the true state of affairs. Now you know why I proposed ten days' preparation."

A brief silence ensued.

"Can you ride to Pittsburg and back in nine days?"

"I will try, Captain," I said.

"My brave young buck. You may never have taken a scalp, but if you do this, you will have served your tribe better than the bravest warrior who claims the name of Delaware; better than Shingas, who claims he has taken more scalps than any brave of his tribe. Is your horse a good traveler?"

"Only fairly. He has endurance, but is not fleet."

"You want endurance on this trip rather than fleetness," he added, "for you can take only one horse. More would be a hindrance. Now, these are the directions you must follow. Your trip must be a secret. You dare not stop at Gnadenhutten to say goodbye to Benigna. The moon drops behind the hill about the middle of the night. Be ready to start immediately after dark. A bear hide is hanging in my lodge. Get it. Cut it into pieces to tie around your horse's hoofs, hair side out, to kill the sound of his steps. Ride on the upper trail through Tuscarawas to avoid the Indians near Gnadenhutten. When you get to Pittsburg observe whether preparations are being made for a raid. If all is quiet, enter the fort, tell all to Colonel

Gibson, ask for instructions and a fresh horse, and be back before the tenth day or all is lost. If you are captured use your best judgment and aim to be brought back to Coshocton. I may act deceitful by playing for a time I am your enemy, if that is necessary to save you, but as there is a Great Spirit, believe me I am your friend, and if there is no other way, I will fight the Wyandottes, Shawnees and scalawag Delawares single-handed to save you and we will die together. But go—and the God of Brother David and Benigna go with you."

It was growing dark. Captain White Eyes crept out the winding path through which he had entered, got into his canoe and paddled up the river, and shortly thereafter I returned to the capital by a cross-country trail, which brought me into Coshocton on the opposite side to that by which Captain White Eyes entered.

I lost no time in preparing for my journey. I located my pony, Bluebird, hobbled him so I could catch him without trouble when the time came to start, got the muffles ready, filled my hunting sack with dried venison and parched corn—enough for four days' scant rations—and then walked to the Wyandotte camp on the sunrise side of town.

The Wyandottes were very jubilant over the expected war and I saw there was little prospect of their sleeping that night. They were preparing for the war dance, which was to be continued for nine days. They had built a huge fire and near it were planting the war post, a gaudily painted log, about two handbreadths in thickness, around which they expected to dance.

I realized as soon as I saw what they were doing that I could not delay my journey until they had gone to sleep. There was one hope—that the Wyandottes had become so interested in their work they would not notice what was going on by other Indians and would not

notice me when I rode past them. I determined to make the trial. The bright moon was just dropping beneath the distant hills when I caught Bluebird, muffled his hoofs, and mounted.

I was right in supposing the Wyandottes would take no notice of me when the war dance was in progress. They had no prisoners to watch. All were near the large fire, and as the moon did not now give them light they could not see half an arrow's flight into the darkness. With my pony's feet muffled I got beyond them and then I hastened on. The sun was rising when I reached the corn fields near Schoenbrun. I gave Bluebird a feed of corn which the huskers had failed to gather the fall before. After resting a time, I took off his muffles and hid them, put an extra feed of corn in my hunting bag and again started toward the sunrise. By evening I was far beyond the point I expected to reach, and felt very sure if Colonel Gibson would give me a horse for the return trip with as much endurance as Bluebird I would be in Coshocton by the ninth day, although no Indian had ever made the trip in less than ten days.

When the sun was setting I stopped by a small creek to find a protected place to camp for the night.

After a short search I found a nook between two rocks where I could build a fire with no danger of it being seen at any distance. I had comfortably fixed myself and was roasting a slice of venison I cut from a saddle hanging in a tree near Schoenbrun—it was probably left there by one of the Moravians—when I heard a horse neigh in the distance and Bluebird, confound him, answered. I knew someone was following me. I quickly put out the fire, threw the burnt sticks into the water and scattered some leaves over the ashes. Then, mounting Bluebird, I rode through the woods away from the beaten trail a short distance and turned

toward the sunrise again. I could not make progress through the thick brush and was tiring Bluebird, so I determined to again find the beaten trail.

As I afterwards learned, Captain Pipe took precautions to see that no messengers went to or came from Pittsburg, except such as he could see before they arrived at Coshocton. For the purpose of intercepting such messengers he had stationed a band of Wyandottes near Gnadenhutten. The Pittsburg trail usually traveled passed through that town. He had spies watching the braves of the peace party at Coshocton, and when I was reported missing the morning after the council, he, supposing I had escaped his watchers and was on my way to Pittsburg, started two Wyandottes on their swiftest horses after me. He did not want me hurt, for fear of arousing sympathy for the peace party, and he gave such instructions to the Wyandottes. Four Toes and Panther, the two selected to prevent my reaching Pittsburg, went direct to Gnadenhutten. Getting no information there they went to Schoenbrun. Hearing nothing of me at that town they were undecided for a time, but after examining the trails north and south they found fresh hoof prints which Panther declared were made by my pony, as he had carefully examined Bluebird's hoofs at Captain Pipe's direction the day before the council.

After leaving Schoenbrun on the Pittsburg trail they traveled leisurely along, expecting to overtake me during the night. When they heard Bluebird neigh they knew I was camping near the trail and thought they would pass on and intercept me the next day when I resumed my journey. By so doing it would not appear that they came direct from Coshocton. By starting off immediately after Bluebird neighed, I kept ahead of them, and when I emerged from the woods, on reaching the trail, the bright moonlight showed the outlines

of two horsemen coming toward me a short distance back on the trail.

I was sure they could not have seen me from the leisurely way they were traveling and I thought possibly they could not hear Bluebird trotting at that distance, so I started on down the trail. Four Toes and Panther had seen me, however, and I had no sooner started Bluebird than I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. I urged Bluebird on, but my pursuers came closer and closer, and I realized my being caught was only a question of time. The race was soon ended. Poor Bluebird, not used to being urged in this manner, stumbled in attempting to jump a small tree which had fallen across the trail. The shock kept him from rising for a minute and by that time the Wyandottes were upon me.

"You need not travel further to-night," said Panther in Delaware, as he dismounted.

"I don't know that you have anything to say about it," I replied.

"You are my prisoner," returned Panther.

"I am a son of Gelelemend. Why am I your prisoner? Our nations are not at war. Permit me to go," I demanded.

"If you are Gelelemend's son, why did you try to escape from us?" asked Panther.

"I did not know who was following me. Perhaps if I had, I would not have run away."

"Who are you afraid of in this country?" was Panther's next question, and at the same instant Four Toes put in: "Whither were you going?"

"One never knows his enemies in these times," I replied to Panther, and then to Four Toes: "I was on a hunting trip yesterday, was camping a short distance back, and when I heard you coming I ran in this direction to avoid an imaginary enemy."

"You may tell the truth, but we fear you have been seeking information about our force in the Muskingum Valley and are going to Pittsburg to deliver it to our enemies, the Americans. Your horse looks tired—you have been riding hard. This does not indicate that you are on a hunt. Ugh, my young buck, we will return to Coshocton. If you are Gelelemend's son you can go back to your father's lodge with us. If you are an American spy you will object, and then we will know you have lied and we will take you back," said Panther.

"But we will remain here to-night," said Four Toes.

My better judgment told me to quietly acquiesce. Panther hobbled the horses and turned them loose, while Four Toes kindled a fire. They held a short conversation in Wyandotte, after which Four Toes lay down to sleep while Panther kept awake. I understood the Wyandottes well and knew I had no chance for escape. I was so tired from my journey thus far I, too, lay down to sleep and knew nothing until the next morning, when I was awakened by Panther kicking me.

After a breakfast, of which all partook from my hunting bag, we started on the homeward journey—a sad one for me, for I felt that Captain Pipe was to gain the final victory over Captain White Eyes and that in eight days more the Delaware tribe would be on the war-path against the Americans.

Ordinarily our route would have been through Gnadenhutten, but Panther wanted to avoid that town, so we followed the trail over which I had come. We traveled slowly. Panther and Four Toes were quiet, seldom saying anything even to each other, and never talking to me except when necessary. Since it is all over, I know it was because they knew me and were afraid by talking they would disclose the fact. I was

glad, for I did not want to make further statements regarding my side of the matter.

When night came we were but a short distance from Coshocton, but Panther and Four Toes insisted on camping out for the night. The precaution used the preceding night was omitted. We all lay down, and before I was asleep my captors were both snoring loudly. I arose quietly, haltered my pony and set out for Coshocton alone—they so intended it—and reached there shortly after the middle of the night. I went direct to Captain White Eyes' lodge, where I found him and told the story of my capture. It was now the beginning of the fourth day, and by no possible way could a messenger make the trip to Pittsburg and return in the remaining six days, and by the dawn of the tenth hell was to open, and the evil spirits were to be let loose to kill, murder, burn and destroy. In other words, the Indians were to go on the war-path.

Captain White Eyes was sad. "Your capture has taken away every hope, but you are a true brave, and if your great-grandfather were here he would be more proud of you for this act than to have heard you repeat Miquon's treaty. But now we must take the war-path. Captain Pipe has won, I fear, and I can do no more for peace. When the tenth day arrives I will put on the war paint, and I hope the God of Brother David will very quickly release me from further earthly troubles," he said.

"Don't talk so; you make me feel as though I have not done my duty," I answered.

"You have done your duty," he replied. "I sent you on an impossible errand. To go to Pittsburg and return in nine days is almost impossible. And with Captain Pipe on the alert to defeat every movement for peace we could have expected nothing different from what has happened. But come, my young buck, mat-

ters will only be worse by showing disappointment. If your Wyandotte captors come to Coshocton to-morrow tell them they can now inquire whether you are Gelelemend's son. They will look on the matter as a huge joke probably, and for our safety we must accept it as such."

Sure enough, in the morning I met Panther and Four Toes near the council house. Captain White Eyes was near by.

"Here, you Wyandottes!" I called to them, "to prove my words that Gelelemend is my father, here is Captain White Eyes, who knows me well."

"The young brave speaks the truth," said Captain White Eyes.

At that, Panther and Four Toes gave meaningless grunts. They said nothing, however, and I was satisfied to let matters rest as they were.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Welcome Message.

The next five days were spent at Coshocton with great anxiety and discomfort, hoping against all that was reasonable that in some manner we might learn the true state of affairs in the East.

The war dances were in progress at the Wyandotte camp to the sunrise side of town; at the Shawnee camp to the north, and at Captain Pipe's Monsey camp to the south. Even though I was born a savage, the thought of an Indian war dance makes the cold chills creep down my back.

At each dancing place a war post was planted firmly in the ground. It was painted black and red, to represent the enemy. The Indians taking part were also painted with crimson, yellow and black, in stripes, spots and meaningless designs. Their scalp locks were greased with buffalo tallow, so much being used that the hair was matted, and this mass was decorated with feathers. This was supposed to give them courage. Their tomahawks, polished by rubbing on stone to sharpen them, were sticking in their belts, reflecting the firelight. Buckskin pouches full of bullets and horns charged with powder, or, the more ancient bow and quiver of arrows swung from their shoulders by rawhide thongs. The dancers formed a circle, with the war post for a center, and would jump up and down while running around it, waving their tomahawks or guns in the air in a hideously gleeful manner, meantime singing, not the songs sung at our missions, but those telling of their own exploits in war, of deeds of death, murder, or burning enemies at the stake. The music

was timed by a brave pounding with a war club on a drum made by stretching a deer skin over the end of a short hollow log.

As the war spirit moved them, one or more would leave the dancing circle, stealthily creep toward the war post, to show their cunning in approaching an enemy, stab at it with their knives or strike it with their tomahawks, and then, with an air-splitting whoop, go through the performance of raising the scalp of the supposed conquered enemy. Sometimes they would make a rush for each other with uplifted hatchets or war clubs, and to a person not accustomed to the dance it would appear as though one or both must be hurt or killed from the blows, or that the wrestling of two braves with drawn knives in their hands was to be a duel to the death. But those who took part in the melee usually came out at the finish only scratched, bruised and exhausted, from which they always soon recovered.

Usually at the beginning of the dance only those considered the bravest took part, but as the excitement grew, other braves desiring to tell of their valorous deeds joined in the dance. Once begun, the end was reached only by the exhaustion of the dancers. All the Wyandottes at Coshocton were in favor of war, and probably the greater number of them attended the dance. The war post they planted the night I left Coshocton had been stabbed and tomahawked and pounded with war clubs until nothing was left of it but a short stump. They had planted another of greater proportions, however, and were demolishing it as they did the first one. To hear this whooping, yelling, singing, beating of drums, and other discordant noises, and to have one's eyes treated to a spectacle even more frightful, were the surroundings which led me to say that these were days of discomfort. I would have left Co-

shocton immediately after returning from my trip had not Captain White Eyes insisted that all was not lost, that war had not been declared by the Delaware council, and until then there was hope. He determined to have the last grand rally of the peace party and secretly sent for Brother David, Glikkikin, Captain Johnny and others of the faithful converts at the mission who had influence with the Delawares, to help stay the desire for war.

The sixth, the seventh and the eighth days passed. Brother David gave up, and weeping for his followers at Gnadenhutten, who must leave their homes as soon as the Delawares took the war-path, he left Coshocton. Captain White Eyes, reluctant to give up hope to the last, had gone so far on the seventh day as to sharpen his hatchet, to make the appearance, at least, that he was following his own suggestion, but he declared he would not take part in the war dance.

At this time Captain White Eyes called me to him. "You have been a faithful boy, Charles," he said, "and White Eyes desires to give you advice before he takes the war-path. White Eyes does not ask you to follow him longer. The greater part of his life is past. Probably the days he has to live can be numbered by the arrows in a warrior's quiver. But he is satisfied that it is so, for the hope that the great Delaware people should become a civilized nation like the palefaces across the mountains is like a deer with a bullet behind its shoulder—dying. When the sun rises above yonder hill a second time the Delawares, led by White Eyes, will take the war-path. It is against his will, but no brave has ever charged him with not standing by his people, and no warrior can call him a coward. It shall not be so now. That is why I take up the hatchet. But, my young buck, my advice to you is not to follow White Eyes in this matter. You are young and White

Eyes hopes have many years of happiness before you. You are in love with a Moravian squaw and she loves you. The teachings of her people are that war is wrong, and no Moravian maiden can marry a warrior. For you to take up the hatchet is to place between you a barrier which probably can never be removed, and which will mean unhappiness for you both. If you will follow White Eyes' advice you will join the Moravians, become a Christian and protect the squaw you love."

"But, Captain White Eyes, how about the treaties?" I asked. "Did not I promise great-grandfather when I was a mere child and again when I was older, at his death bed, that I would repeat the treaties, interpret the belts, and tell the legends of our nation to future generations? I can not dishonor my promise to him."

"As John is the sachem, he will not go on the war-path. The treaties will be under his charge. There will be no more treaty feasts until the war is over. Probably then the Moravian Indians and the Delawares can join hands and form the independent nation which it was White Eyes' aim to establish. I trust you will live to see it. White Eyes will not. This is his last war. Then you can instruct the Indian youths," he returned.

I told Captain White Eyes I would think over his words until morning and give him my decision.

As I was lying on the straw bed in my father's lodge that night I heard the continued thump, thump, thump of the drum beating time for the dances at the different camps—the dismal, blood-curdling songs of the dancers, and occasionally the yell of some exultant warrior. I tried to center my thoughts on Captain White Eyes' suggestion, but could not. I finally fell to sleep, but on awaking my course was clear. I told Captain White Eyes I would proceed to Gnadenhutten.

It was the ninth day since the council, the last day

before the great march was to begin. Captain Pipe had used all precautions possible to prevent messengers from coming to Coshocton from Pittsburg, or going to Pittsburg from Coshocton. He had been successful. On the ninth day he seemed to think it no longer necessary to take such precautions and all of his warriors were taking part in the war dance. I took leave of my friends, telling them of my intentions. Then, mounting Bluebird, I started toward Gnadenhutten, but half rejoicing at the prospect of my new life.

I was just beyond the Wyandotte camp when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance. I stopped to listen more closely and detected the click of an iron shoe striking a stone. It was seldom an Indian's pony wore shoes, and I concluded immediately that a paleface was coming. I could not at first imagine why a paleface should be coming so hurriedly to Coshocton—rushing into what he must know was a camp of warriors, and then—hearing a second horse behind the first—the thought suddenly flashed through me that he was followed by a company of soldiers, and I hid behind a rock at the side of the trail. While I was speculating in my mind as to who and what the horsemen might be, they came into sight just around a small knoll. Galloping past me I recognized John Heckewelder and a Moravian from Gnadenhutten. Then I remembered that Heckewelder had been in the sunrise country during the winter.

I knew something was to happen and turned Bluebird to follow, forgetting my resolution to leave Coshocton. Bluebird would have been left hopelessly behind in the race had I not started in so near the finish. The astonished Wyandottes stopped their dance as we rode past and many of them followed toward the town.

Heckewelder went direct to the council house. Cap-

"HECKWELDER WENT DIRECT TO THE COUNCIL HOUSE." See p. 134.

tain White Eyes, father, Big Cat and a number of others of the peace party were there. They had just come from a secret meeting which had been called for that morning. Captain White Eyes had expressed to them much the same views he had given me the day before. So it was when Heckewelder reined up his horse before the council house and extended his hand to Captain White Eyes, the strongest advocate for peace in the Delaware tribe stood mute. He did not realize the full truth for a time—there was Heckewelder, probably just from Pittsburg, the day before the war parties were to start on their murderous errands.

When Captain White Eyes did not welcome his old friend, Heckewelder stood up in his saddle, waved a bundle of letters and papers over his head, and shouted:

"I have brought messages to the Delaware nation from Congress and from Colonels Hand and Gibson at Pittsburg. They all send their best wishes and ask you not to listen to the false stories of the deserters who have recently come among you."

By this time Captain White Eyes had regained his usual composure. "Is it not true the Americans have been defeated?" he asked.

"It is not," emphatically exclaimed Heckewelder.

"The Americans have been victorious. Here is a paper telling how a large English army surrendered to them," and he held up a copy of the Pennsylvania Packet, containing an account of the surrender of General Burgoyne.

"Answer this," cried Captain White Eyes. "Are the Americans coming to the sunset side of the mountains? Is General Washington living? Is there yet a Congress?"

"The Americans are not coming to this side of the mountains unless it be the will of the Delawares. General Washington is not dead, but is at the head of the

American armies, and Congress is still the Government on the sunrise side of the mountains," shouted Heckewelder.

"Then, my braves, shall we again listen to the words of our American brothers or believe the stories of the deserters?" came the question in Captain White Eyes' powerful voice, as he turned to the Indians gathered around him.

"Hear them!" roared my father.

"Hear them! Hear them!" yelled a dozen other voices.

I had dismounted from Bluebird. I grabbed a war club from a Monsey who was in the crowd and rushed to the drummer, who was beating time for the dance of Captain Pipe's warriors an arrow's flight away. He would have resisted me, but with one blow I sent him sprawling and dragged the drum to the front of the council house. How I did pound it. The dance time was changed to a council call, and even the Shawnees, two gunshots away, heard the unusual sound, and leaving their dance came to see what was going on. Father and Red Hawk stood at the door of the council house and except John Heckewelder they permitted none except Delawares to enter. The Shawnees and Wyandottes, seeing they could not gain admission, returned to their posts to continue the dance.

If I could draw a picture of that council it would not only be a novelty to the paleface but to the Indians as well. A sunrise hence the greater number of the councillors intended starting on the war-path. Preparations had been made. The war dances had been in progress. The dancers, haggard and fatigued from their exertions, paint and feathers decorating their bodies, carrying guns, tomahawks, knives, spears or war implements of whatever kind they used, gathered at the council house. Thus it was a council of warriors

with the taste for blood aroused, not a council of Indian braves.

Brother John took his place at the council fire Captain White Eyes replenished while I was beating the drum. The pipes were quickly filled and lit, for all were anxious to hear what was to be said. Then Brother John opened the council by stating that a messenger from Pittsburg had arrived with news and letters and that there appeared to be a desire to hear them.

Captain Pipe then arose and demanded that Girty, McKee and Elliott be permitted to be present if Heckewelder were. Consent was given by Brother John and a brave was sent to find them, but he shortly returned with the message that they would not enter.

Heckewelder then read the letters he had brought. They were like those received before, full of expressions of good will to the Delawares and pleading with them not to join the enemies of the Americans, but to remain steadfast to the principles of peace.

"We want to know about the war," shouted Red Hawk. "What is to be said about that?"

Heckewelder was asked to explain it.

"The Americans have been gaining ground," he began. "They have captured one of the large armies of the English father. Here is an account of it, printed by order of Congress December 17, 1777," and he picked up the Pennsylvania Packet, which I had seen a short time before. "It is also reported that the French nation will begin war on the English and drive them out of the land."

Heckewelder read the account in the paper.

Then Captain White Eyes arose and spoke. "Nine days ago I asked this council to wait ten days before going on the war-path. It was so agreed. I said at that time if the council voted for war I would lead into the thickest of the fight. I repeat it now. But since

that council we have found that Girty and his confederates have lied to us to get us to take up the hatchet. Do you wish now to go on the war-path?"

Although Captain Pipe's braves to a man shouted for war, the Turtles and most of the Turkeys voted for peace, and on counting votes, the peace party was ahead. Thus, the Delaware tribe again declared for peace.

CHAPTER XIX.

From Gnadenhutten to Barren Hill.

When spring arrived Evangeline desired to continue her journey. Benigna would have her stay until after the Easter season, but that past, nothing could detain her longer, and the second day after Easter Evangeline, Father Felican, Basil, Mrs. Collins and her daughters, the Leeths, Captain White Eyes and about a dozen braves, including myself, started for Pittsburg. We were armed, although Captain White Eyes thought we would not be interrupted by war parties. So I thought also, for I knew the presence of Captain White Eyes would insure our safety more than three score of warriors.

At the end of the first day we reached trader Brown's cabin on the Pittsburg trail. Brown was gone. The cabin was still standing, but everything movable had been taken away. On the door was written with charred wood: "Avoid this road, good people, the Indians are out murdering us." Captain White Eyes and I were ahead of the party and seeing the writing he asked whether I could read it.

I told him what was written.

"That is the work of Kuhn or Pomocan," he said. "We must keep watch to-night. Rub off the writing before the squaws come or it will frighten them. They will be as safe without the knowledge as with it."

I had scarcely finished the task when others of the party came up.

"Brown seems to have left this part of the country, but his cabin is here for us," said Captain White Eyes.

"He was probably driven away by the British Indians," replied Leeth.

"Don't say anything to the squaws," cautioned Captain White Eyes.

A fire was built in the fireplace and supper was soon prepared from the corn and venison we brought with us. Then all lay down to sleep, except two braves, who kept watch during the night.

The next day we continued our journey. The fact that the Wyandottes were on the war-path was shown at many places. Most of the cabins had been burned. We did not find more than three families of palefaces living along the trail.

Just before crossing the Ohio we noticed a newly-made grave under a tree and from the Indian marks we knew that a Delaware band had buried its leader there. In due time we arrived at Pittsburg.

Colonel Hand was in command. Evangeline asked him about Washington's army. "Washington has been at Valley Forge all winter," he answered rather shortly.

"Are any Frenchmen with his army?" she next asked.

"Quite a number were last fall."

"Do you know any of them?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes, Marquis de Lafayette, a member of Washington's staff."

"Have you ever heard of Gabriel Lajeunnesse?"

"No; is he an officer?"

"I do not know. I simply know he intended to join Washington's army."

The conversation was further prolonged and Colonel Hand was told Evangeline's story.

"I fear you have an impossible task," he said, "but I will give you passports and a letter to General Washington. He is a man with a heart. If he can do anything it will be done."

The palefaces of our party expected to journey from

Pittsburg alone, but when the time came to leave I decided to accompany them. We bid farewell to Captain White Eyes, father and the others of our band on Tammany's day and left for Valley Forge, or wherever we could find Washington's army.

In time we arrived in the vicinity of Valley Forge. We knew we were but a short distance from it, but knew not which road to take when we came to where three ways met. Just there, however, we met a colored woman.

"Which road leads to Valley Forge?" Leeth inquired.

"Don' know, marse," she answered.

"Do you know where Washington's army is?" he asked.

"Washington an' 'is sojers went down dis road yest'day tow's de city."

"Philadelphia?"

"Yes, marse; if you go on dis hillock you can see de sojers 'cross de ribber."

We climbed to the top of the little hill to which she pointed, and on an elevation on the sunrise side of the Schuylkill—the river by which great-grandfather spent his boyhood—we could see a large number of soldiers.

Not wishing to travel further that night we again sought our colored friend, who had remained in the road below the hill awaiting our return.

"Can you tell us where we can stay for the night?" asked Father Felican.

"Yes, marse, come wid me. Me an' de ole man is takin' care o' Squire Wells' house 'cross de ribber while dey's off. De people call de squire a Tory. Don' know what it means, but wen de sojers come marchin' down past de house dey say dey mus' go to de city for a season and bid us servants take care o' de prop'ty."

"Where is your house?" asked Evangeline.

"'Cross de ribber, Missus," was the reply. "Jus' follo' me, I takes you dar."

We followed Dinah, so she called herself, to the river. There she sat down under a tree and in reply to some inquiries explained: "De ole man is gone to Mista' Hogan's fo' some eatables, an' as I's not been off Squire Wells' plantation all winte' I jus' come wid him and visit a frien' while de ole man looks afte' his matta.' He say I be heah at sundown, an' heah I is."

We had not long to wait until the old man, Sam, came along in a boat large enough to hold half a dozen men. After some parleying, in which we were assisted by Dinah, he agreed to ferry us across, and in two trips he got us all over and we walked to Squire Wells' house. It was situated in that part of the country called Barren Hill. The house was large enough to accommodate our party, with room to spare, and Dinah bid us make ourselves at home, as though Squire Wells himself were there. Sam was not so cordial.

"If dat Injun stay in dis house I goes to de barn an' locks me up fo' de night. Dis nigger wants his scalp on 'is head fo' a season yet," he said, addressing Dinah, while the latter was preparing supper.

"You gets out o' dis kitchen, you nigger. De ide' dat a man o' you' build is afraid o' a civilized Injun," replied Dinah.

"How you know he civilized?" asked Sam.

"Isn't he wid white people? Don' he talk English good as you, an' if he ware not civilized could he carry on like dat? Go 'way wid you, I can't wo'k prop'ly while youse aroun'," and Dinah made a rush for Sam with the spoon she was using.

Sam, being as fearful of the spoon as of the Indian, made his escape by a side door and almost ran into Leeth and I, who were standing outside.

"Have no fear of this Indian, he will not hurt you,"

sang out Leeth, as Sam disappeared in the darkness. We saw no more of Sam that night.

We were shown to rooms much finer than any I had ever seen before—better even than Joshua's house at Gnadenhutten.

There always was something in a paleface cabin which made me want to sleep later in the morning than when I was in my father's lodge at Coshocton, or slept under the open sky, and the sun was shining in my eyes when I awoke the following morning. But I was the first of our party to arise. Going down stairs I found a number of darkies talking excitedly in the yard.

"De red coats is comin', I seed 'em down de road an' I whipped up ole Jerry to fin' 'tection heah. Dey'll fight on de hill, I guess, fo' Washington's sojers is dar an' de red coats is comin' dis way," said one who stood beside an old horse hitched to a cart.

I understood the meaning sufficiently to know something extraordinary was doing, but only guessed that the red coats were the British. Being anxious to see what was going on I walked out to the road and saw the "red coats" turning a bend in the road, less than a gunshot away, coming toward me. In the opposite direction there was a field of dwarf oaks and brush, beyond which was a hill. Almost at the same time I saw the red coats, a line of Indians filed from this thicket into open ground.* There was a war whoop, such as I had often heard. The red coats raised their guns and fired, and the Indians turned and ran. Rather than run back to the house, where I was sure of being taken by the red coats, whom I regarded as my enemies, I followed those of my race. I stopped when I reached cover and looked back. The Indians retreated only to the bush, and, turning, gave the red coats a volley,

*At the battle of Barren Hill the Americans first made use of Indian scouts.

when they also turned and ran. I then thought of my party left behind and started back for the house, but two Indians seized me.

"You can't go back that way," shouted one in the Iroquois tongue. "I saw you in front of the British line. You are not of our band."

"But my party is in the house yonder, I want to tell them of their danger," I replied.

"What's the trouble here, boys," said a paleface, the leader of the Indians. "Don't fight among yourselves. We have enemies enough outside our ranks."

"This fellow is not of our band. He came from the red-coat line," protested the Indian, still holding me.

"A British spy, is he? Take him to the rear under guard and don't let him escape," said the leader.

"He says there are more of his company in yonder house," said one of the Indians who had been listening to us.

"Probably Squire Wells himself, the d——d Tory. Take this fellow to Captain Sands. When the red coats have retreated far enough we'll return to the house for the others."

I was led more roughly than I thought necessary up the hill on which I had seen the soldiers, to Captain Sands.

"What's wrong with this scout?" he asked, as we stopped before him.

"This buck is none of our scouts. He ran to our line from the red coats. Captain McLean says he's a spy," said my guard, and having delivered this message he left.

"So you are not one of our scouts. What were you doing in the British lines?" asked Captain Sands of me.

I explained the matter as best I could, but my explanation did not have the desired effect, for he said to me: "An interesting story, my buck," and then to a

soldier near him: "This buck speaks too good English for a Western Indian. See that he does not escape."

It is hard to be a prisoner among people who would do you only kindness if they knew the facts, but the circumstances were such I do not blame my captors. My suspense was not to be long for very shortly a pale-face soldier and half a dozen Indians came up with the remainder of my party.

"What have you this time? Why do you bring women as prisoners? We can't care for them," demanded Captain Sands of the leader.

"We couldn't keep them back," replied the guard.

"Then, there seems to be some truth in this buck's story," said Captain Sands, and then to me: "Here! You say you are Moravians from Gnadenhutten?"

"I said we came from Gnadenhutten. This man and his wife are Moravians," I replied, pointing to Leeth.

"Send these people to General Lafayette. He has a soft spot in his heart for Moravians and should I hold them as prisoners he would deprive me of my commission," said Captain Sands to one of his men.

"We want to see General Washington," spoke up Evangeline.

"General Washington is at Valley Forge and it is questionable whether we will ever get back there with the red coats swarming around us four to one. General Lafayette commands this detachment," replied Captain Sands.

"Then send us to him," requested Basil.

Captain Sands conducted us to a church, where General Lafayette was directing some movements and several companies of soldiers were marching back and forth.

General Lafayette looked like a mere boy, and had I not been told that he was the commander I would not have guessed it. He seemed worried. With my knowl-

edge of the battle now, I do not wonder at it, for he was almost surrounded by the British army, outnumbering his many times, and he knew that with proper management on the part of the British generals he would be captured. With all the causes for worry he was courteous and made some remark about it being a dangerous place for ladies. Then it was explained how we came there.

The look on his face changed, and he assumed a stern manner, which made us realize we were under suspicion.

"These people say they came from the Moravian town of Gnadenhutten and that they are friendly to the Americans," concluded Captain Sands.

"Moravians from Gnadenhutten? Do you mean Gnadenhutten on the Muskingum?" asked General Lafayette.

"Yes," I answered. "We left Gnadenhutten on the Muskingum a moon ago."

"If you prove this I will know you are not spies. Who is the head chief of the Delawares?" he asked.

"Captain White Eyes," I answered.

"Very true. Now name some of the teachers at Gnadenhutten."

"David Zeisberger and John Heckewelder."

"And who is commanding at Fort Pitt?"

"Colonel Hand."

"You seem to have a knowledge of affairs in that locality. Now, who are you?"

"My name is Charles Killbuck."

"You may leave. These people are not spies," commanded the general to Captain Sands. The latter saluted and walked away.

"I wish to speak with you, but must get my men out of this and can not take time now." And then to a soldier near him: "Lieutenant Craft, take these people

to Colonel Poor. Tell him to put them in the safest place possible and not to leave them behind in the retreat."

General Lafayette then rode away.

We followed Lieutenant Craft to a depression in the hill, from which a road led along the river to where there were a few covered wagons and some wounded men. We were presented to Colonel Poor, who immediately told us to get into one of the wagons. "We expect to retreat from this position in ten minutes," he said.

We did as directed. Soon we were jolting over rough roads. Looking forward and back we could see lines of soldiers in buckskin uniforms marching down the hill. After traveling in this manner for a time we came to a ford and crossed the Schuylkill. When on the other side General Lafayette rode up.

"We fooled them this time. Here comes the last company across the ford," he said to Colonel Poor, who was standing near.

"Well done, General!" shouted Colonel Poor.

"I can't take so much credit to myself as I must give to the British," returned General Lafayette. "Do you know our scouts reported every road guarded except the one along the river, and that would have been had the orders been carried out. I was informed that General Grant, who was sent on that errand, stopped at Broad Ax Tavern to get a warm breakfast. That is why I issued orders for a double quick retreat on the river road, hoping to get our force to his rear before he finished his breakfast. And we did it. I hope his breakfast lays well. But here they come. Draw your ambulances to the rear, we may have to contest this ford."

Officers were called, commands given, and before I knew what it meant the Americans were drawn up in

line ready to fire into the first squad of red coats who would undertake to ford. But they did not undertake it. A British general rode to the ford, viewed it, and in a few minutes they all left.

Then General Lafayette again thought of his captives, and riding up to Colonel Poor he inquired where we were.

"In this wagon," Colonel Poor replied, pointing to the one we occupied.

"Glad you got out of that place without accident," he said, coming up to us. "I have a kindly feeling for Moravians. Last September I was wounded at Brandywine and was taken to a hospital in Philadelphia for a few days. But the British threatened that city and I had to move. Mr. Laurens, the President of Congress, suggested that I go to Bethlehem, and he was kind enough to accompany me there. I remember well the September Sunday evening we arrived. The town was one large hospital. I was first taken to Sun Inn. That was overcrowded. Next Mr. Laurens went to what they called the Single Brethren's House, which was used as a hospital, but there were so many sick and wounded Continentals there I did not secure accommodations. Mrs. Barbara Beckel, the wife of the chief farmer of the community, heard of my presence and had me removed to her home, where I was waited upon faithfully and well, so that my wound healed almost faster than I cared it should. I knew when better it was my duty to go back to the field. I tell you, my friends," he continued, "the mild religion of that community of brethren, their unity of interests, of education, and of property presented a wide contrast with the scenes of carnage and convulsions of war I had witnessed. They furnished plenty of reading matter while I remained indoors. During that time I learned of their missionary spirit and I had the good fortune to

meet Mr. Heckewelder, who arrived from Gnadenhutten while I was a guest at good Mrs. Beckel's. He told me much about Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrun, of Captain White Eyes and the Killbucks. So now you know how it was I believed your story when you answered my questions. But tell me what is the condition of affairs in your country now? Are the Delawares neutral? We have heard some discouraging rumors from Pittsburg."

"The Delawares are mostly for peace," I answered.

"I will want to hear more of this, and General Washington is anxious about the Delawares. To-morrow we will return to Valley Forge. Colonel Poor will assign you sleeping quarters for the night—good evening," and the boy general rode away.

CHAPTER XX.

I Meet General Washington.

The next morning I was speaking with Colonel Poor when General Lafayette rode up again. "McLean's scouts have informed me the red coats are back in Philadelphia this morning. Be ready to cross the river by 8 o'clock. We will march to Sweed's ford and recross to Valley Forge. You lead the van," he said, addressing Colonel Poor.

"I will be prepared to move by 8 o'clock," replied Colonel Poor, and with a few orders his men were preparing for the march.

As General Lafayette left us Colonel Poor again addressed me: "General Lafayette told you about his stay among the Moravians last fall?"

"Yes," I replied.

"But he did not tell you how he was wounded?" he said with a falling inflection, but intended as a question.

"No; he simply stated the fact," I answered.

"He is not the man to recite his own deeds, but he is one of the brave men in this war. You probably know he has no interest here—he does not belong to our people."

"No. Tell me about him."

"He is a Frenchman, fighting simply to see right prevail. You do not know how he was wounded? Well, it was this way: He had been in Washington's army but a short time when he asked permission to assist in the field. We were about to have a battle with the red coats near the Brandywine. It was important to hold a certain hill and Sullivan was directed to hold it with his division. The British saw the value of the

position and charged. The Americans retreated and Sullivan could not hold them back. Then it was that Lafayette dismounted and rushing before the fleeing men turned them to the front. In the skirmish he was in the thickest of the fight and was shot in the leg. He took no notice of it until an officer saw the blood running from his boot and persuaded him to go to the rear. He is a brave man."

After we had crossed the river and were going toward Sweed's ford we saw General Lafayette again.

"I will be busily engaged with General Washington this evening," he said. "I have directed Colonel Poor to assign you to quarters and provide you rations while you remain with us. By giving you into his care I am placing you in the hands of a kind and considerate officer. To-morrow, no doubt, General Washington will desire to see you."

Our journey was continued without any event of interest and in the evening we arrived at Valley Forge.

Valley Forge has been described many times, and I will not increase the pages of these memoirs by a long description. It looked to me simply like a large town of lodges surrounded with banks and ditches. The lodges were arranged in straight rows, almost all the same size, and built of round logs with the chinks filled with mud. They were not so neatly constructed or so large as the houses at Gnadenhutten.

"You can occupy this hut," said Colonel Poor, as later in the evening he led us to one of a long row.

"Thank you," returned Leeth.

"You will be more safe here than on Barren Hill. Hope you will rest well after your journey. These quarters are rough, but perhaps you are used to hardships since you have lived on the border. They accommodated our army during the winter—twelve soldiers

to a cabin—and this warm weather you will not suffer." So speaking, Colonel Poor walked away.

If the exterior of the hut we entered did not compare favorably with those of the Moravian Indians, the interior certainly showed greater contrast. The floors were the trodden earth. The beds were piles of straw with a few blankets spread over them. The only furniture was a rough board table and several benches, which had probably been added for our special convenience. Several blankets suspended from a rope stretched across the hut separated the women's apartment from the men's.

Leeth went to the commissary to procure the rations for which Colonel Poor had arranged, and shortly after eating our allowance we fell asleep.

The accommodations were so much like my Coshocton home, which were conducive to early rising, that when the birds began to twitter I was up, walking around the camp. I knew not where I was going, but seeing a house some better than the ordinary huts a distance away I went in that direction. Walking around the house I came to a boxwood hedge separating the house garden from the fields. There I was attracted by a voice. It was not loud, but its earnestness drew my attention. At first I saw no one. I stopped to listen. The first sentence told me it was some man praying to God as Brother David prayed in the chapel meetings at Gnadenhutten. I recall his words now:

"*I thank Thee, dear Lord, that Thou hast permitted my brave soldiers to escape from the enemy with so little loss; that when they were surrounded Thou prepared a secret avenue of escape. I thank Thee for putting it into the heart of this noble Frenchman to help us in our cause. May these blessings be continued. Give my soldiers strength to fight their battles, and make them feel that they are instruments in Thy hands for working out Thy*

plan. And not only help them to fight, but give those in authority the power of mind that they may accomplish peace without the shedding of blood. Go with General McIntosh to Fort Pitt, and may peace be maintained with our red brethren on the border. We give all these matters into Thy hands, dear Lord, for we are weak and can only accomplish that which is in accord with Thy will."

I peered through the boxwood hedge and saw a man somewhat larger than the ordinary paleface bowed down, half hidden by an apple tree in the garden. Not wishing to disturb him, I quietly walked away. I did not know who he was, but I thought he must be General Washington, for he looked so noble and grand as he knelt there. I knew what he meant by the escape of his soldiers from the enemy. The experience of the past few days gave light on that. But what did he mean by asking the Lord to go with General McIntosh to Fort Pitt and that peace might be maintained without the shedding of blood? Somehow I felt that the prayer was already answered, for had not our council declared for peace? I longed for the interview that I might tell him.

The opportunity arrived that day. The morning shadows had shortened to half the length of the trees which cast them when an orderly rode up.

"General Washington desires to see you," he said, as he dismounted.

"We are at your service," answered Leeth.

"Follow me," replied the orderly, starting away. Would you believe it? He led us to the same house near where I had heard the man pray.

When we reached the house and were shown into the room where General Washington was sitting I recognized before me the man I had seen kneeling by the apple tree.

General Washington had been writing. As we entered he dropped his pen. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said, and looking up, and noticing the ladies, he arose, made a bow, and added: "I understand from General Lafayette that you were taken captives at Barren Hill. Did he so far forget his chivalrous spirit as to make captives of ladies?"

"We were willing captives, General. In fact we were seeking your army. It was through mistake we got into the English lines," replied Evangeline.

"He simply complied with your wishes then? But be seated, ladies and gentlemen. I am informed that you came from Gnadenhutten and Fort Pitt. I am interested in those places. How are matters there?"

"We know very little about Pittsburg, but Colonel Hand sent these communications, which probably explain the situation there," said Leeth, as he drew from his pocket a sealed packet which he handed to General Washington.

"These can be read in your absence," said the General, tossing the packet on the table. "But how are matters at Gnadenhutten and the Muskingum Valley? I have had word that you had exciting times there recently."

"Gnadenhutten is quiet," answered Leeth. "As to Coshocton and the Delaware country I refer you to our friend Killbuck, one of the councillors of the Delawares."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Killbuck. Your name is familiar," said the General, looking closely at me. Colonel Hand sent me an account of the council held at Coshocton early this spring and he referred to you as one of our friends. I had no idea when reading the report that Councillor Killbuck was so young. I am pleased to have this call from you. But as Indians and white people usually see things from a different stand-

point I should like to hear your account of the council."

This was the opportunity I wanted. I told him first of Captain White Eyes and Captain Pipe, which was simply an introduction to the story of the great war council; how the Wyandottes and Shawnees had offered us the war belts and hatchets, which were declined, and then—the news General Washington had not yet heard—how Girty and other deserters from Pittsburg had told us of the defeat of the Americans and of their coming across the mountains to establish a new nation in the Muskingum Valley; how Captain White Eyes disbelieved these stories, and the subsequent events. The General listened closely, occasionally interposing questions. His face brightened as I proceeded, and when I concluded he shouted, "Bravo! Bravo! my boy! The battlefield has not a monopoly of heroes. You relate the occurrences well."

I thanked him after the manner I had seen palefaces do when something was said to please them.

"You talk English very well. Were you taught by the teachers at Gnadenhutten?" asked the General.

"My father taught me English," I answered.

General Washington was especially interested in Captain White Eyes, and asked minutely about him. Then turning to an officer who came into the room shortly after we had arrived, he said: "The Killbucks and Captain White Eyes will be valuable men to you, General," and then to me: "This is General McIntosh, who is to succeed Colonel Hand at Pittsburg. He is a soldier, but he will endeavor to keep peace without bloodshed. With the help of such braves as you and Captain White Eyes, he will be able to do it."

"I will do what I can for the Americans," I answered. There was silence for a time and I thought it proper to say something about a treaty, so I continued: "The Americans could strengthen the friendly

feeling of the Delawares by making a treaty with them. We would like to know what our relations with the Americans are. We thought a treaty would have been made three autumns past when we met the Indian commissioners at Pittsburg, but the treaty fire was covered after simply talking over the situation. Again, two autumns ago we hoped to make a treaty, but our sachem died before the treaty was to be signed and the fire was again covered. We are ready to make a treaty as soon as the Americans are willing. Captain White Eyes and I have talked on this matter. What we want is to be organized into a state like Pennsylvania, and to become a part of the great government of the palefaces. We will furnish our share of the soldiers, bear our share of the burdens, and want the same rights the palefaces claim. I know little about these matters, but Captain White Eyes has traveled and knows much. It is from him I have these thoughts."

"I am glad to hear you talk so," replied General Washington. "Your suggestions have been anticipated and I am sure you will have the chance to make the treaty. Colonel Hand sent me word of the council as soon as he had learned of it, and I have been urging the necessity of making a treaty with your people, giving them protection, securing to them their rights, and asking their loyalty to our cause."

The trees were casting their afternoon shadows when General Washington looked at his watch. "You have interested me so I did not notice how the time was passing. I would like your party and General McIntosh to take luncheon with me to-day. I have just ordered General McIntosh to Pittsburg, and it seems opportune that just before he leaves on that important detail we should be together."

Of course we accepted the invitation, and I was glad

for having spent so much time the previous winter at Joshua's, where I had the chance of observing the ways of civilized people, for the knowledge thus gained relieved me somewhat from the feeling I must have had were the paleface customs strange to me.

After luncheon I went with General McIntosh to his quarters, leaving Evangeline and her party to present their requests to General Washington. He asked me all manner of questions about the fort at Pittsburg, the trail to that place, the country and people around Coshocton, the Moravian Indians and their settlements, teachers and beliefs, and our war captains. I delighted in talking about such matters and gave him the information he desired.

"To-morrow I will start for Pittsburg," he said. "I will be pleased to have you accompany me."

"I do not care to return yet," I answered.

It happened, however, that General McIntosh was delayed a week longer at Valley Forge than he anticipated, and at the end of that time I agreed to return with him to Pittsburg.

When the time to leave came I bid my friends goodby. How it pained me to separate from them I can never express. But the sweet sorrow of that parting over, I called to say farewell to General Washington.

"I am glad you called before leaving, Mr. Killbuck. I have just received news which will interest you. Let me read this letter to you," and he read:

"*Dear General: Knowing that you are deeply interested in all proceedings relating to the Indians on our borders, and especially in any efforts to keep them at peace, I have the esteemed honor to advise you that on June 4th instant, Congress passed a resolution that three commissioners be appointed for the purpose of holding a treaty with the Delawares, Shawnees and other Indians who may wish to assemble at Fort Pitt on the 23d July next;*

that the governor and council of the State of Virginia are authorized and requested to appoint two gentlemen, and the executive power of the State of Pennsylvania to appoint one gentleman of suitable character, who shall constitute the commission for the purposes aforesaid."

"So you see, my boy, even though your appeal has not been sent to Congress, a treaty is to be held if the Delawares will do their part."

"That will be good news to take back to Captain White Eyes and father," I said.

General Washington then wished us a safe journey and a successful treaty meeting, and I left with General McIntosh for Pittsburg.

CHAPTER XXI.

Some Scalps Are Worth a Price.

I arrived at Gnadenhutten in the early summer. I went direct to Joshua's home. Benigna was weeding a bed of flowers she had planted along the fence, when I entered through the gate. The creaking of the wooden hinges attracted her attention.

"Oh, Charles, you are back! I feared I should never see you again," she exclaimed, coming toward me.

"Yes, I have arrived from Washington's headquarters," I replied. The words "Washington's headquarters" were full of meaning to me, and I thought surely it would make an impression upon her, but it did not. She was thinking of something else, as her conversation later indicated.

"We feared you had been killed or taken prisoner to Detroit," she continued.

"That I had been killed? What put such foolish notions into your head? I have been in no danger."

"Do you not know there is a reward for your capture?"

"No," I answered, becoming more interested.

"Colonel Hamilton has offered a reward for your body or scalp because you are a peace Indian."

"Who is Colonel Hamilton?"

"He is the English father at Detroit. You should know that."

"I did, but I had forgotten. Why is he after me? Is he offering rewards for all of the peace party?"

"He is just after the leaders. On receiving word that the Delaware council voted for peace, he was much set back as he expected to have every Indian on

this side of the mountains join the English. The action of the Delawares has influenced other tribes to become lukewarm in his war and some of them have proposed to lay down the hatchet. When he was told how Captain White Eyes pleaded for peace in the council, how energetic you were, of your charge against Girty at the last council, and how your father and brother favor the Americans, and that Brother David taught all his people that war is wrong and forbade them taking the war-path, it is said that Colonel Hamilton stormed and declared with oaths that he would not have his purposes thwarted by a preacher and a half dozen heathen Indians, and he immediately offered a large amount of gold and rum for your capture or your scalp. His offer also covers your father and Brother John, Brother David and Captain White Eyes."

"Who told you of this?"

"Wingenund."

"How did he know?"

"He was at Detroit with Captain Pipe. They went there direct from the council."

"I thought Wingenund was a peace Indian when we held the council. It seems queer he would go to Detroit with Pipe."

"Colonel Hamilton is shrewd. He invited all the Indians to come to him for presents. He gives them firewater and has promised them powder, lead, provisions and other things if they will come to Detroit to hear what he has to tell them. In this way he is drawing many of the peace Indians to his side. Colonel Hamilton says that not all of the Indians who voted for peace at the council are against him in their hearts, but were influenced to vote that way by Captain White Eyes and Brother David, Gelelemend and his sons, and these are in fact his only enemies."

"But I do not think our people would betray us."

"The Monseys would, Charles. Wingenund told me more."

"What? Tell me all! I want to know all."

"Immediately after the offer was made an expedition started to find you and Captain White Eyes. They heard you had started for Pittsburg, and intended to catch you before you crossed the Ohio River. They elected Wolf Hide captain, but the first day of their journey he suddenly died. They then held a council. They feared there would be a disagreement as to the division of the reward money if it were not fully understood beforehand, and they wanted a leader. This time they elected Yellow Cat, and before a week had passed he died. They considered this a bad omen and refused to go further. Simon Girty and some English officers were with them and Wingenund told me they cursed and swore, but not an Indian would go with them, so they returned to Detroit."

"Was Wingenund with this party too?"

"Yes, Charles, but don't be too hard on Wingenund. He meant well. He may not be favorable to the Americans, but he will not let you be harmed if he can help it. You can trust him. Even if he did go to Detroit with Captain Pipe, it was only to get the presents offered by the great father there. When he heard that a band was being raised to capture you and Captain White Eyes, he sent a secret messenger to Coshocton to warn you. When Wolf Hide died, Wingenund pow-wowed over him and delayed the band several days to bring good luck as the Indians thought, for they look upon him as the best medicine man in the nation. But Wingenund told me he did nothing which would scare away the evil spirits, but invited them to come again. He would have delayed them longer, but Girty and the English officers compelled the band to move on. When Yellow Cat took sick Wingenund

pow-wowed again and stopped the march, and on his death declared that the Great Spirit was so displeased that the Delawares should be hunting braves of their own flesh and blood and that every Indian of the band would be stricken dead if they continued their journey. He refused to proceed further or to have more to do with the matter. Now Wingenund did this to save you and Captain White Eyes. I am sure if the band had captured you he would have helped you to escape."

"Wingenund has always been my friend. Although I thought he was balanced on a pole in the council, ready to fall either way so he would be with the majority, I will try to think well of him. But do you know where they buried Yellow Cat?"

"Wingenundsaid where the trail to Pittsburg crosses the Ohio River. They arrived at that point and expected to follow the trail toward the sunset until they met you."

"Then we arrived at Yellow Cat's grave but a few days after he was buried, for we saw the signs. But tell me, Benigna, why have you taken such an interest in these matters? You never did before, and I could not have believed except by your own words that you had ever spoken so much to a heathen Indian like Wingenund."

"Because I do not want to see you or Captain White Eyes or Brother David harmed. When Wingenund seemed willing to talk I asked him as many questions as I could think of, and had him talk as much as he would. Then I told all to Brother David. But you must be hungry, Charles. Come in. Aunt Mary just called to dinner."

I never declined to accept an invitation to eat at Joshua's home, except the one time when I was courting after the Indian plan, so I entered, followed by Benigna.

When evening came George White Eyes and my cousin, Horse Hoof, rode into town. They had been hunting. They were surprised at meeting me, as they, too, thought I had been killed or captured. As they intended going home the following day and Brother David was going to Lichtnau, we arranged to start together the following morning.

The sun had just risen when we left for Coshocton—Brother David and I riding together in the lead and George White Eyes and Horse Hoof following. It was warm, but our trail being along the river and through the woods, the boughs of the trees meeting overhead, we were in the shade and did not notice the heat.

The trail was decorated on either side with flowers. I thought they never appeared more beautiful. Passing through low, soggy ground there was a profusion of blooming Indian turnips, lilies, red puccoon, ferns and velvet moss, and again, when our trail crossed a knoll there were Indian pinks, sweet william and bluets peeping at us from behind the rocks. Since my acquaintance with Benigna and association with those who had taught her the beauties of nature, I had learned the names of various flowers and was attracted by them. So it was whenever I saw a large healthy plant with a large bloom, I admired it especially. It was such a bloom—a large bunch of Indian pinks—growing in the crevice of a split rock, which was attracting my attention about the middle of the forenoon, when I caught a glimpse of an object behind the same rock which did not have the innocent expression of the flowers. There was a Wyandotte in full war paint, crouched behind the rock with his painted face so near the pinks and so well hidden that it was not the first look at the flowers, but the second, in which I discovered him. He had a gun leveled at us, and when he

realized I saw him I heard the click of the flint strike the steel. The gun missed fire.

"You fool, I told you not to fire. Their bodies are worth more than their scalps and they are alone. You take the preacher and I'll take Killbuck," I heard an angry voice exclaim with a volley of oaths. It was Girty, and before we realized it he and the Wyandotte were running toward us.

"Get off yer horses," Girty commanded, with another oath.

It was not until that moment I realized that George White Eyes and Horse Hoof were not in sight. They had ridden their horses hard the day before and as Brother David's and mine were fresh, we were ahead—I knew not how far. The whole story told me by Benigna flashed through my mind. I had my gun. I dropped a pinch of powder into the pan, for I carried a small amount loose in a pocket for quick shooting, and brought the gun to my shoulder without a thought. I aimed at Girty, and in another instant he would have dropped with a bullet through his brain, for the range was short and my nerves were steadied by my hate for the man and the knowledge that my life was in the balance against his, but as my finger found the trigger my thoughts had time to collect and memory alone prevented the tragedy. Joshua's words came to my mind: "The gun is yours if you make me one promise—that you will never use it as an instrument of death to any human being," and my reply: "I promise." In obedience to that promise I lowered my gun and discharged it into the ground at his feet.

Girty seeing my quick aim and not knowing what was passing within my mind, jumped toward me and grasped the barrel. It is impossible to tell how the contest would have ended, for I would have killed him with his own gun, could I have wrenched it from him,

but at that moment a terrific yell came from back of us, followed by a second. Girty looked around and then at me. Still holding my gun he said: "Killbuck, there is a mistake. We thought you were the American Indian agent, Morgan, as you are dressed in paleface clothes, but I wish no harm to the son of my old friend, Gelelemend. You will not hurt a fellow who means you no harm?"

"There is a reward for my scalp, and you are after it," I returned.

To this Girty made no answer, but he loosed his grasp on my gun, and with his Wyandotte companion walked rapidly away, soon losing themselves from our sight.

The yell was from George White Eyes and Horse Hoof, who were coming around a bend in the trail a short distance away. It seemed they noticed they were getting behind and started their horses on a lope to catch up, little knowing that their presence was so much needed by us. The yell was given by George White Eyes simply as an outlet for his boyish spirits and served a good purpose. Girty thought they had seen his movements and were coming to our relief.

This incident helped me to realize why my friends were uneasy about my recent absence.

I did not complete my journey to Coshocton that day. We arrived at Newcomerstown by noon and shortly after reached Captain White Eyes' home. I had much to tell him of my trip, so Horse Hoof and several other young Indians accompanied Brother David to Lichtnau. I remained behind.

I told Captain White Eyes of my trip to Barren Hill and Valley Forge, what I had seen and heard, and especially of my visit to General Washington and of the letter about the treaty. Of course that was of great interest to him for he hoped finally to have his plan adopted by the admission of the Delaware nation into

the confederation of the United States. "It is the only thing left, Charles," he said. "We have asked for peace and we have worked for peace, but it is clear that we must soon fight, for there can be no peace for us if the English father and his American children continue their war. The English father at Detroit is pressing us hard—forcing us either to fight with him or against him, and we must soon choose sides. You probably do not know that immediately after our council in planting month the English father being much chagrined at the course taken by us, called a council of the Wyandottes, Shawnees and Monseys and also invited such of the Turtle and Turkey clans as would attend. Even the Wyandottes were but lukewarm in his cause, notwithstanding his increased rewards for scalps, but the meeting had its effect. All the speeches, I am told, were in favor of the English, for no one was there to uphold the American cause, as could well be expected. Wingenund alone made a suggestion in favor of the Americans. When the English father remarked that the Long-knives were no more to be dreaded than flies, Wingenund returned: 'Flies sometimes turn to wasps and hornets in our Indian legends, and I shall not be surprised to see the Americans sting you English out of the country before you are through with them.' Of course, such a reference made the English father angry, but as Wingenund had so many friends there, no reply was made for fear of increasing the disturbance. But the Indians well know the English are strong, much stronger and richer than the Americans. They give many presents. Again, the English father has decreed as his enemies all who do not fight for him. So I say, we must choose sides. The time is almost here when we can remain peace Indians no longer. Should we be compelled to hold another council, the vote would be for war."

After a short silence, he went to the door of his lodge and beckoned me to follow. Sitting down on a log he pointed to a large sycamore, a part of which had recently been blown down. "Look at that tree, Charles," he said. "Ever since the war belt was sent us by the Wyandottes, I have watched that tree. At the root it looks like a solid united body, strong enough to withstand any storm. So it was. But you will observe it divided into two branches. Each grew large and strong, but as they were pulling in different directions the larger and stronger the limbs became, the more the life of the tree was threatened. So it has been with our nation. Since coming to the Muskingum Valley under the sachemship of Netawatwes, we grew up a strong nation, but the ambitions of two war captains, Pipe and me, caused this tree to send forth two branches which consume all the nourishment. The one branch wants the Delawares to be strong in war. The other wants it to be strong in peace. Each has grown in strength, and although they still form but one tree, one nation, it is plain to see that each is threatening a division. Last moon a storm swept over the valley. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared. After the storm I looked toward the sunset, as is my habit, to see if more rain was coming. Instead of seeing the sky and clouds, my eyes fell upon the tree as you now see it. I could see no more, I was so full of thoughts. The lightning had split it from the fork to the roots, and one half lay shattered on the ground. As that tree was typical of our nation as it is now, I fear the shattering of the branch is but a prophecy. The storm is the conflict between the English and the Americans. Captain Pipe and his braves will join the English. If at the coming treaty the plan of which I have so often spoken to you will be accepted, the Turtle and Turkey clans will stand by the Americans. Which branch will be cast to the earth the Great Spirit alone can tell."

CHAPTER XXII.

Home Again.

The morning after my talk with Captain White Eyes I arrived at home. I had never been away so long and that is why it seemed so sweet to me on this occasion. Looking back over the years that have passed since my first home coming and remembering the sadness of my second, the event which is the subject of this chapter will ever remain a bright spot in my memory.

Home—that word is full of meaning, even to an Indian. It is true my home was not so beautiful as those on the sunrise side of the mountains or even at Gnadenhutten, but it was not the log and bark building only which constituted my home. It included the neighbors' lodges where I visited; the council house where I had listened to debates and received instructions from great-grandfather; the tall sycamore on the river bank under which I played and the long grape-vine suspended from a limb overhanging the river, so when bathing we could swing—swing away out over the water and drop into its cooling depths. It included the river itself where if not swimming we could glide over its smooth surface in a canoe of Joshua's construction; and the woods surrounding the town, where game was plentiful. Home was in fact a circle, the center of which was the lodge where we ate and slept and the boundaries of which included all the objects associated with our domestic life.

The surroundings of home at this particular time seemed like a glimpse of the good old times when we had no thought of war. The Wyandotte and Girty

seemed to be the only hostile Indians in the valley, and they had left. The ground where the war dances had been held by the Shawnees and Wyandottes just before the last council had been dug up by the squaws and planted in maize, and instead of the painted, hacked and savage appearing war-posts the peaceful leaves of young corn were waving a welcome. The chirp of the little birds in the trees, rearing their young, had taken the place of the monotonous songs of the dancers whose thoughts were of death and destruction, and throughout the woods where at every turn of the trail we would meet gaudily painted savages, bedecked with crimson paint and feathers, and armed with guns or spears and arrows, we could now see beautiful flowers, painted crimson by their Creator, and although armed with blades and spears, they were the harmless ones of nature.

The news of my return preceded me. Horse Hoof had told father not only of my arrival at Captain White Eyes' lodge, but he had outlined the incidents of my trip. Father told Wingenund and others, and on arriving home a number were awaiting me.

After the formal ceremonies connected with an Indian's return from a long journey, I repeated the story of my trip. Nothing seemed to please them quite so much as the story of Barren Hill and of General Lafayette's escape with his army while the English General was eating breakfast.

All the Indians passing through our country knew of the reward offered by Colonel Hamilton for the capture of the peace leaders. While some among them, like Girty and the Wyandotte, would have tried to secure the rewards, the sentiment of the Indians generally was against our capture, and we were safe so long as this sentiment existed. Our greatest danger was in being surprised and taken when alone. This, however,

did not deter me from visiting Gnadenhutten frequently.

It was on one of these visits during green corn month, that Benigna and I were together in the cooper shop watching Joshua at work. We had just called to announce dinner, and as he wanted to finish mortising a joint, we were waiting on him. While there Abel came running into the shop and excitedly told us that a large war party of Wyandottes were encamped just outside the town and had sent a messenger to find the head man of the village.

"Where is the messenger?" asked Joshua.

"He went to the church and Tobias directed him this way. I think he is coming here, and that is why I came to tell you," answered Abel.

"See if he is coming this way and then carry the news to Brother David. Tell him not to be alarmed," Joshua continued.

Abel started on a run, but before he had reached Brother David's house the messenger came into the shop. He was a tall, dignified fellow. He stood for a time without uttering a word and Joshua kept on working. Presently he broke the silence:

"You big chief?" he asked, in English, nodding his head to indicate that he was asking Joshua the question.

"I am one of them," replied Joshua.

"Ugh!" returned the Indian, and there was another silence. Then he continued: "Heap Wyandotte out here. He hungry. Him want something to eat. Him no hurt Moravians if fed."

"You can have all you want to eat. We never let our friends go hungry at Gnadenhutten," replied Joshua, and then to Benigna: "Benigna, go home and prepare a kettle of succotash. I brought corn this morning and there are beans in the garden. Charles will help you."

The messenger gave a grunt of approval at the thought of a meal of succotash, and Benigna and I started back to Joshua's house and set to work filling a large kettle with corn and beans and meat. Soon after many other willing hands were helping to get the tribute ready for the war party.

The messenger, so I was told by Joshua, talked more freely when he found his request was to be granted. He was a brother of Big Foot, the leader of the band of Wyandottes. He said Big Foot told his warriors to carry themselves as peace Indians and not as warriors when they were at Gnadenhutten, but if the Moravians had not offered to feed them, the warriors would have stolen what they wanted to eat, and would have taken their teachers and the young chief Killbuck whom he noticed in town to secure the rewards offered by the father at Detroit.

An Indian is a big eater. That was illustrated when the sixty Wyandottes marched to the yard at the side of Joshua's house where the succotash was served in buckets and pans.

When they had finished Big Foot ordered them back to camp. He remained, however, as a guest of Joshua.

"Your braves have on their war-paint. Are you going out against the Americans?" asked Joshua, beginning a conversation with Big Foot later in the evening.

"Ugh! Going to Kentuck. English father want scalps. Hire Indian to do dirty work. Big Foot no like it. Must bring back scalps to please English father," replied Big Foot.

"But why do you engage in such raids if you do not like it?" inquired Joshua.

"No please English father Big Foot scalp in danger. English father heap big man. Has heap big army. Will whip Washington. If Big Foot on strong side

come out all right. If on whipped side, come out wrong."

I remembered Evangeline had spoken of the Catholic missions near Detroit and I presumed Big Foot had some knowledge of them, so I asked: "Have you teachers in your country who tell you of God and that you should not kill your fellow-creatures?"

"I have teachers. He tell me of paleface God. I know paleface teachers good, but paleface soldiers devils. Indians must do business with soldiers sometime. Paleface traders cheat and steal. Teachers better tell them be good and let Indian alone. Indian good enough —"

"But," interrupted Joshua, "even if some palefaces do not do what the teachers tell us to do, it is for our own good that we obey them."

"Paleface cheat and steal for his own good. Why should Indian not do such things for his own good?" argued Big Foot.

The conversation continued for a time, when Big Foot said something about the English father wanting the teachers removed.

"Tell us what you know about it," said Joshua.

Big Foot seemed to have an open heart that evening and he was willing to tell anything he knew. He began: "English father offered heap big reward for teachers, White Eyes and Killbucks. He sent me here to capture them. Do I obey English father? I do not. Teachers, White Eyes and Killbucks always been Big Foot's friends. I come to Gnadenhutten as English father said, but instead of coming to take teachers back to Detroit and get reward, I come to show my warriors where they live so they make no mistake when they on war-path alone. They no do teachers harm now. Big Foot can be trusted. He is your friend. But watch out! English father has strong head and

will send out paleface braves Big Foot can not control. Fear Girty. Fear Captain Elliott. Fear McKee. They love money and firewater more than Indian, and will not stop to kill teachers. Yet take advice of Big Foot. Teachers safe so long they not alone. If found alone in great danger. White Eyes and Killbucks safe if they do no more against English father for Indians love them. But when they show favor to Americans, English father use all scheme to murder them."

Big Foot then insisted that he was tired and wanted to lie down and sleep, for in the morning they would continue their journey. Early the next morning, without a sound other than the moccasin tread of the warriors, they passed through the town to the river trail leading to Newcomerstown, Coshocton, Waketameka, and thence to Kentucky—the bloody ground.

Following Big Foot's band so closely that but one sunrise prevented a meeting, the American Indian agent, Morgan, reached Gnadenhutten with news as to the treaty meeting. He advised us that the proposed treaty would be held the first moon in September, which in the Indian calendar is the autumn month, and that the commissioners appointed by Virginia were already at Pittsburg. We knew that Captain White Eyes was anxiously waiting for the news, so after resting a day the agent and I left for Coshocton. Arriving at Captain White Eyes' lodge, we found father, Brother John, Big Cat and a number of the councillors. The message was repeated and welcomed by all the peace Indians.

"Will you invite Captain Pipe to the treaty?" asked Brother John.

"No. He is a British Indian," I answered.

No one made a reply for a moment, so continuing I told of the conversation I heard between Girty and Captain Pipe just before leaving Pittsburg after the

last treaty meeting. "Girty said to Captain Pipe: 'Sign anything they put before you, agree to do anything, but in your mind agree to nothing,' and Captain Pipe will do it and simply be a spy at the treaty," I protested.

Then father spoke. "My boys, you have yet to learn a lesson. Captain Pipe is a chief of our nation and should have a voice in its affairs. It is his right. Even if he does sign a treaty he will not uphold, that is not for us to consider. Captain Pipe should be invited."

Mr. Morgan also expressed his opinion that Captain Pipe should be invited to the treaty as the invitation of Congress was to all the Indian nations. Captain White Eyes did not think it prudent for the agent to venture into the Wyandotte country, where Captain Pipe had located, so he directed George White Eyes and Horse Hoof to carry the message.

One moon later we were on our way to Pittsburg.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Treaty With the United States.

I am now about to tell you of the treaty meeting which Captain White Eyes and I were awaiting with so much interest. When we arrived at Pittsburg early in the autumn month we found Generals Andrew and Thomas Lewis awaiting us. The commissioner to be appointed by Pennsylvania had not arrived and did not come during the entire proceeding. As we afterwards learned, none was appointed by that State. General Andrew Lewis had written General Washington the month before of the failure of the third commissioner to appear, but nothing seemed to have been done.

While waiting at Pittsburg I spent my time visiting old landmarks with which I had become familiar. I observed that the trees had been cut down to give range for the guns at the fort, and among them was the treaty tree where the rivers joined. I thought our new treaty was to be held under it and told Captain White Eyes of my disappointment. He saw General Lewis about it and told me the next morning that the treaty would be held at the fort, and not under a tree. How badly I felt I can not tell you. I could not talk more about it. Leaving Captain White Eyes I walked away. Without willing it, my steps led me to great-grandfather's grave. There I pondered over it. It is true, when great-grandfather refused to make the treaty at the fort several autumns before, and insisted that the proceedings be held under a tree full of singing birds, I thought it simply a notion, but, since I was in a manner the guardian of the customs, I realized they were being lost one by one, and, even if the prac-

tice of making treaties in the open air was but a notion, I hoped to see it continued. But that custom was laying deep in the ground with the bones of great-grandfather. If while sitting there I shed no tears, it was because my eyes did not respond to my feelings.

Captain White Eyes and General Lewis finally arranged that the treaty should open on the 13th of September. On that morning Captain Pipe arrived. As Captain White Eyes remarked, "He was late because he had to wash the blood from his hands, as he had engaged in a number of raids the previous winter." Probably he hoped to be absent while the treaty was being made, so it could not be said he took part in it, while at the same time he desired to be there to secure an account of it for the English father at Detroit, and to share in the presents usually distributed on such occasions. Be that as it may, he did arrive in time to be present at the treaty meeting.

The meeting was opened by passing the peace pipe. General Lewis then read the act of Congress, of which General Washington had told me, and stated that he and his brother had been appointed by the State of Virginia as commissioners, and as the date set for the treaty had long since passed, it was better to proceed even though the third commissioner was absent. He then referred to the time, four autumns before, when he was leading the Long-knives against the Shawnees and Mingoes, on account of some misunderstanding, which was now settled and to which he referred only because Captain White Eyes, the head war chief of the Delawares, was then an advocate of peace and refused to raise the hatchet, as did also many others of the braves now before him. He hoped the desire for peace was still with them. He felt he was making a treaty with Indians who meant what they said and could be trusted.

This speech was answered by Captain White Eyes in one of like tenor. Other speeches were made by General McIntosh and Colonel Gibson, and were answered by father and Red Hawk. Even Captain Pipe ventured to say he was glad to be at the meeting, but to a person who knew how forcibly he could speak on subjects in which he was interested, it was clear that he was simply excusing his presence at the treaty.

General Lewis then suggested that as the day was nearly spent the treaty fire should be covered and on the succeeding day each side should prepare the articles it desired incorporated as a part of the treaty and that they would meet again at the second sunrise. To this we agreed and the council fire was covered.

We had but one desire—that the Delaware nation be put on an equal footing with the States on the sunrise side of the mountains—and that was soon put into words. Here it is as Brother John wrote it:

"It is agreed between the contracting parties that the Delaware nation may invite any other tribes which have been friends to the interests of the United States to join in a confederation and form a State, whereof the Delaware nation shall be the head and have a representative in Congress."

When we met on the day appointed, our people readily agreed to the propositions of the Americans, which were to permit them to travel through our country and build a fort therein, but our proposition could not be accepted definitely as we wanted it. General Lewis explained that our request must be acted upon by Congress to make it binding, and the best we could do was to have our article inserted with the provision, "That nothing contained in this article shall be considered as conclusive until it meets with the approbation of Congress." Of course that changed it very much. In fact, that clause made it of no effect, as we ascer-

tained later, but Captain White Eyes advised us to accept it in the modified form. So the treaty was agreed to.

The fourth day after the treaty meeting opened, that is, as the English count, on the 17th day of September, 1778, we met to sign it. The American commissioners signed first and attached their seals. Then Captain White Eyes, being the head war chief of the Delawares and the eldest of those authorized to sign for the Delawares, was handed the quill and he placed his mark on the document for himself and his braves. Captain Pipe was next called by the scribe and without a word he took the quill and made the pipe and scroll which he usually placed upon state papers. Lastly Brother John was called as the peace sachem of all the clans of the Delawares to make his mark. As he could write he desired to sign his name, but the scribe had prepared the treaty for the Indians to sign with a mark, so John made for his mark a letter K, for Killbuck.

The treaty pipe was passed, the presents sent by Congress were distributed, and the treaty fire was covered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Death of Captain White Eyes.

No sooner had the presents been distributed than Captain Pipe left for Detroit. It is well he did, for there is no doubt but that his presence at Pittsburg was more as a British spy than as a representative of the Delawares, and by leaving so early he did not obtain full information of the plans of the Americans. Many of the Turtles and Turkeys also left for Coshocton. Captain White Eyes and I remained. I do not know just why unless it was with the hope that Congress would take prompt action on the treaty and that we would be notified sooner.

Just about a week after the treaty was signed General McIntosh sent for Captain White Eyes and me.

"Captain White Eyes," General McIntosh began, when we entered his room, "our treaty is now made. The Delaware people will soon form the fourteenth of the United States. As you are a leader of your tribe I address you as a prospective representative of that State. I received orders from General Washington before I reached Pittsburg to move on the Wyandottes at Sandusky and to capture Detroit. Vincennes is in the hands of the Americans. Captain Helm captured it some time ago. Colonel Clark is in Illinois. They two will operate toward the east and it is our purpose to work toward the west and meet them. If we can but capture Detroit, the whole valley between the mountains and the Mississippi River will be under American control, and then your people can better form the State you desire. To be successful in this we must have a base from which to operate, and by going

over the situation with Colonel Gibson, we have concluded to build a fort in the Muskingum Valley on a line between Pittsburg and Detroit. I tell you this because I am sure you can be trusted and we want your cooperation. Your friendship to the Americans has been prominent ever since the war began, and you have been recommended to me so highly by Colonel Gibson I feel you are one of us."

The general hesitated for an instant and Captain White Eyes interjected: "Your plan is a good one, General, what would you have me do?"

That opened the way for the request General McIntosh intended to make. "I desire you to accompany my army on its march to your country as a guide, and when we have built the fort in the Muskingum Valley to furnish two captains and sixty warriors to help defend it," he replied.

"As to my accompanying you, I will do it," returned Captain White Eyes, "but it has been the desire of your people and mine that the Delaware tribe remain at peace."

"If you desire the benefits of a confederation with the United States you must share the responsibilities," answered the General.

"While that seems right, we have as yet none of the benefits."

"Is not the building of a fort in your country, where your squaws and children can go for protection, a benefit?" asked the General.

Captain White Eyes admitted that it was, "but," he added, "I can not direct my braves to take the warpath. It will bring destruction to our homes and when we go to war, many of the Indians who have maintained peace for its own sake, will fight the Americans."

Captain White Eyes knew whereof he spake, but

General McIntosh was persistent and finally Captain White Eyes promised to consider the matter of advising his braves to take the war-path after the fort was built.

"This whole matter must be kept quiet," suggested General McIntosh, as we were leaving.

"It shall be," answered Captain White Eyes, and I also gave a like promise.

Orders were given the following day to prepare for a long march, as it was proposed to start for the Ohio country the beginning of corn gathering month just three suns later. The army consisted of one thousand backwoodsmen, capable of doing anything from chopping logs and clearing the trails or sharpshooting to commanding a company of soldiers. Our first stop was on the Big Beaver River, near the Ohio, about an Indian day's journey from Fort Pitt. Here a fort was built which was named McIntosh. We were delayed almost a moon on account of a lack of supplies which we were to receive from Pittsburg. The supplies having arrived, Colonel Campbell was left at Fort McIntosh with a small force and the remainder of the army, under General McIntosh, continued on the march to our country. The distance was only about three or four days' journey for an Indian, but the trail was difficult, and before the journey was ended fourteen suns had passed.

We heard rumors occasionally that the Wyandottes and Mingoes had gathered to oppose our march, and several times during the journey we thought a battle was sure to take place, but it appeared that comparatively few of the British Indians congregated at the different places where the scouts were attacked and they fled when the army approached.

Captain White Eyes and I were with General McIntosh and Colonel Gibson the greater part of the jour-

ney. Both of these officers had great respect for the opinion of Captain White Eyes, and I heard them several times discussing questions in which one or the other referred to the fact that Captain White Eyes said thus and so.

When we were about half way between Fort McIntosh and our expected destination, an incident occurred which at the time seemingly of not much importance, was the cause, I believe, of the death of Captain White Eyes.

On the day to which I refer the army had halted early in the afternoon, and Captain White Eyes and I were hunting. We preferred to secure our own rations. Passing through the woods we came to a deserted Indian camp, one lodge of which was yet standing. Arriving near, we heard a moan. It attracted Captain White Eyes, and he went to the door of the lodge.

"Can you not help me?" said a voice in Delaware from a pile of skins in the corner.

"What do you want; what is your trouble?" said Captain White Eyes.

"I want water and a fire," returned the Delaware.

"Who are you?"

"Nolight," replied the brave under the skins.

"Nolight?" repeated Captain White Eyes, in the form of a question, as he stepped into the lodge to assure himself that the brave to whom he was speaking was his old-time friend—one who had saved his son George when a child from a panther, which had sprung from a tree upon him—and raising the skins in the corner of the lodge he beheld the emaciated face of Nolight, who was then dying of the smallpox. "How came you here? I thought you were at Coshocton."

"Oh, White Eyes, it is you. I knew not who was coming, but I thought if an enemy I would soon be put

out of my misery, and if a friend I could have some help." Nolight paused a moment and then seeming to comprehend Captain White Eyes' question continued: "Would that I had stayed at Coshocton and some years of my life would be before me, but I listened to Captain Pipe and Girty, heard them tell of the rewards given by the English father at Detroit for American scalps, and I joined a party of Wyandottes. Some of them took the scourge, and I among the number. All who took it died before reaching this camp. The well ones have gone. I was too weak to follow, so they deserted me. Oh, give me some water."

Captain White Eyes had a kind heart and although Nolight had become his enemy by joining the Wyandottes, he could not see one who had befriended his family suffer, so he took provisions from the bag he usually carried, and gave them to Nolight, brought him a gourd full of water, gathered an armful of sticks and started a fire in his lodge, and then patched up some holes in the lodge to keep out the wind. After Nolight seemed satisfied so far as his condition would permit, Captain White Eyes left him. "I will see you again in the morning," said Captain White Eyes, as he passed out. In the morning before the army was astir Captain White Eyes again visited the lodge to wait on the sick brave, but Nolight had passed to the happy hunting ground.

That same day General McIntosh decided to detail a score of scouts, including Captain White Eyes and myself, under command of Colonel Gibson, to proceed to Tuscarawas to reconnoitre and examine several different locations on which it was suggested that the fort be constructed. We had little baggage and traveled rapidly enough to reach our destination in two days. When we came in sight of that ancient town the stories great-grandfather had told me came to mind. It was at Tuscarawas that the Delaware capital was first es-

tablished when the Delawares moved to the Muskingum Valley after their hunting ground to the sunrise was claimed by the English. Here the council had been reestablished according to the customs of Tammany's day. It was here great-grandfather presided over the nation for the longest period at any one capital. It was here Captain White Eyes and many other of our greatest leaders spent their early manhood.

The lodges at Tuscarawas were constructed of poles, tied together with twisted hickory withes. Although the town had been abandoned at the close of Pontiac's war, there were yet standing more than fifty lodges. Captain White Eyes pointed out the ones he and great-grandfather used.

Our work accomplished, we rejoined the army which was now within an Indian day's journey of Tuscarawas.

As we were returning with the army to Tuscarawas, Captain White Eyes became ill. In fact he had not been well from the time we first reached Tuscarawas. As he grew too weak to ride his horse, the surgeon was called, who said he had the smallpox. When he knew he had the dreaded scourge he realized his last days had come, and asked to be taken to Tuscarawas. General McIntosh granted his request and he was sent on with the surgeon. He was placed in his old lodge. While I realized the danger, I would have thought myself a coward to have forsaken Captain White Eyes at this time when all his kindred were from him, and I, too, went to Tuscarawas.

"You have been more than a son to me, Charles," he said a few days after we had arrived, when we were alone together. "I am glad to have you with me at this time. How I should like my squaw and George to be here, but the Great Spirit wishes it otherwise, and I am to die away from my own people among paleface strangers. But so it was with our great sachem, Netawatwes. He, too, died surrounded by paleface sol-

diers. I am now in my old lodge, the one I built when I was young, and into which I first took my squaw. It was here I first heard the Moravian teachers. Then I looked upon them with suspicion, but I learned to believe their words and to love them. It was in the old council house yonder where I first attended the councils of the Delawares and listened to the speeches of Netawatwes, King Beaver, Pakanke, Shingas and Glikkikin, and where I first made a speech myself. It was here I first received the polished hatchet from the hands of Netawatwes when Pontiac was leading the Indians, with the promise that if I used it skillfully I could have the position of head war captain of the Delawares. When I think of all these things I would be happy to die here if my people were with me. Tell my squaw and George to join the Moravians for my heart was always with them. There is but one more request I have to make. When I die, bury me in my lodge and then burn it."

"I will do what you desire, Captain White Eyes," I said, but I could say no more.

The first cold winds of winter had passed and the warm hazy days of Indian summer had arrived—the time when the sky is red and the air full of smoke, which is caused, according to our legends, by the annual council fire of the great chiefs who have passed to the happy hunting ground. It was at this time, while the fire in the happy hunting ground was still aflame, that Captain White Eyes was called to join the council of his fathers.

As he requested, he was buried under the roof of his old lodge, and it was then given to the flames.

Then I thought of the story of the sycamore tree. I remembered how Captain White Eyes had pointed out the resemblance it bore to our nation, and I feared his death was the lightning stroke which would weaken the peace party so it would soon be cast to the earth.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Letter.

While Captain White Eyes was breathing his last the American army marched into Tuscarawas. During the next few weeks they built Fort Laurens, so named from the great father of Congress, who was so greatly admired by Captain White Eyes.

I was interested in what was going on and was frequently with the officers. On one of these occasions I was with Colonel Gibson when Captain Biggs approached him.

"I say, Captain, the General is going to leave for Pittsburg with the bulk of the army shortly and I have received orders to remain here this winter. I have the privilege of selecting my officers and you are one I should like to have remain with me," said the Colonel.

"I'll be glad to. Perhaps there'll be nothing going on here, but it's more likely than at Pittsburg. I heard to-day the General had given up the Sandusky expedition for the present," answered Captain Biggs.

"As to the excitement, we may have it and we may not. The Indians are too blamed quiet to suit me. I'm afraid they're up to some devilment and we'll know it suddenly. But we've nothing to fear if they don't come soon, for winter is here. And on the other matter, it was not to be expected that we go to Sandusky this fall. The General's had experience fighting in the States, but he finds a difference between marching on good roads and wading through a wilderness weighed down with rations and fort building tools. I knew his plan would not carry out," returned Colonel Gibson.

"When will we march upon Sandusky?" asked Captain Biggs, in a rather meditative mood.

"When spring opens."

"I wish spring was here now."

"It'll come soon enough. If spring were here you might not be on the ground to enjoy it," was Colonel Gibson's gentle reproof.

As intimated by this conversation, General McIntosh left shortly with all but one hundred and fifty men who were to garrison Fort Laurens.

I would have gone home, or at least as far as Gnadenhutten, immediately after the death of Captain White Eyes, for my following the army to the Tuscarawas was brought about by associating with him, and not because I had any special desire to be with the army. In fact, it was distasteful to me, for ever since Benigna had said a warrior could not be her husband, I felt that it must be wrong to be one. However, General McIntosh prevailed upon me to remain with the army during the construction of the fort as his interpreter and I thought Benigna would have no objections to a pursuit like that. Then there was another reason which will be later explained. After Captain White Eyes' death, I promised General McIntosh to remain until the completion of the fort, and he sent a runner to Gnadenhutten and Coshocton to announce the sad news. This was the first information to the people of those towns as to our whereabouts. As soon as Benigna learned that we were so close she sent Abel with a letter. What was contained in it is perhaps better shown by the letter itself. Here it is:

"GNADENHUTTEN ON MUSKINGUM,
"*15*TH NOV., *1778*.

"DEAR CHAS.:

"*I have important news to communicate, and as I*

can not come to where you are and am afraid to trust a full explanation to anyone I might send, I write you this letter. Do not come to Gnadenhutten. Your life is in danger. Wingenund informed me as to matters at Detroit. He went there from the Pittsburg treaty. He is a half British Indian, I believe, but he is true to you, else he would not have told me what he did. He said Colonel Hamilton was very angry when he heard of the treaty, and cursed and swore. Wingenund repeated some of the words just for me to hear, and I shudder when I even think of them. Of course I shall not so far forget the teachings of Brother David to think of them often, but I was so frightened when Wingenund told them to me that they come to my mind unbidden. He said Colonel Hamilton was much displeased with Captain Pipe also for the part he took in the treaty and said that he must be a friend of the Americans to sign such a document. Captain Pipe declared he was not a friend of the Americans, but had attended the treaty because Girty told him to, and that even when he put his mark to the treaty, in his heart he wished the Americans evil. Colonel Hamilton then said that the Indians did not know what was in his heart when he made such pretensions, and as he was an influential man his signing the treaty was a bad step and other Indians would now join the Americans because they thought the great Captain Pipe was an American. But Colonel Hamilton said he would forgive him and make him many presents if he would show that he was a British Indian and obey the voice of the English father, and that to test him, his first order was to bring before him Brother David, John Heckewelder and all the other teachers, and Captain White Eyes, Gelelemend and his sons. Captain Pipe pleaded that he asked too much as he had long been friends with Captain White

Eyes and Gelelemend's family and that they were not at war with him, but that if they would join the American army he would feel justified in carrying out the order, and that by capturing the teachers he would lose influence with many Delawares, as they had friends even among the Monseys. Then Colonel Hamilton said he would not consider him any more as entitled to his protection, but would look upon him as a spy and give him such treatment as he deserved, but he would give him a few days to think over the matter and set himself right. Just about that time a Wyandotte who had been scouting near Pittsburg told Colonel Hamilton that all the Delawares had left Pittsburg except you and Captain White Eyes, who, it was thought, had joined the American army. At this Colonel Hamilton saw a point and said to Captain Pipe: 'Now you see that White Eyes and young Killbuck are your enemies if you are in truth a British Indian. I change my order that you shall bring these two Delawares before me or show me their scalps and guns. What further excuse have you to make? To make the inducement stronger, I will give you, or any Indian, two demijohns of firewater for the scalp and gun of either, or five for the capture of either alive.'

"To this Captain Pipe replied that as you and Captain White Eyes appeared to have joined the Americans, he would obey the order. Captain Pipe means to carry out this order, too, for even before Wingenund told me this I saw Captain Pipe's braves sulking around Gnadenhutten, and I thought they were looking for Brother David, but Brother David walked among them and they did not harm him. Then when Wingenund told me this I knew they were looking for you. Captain Pipe knows you visit Joshua's house when in these parts, and here would be an easier place to capture you than at Coshocton, where your people

are ready to fight. I fear every day that you will come to Gnadenhutten and be captured. It is the only time, dear Charles, that I have ever wished you to stay away from Gnadenhutten. I remember my promise to you and am not sorry I made it, since the treaty turned out as it has. I do wish this horrid war would end, for it means so much unhappiness, and I think Brother David is right in saying that all war is wrong. I hope and pray that this will reach you safely. Abel has promised to carry it and I have agreed to give him a pair of moccasins for his trouble. I will work them with some of the beads you gave me.

"I have never written such a long letter before, although I have written many for the neighbors to their friends on the Big Beaver and at other Moravian towns.

"Yours, etc.,

"BENIGNA."

P. S.—I thought at first you were at Coshocton, and tried to reach you there, but later learned you were at Tuscarawas. We are so grieved to hear of Captain White Eyes' death. He was such a good friend to us all. Uncle Joshua, Aunt Mary and the children send love and best wishes.

"BENIGNA."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Visit.

During the building of the fort, and until long after General McIntosh had left for Pittsburg, not an Indian enemy was seen. A full moon had passed since receiving Benigna's letter, and I felt assured that as Captain Pipe's spies had not found me in that time they must have left. I condemned myself as a coward for keeping so close to the fort.

The Christmas season was near—the palefaces at the fort talked about it frequently—and I wanted to attend the beautiful Moravian service again, see the putz, and see the mothers of the congregation bring in the tallow dips, and probably hear Benigna sing that pretty song which seemed to be her part on that occasion. And then, too, I wanted to see and talk with Benigna again in her own home. I told Colonel Gibson of my desire and two nights before Christmas left the fort for Gnadenhutten. Bluebird had been my constant companion in all my travels theretofore, and was also on this trip.

I reached Schoenbrun about the middle of the night. All was quiet except the barking of the dogs. I continued my journey, and would have arrived at Gnadenhutten by daylight, but not caring to risk an entrance into that town in the morning, I stopped a short distance from Gnadenhutten on the river bank, turned Bluebird loose to graze and hid in a hollow sycamore until night. Then catching Bluebird, I again resumed my journey.

Entering Gnadenhutten when dark I did not attract attention, for the Christmas Eve festival was on and it always attracted a large number of Indians from the

surrounding country. I tied Bluebird in the rear of the cooper shop that he might be ready if I should need him hurriedly. Then, as the service had begun I went direct to the chapel, approaching it from the rear. There were many Indians there. Fearing I would be recognized, and not knowing my enemies from my friends among the strangers, I did not venture inside, but crawled between the logs under the floor. There I could hear the service distinctly. First Brother David spoke and I recognized the Christmas story. Then the congregation sang. A short silence followed which was broken by the sweet voice of Benigna, and I knew the pretty tallow dips were being distributed among the children. After the song I heard Brother David explain the meaning of the little lights, then there was another song, a prayer, and the people passed out of the chapel. Lastly I heard the sexton walk through the church in his moccasined feet and through the slight cracks in the floor noticed the light becoming dim, and more dim as the candles were extinguished, until the darkness became complete. The sexton then passed out of the chapel, the door was shut with a bang, and all was quiet.

Then it was I crept out of my hiding place and made my way to Joshua's house. I went to the rear of his cabin. Looking through the latch-string hole I saw by the light of the fire on the hearth Joshua, Mary and Benigna. The latch-string out I pulled it quietly. The door opened, and I walked in.

It was the custom among the Moravians at Gnadenhutten for one to walk into the house of another without knocking or waiting for an invitation if the latch-string was out, but as they were not expecting anyone at that hour they looked up with a degree of curiosity. Benigna arose to get me a chair, and as I approached the firelight she discerned who I was.

"Oh, Charles, I am so glad to see you. Did you get my letter?" she asked, and before the sentence was finished Mary, catching the name "Charles," exclaimed: "Can I believe my eyes, it's Charles Killbuck! Well! Well!" and Joshua in a more matter of fact way wanted to know how I got there.

I answered Benigna's question first. "Yes, Abel handed it to me more than a moon ago, and well he did, for I would have walked into the trap. In two suns after Abel reached Tuscarawas I intended to start for here. But I presume all danger is passed?"

"Would that it were, but only to-day two of Captain Pipe's warriors passed here and came back to the services this evening, watching all who entered the chapel. I remembered how you enjoyed last Christmas with us and feared every moment you would enter," answered Joshua.

"I did well to crawl under the chapel to hear the service if that is the case."

"Crawled under the chapel?" exclaimed Benigna and Mary at the same instant.

"Yes, I crawled under, heard Brother David's talk, saw the dips brought in, and best of all, heard you sing, Benigna. I tell you, although I may have run some risk coming here this evening, I was fully paid for it. I would run the gauntlet between rows of Captain Pipe's warriors the length of this town to hear you sing."

Benigna looked down for a moment and said: "I am glad you enjoy my singing."

It seemed my words created a silence for a time, for after Benigna's answer to me no one spoke for a time. Then Joshua broke the silence. "But you have not told us how you got here, Charles."

I then told of the trip from Fort Laurens to Gnadenhutten.

"Where is Bluebird?" he asked, when I had finished.

"Behind the cooper shop."

"Pipe's braves know him," returned Joshua, and arising he continued: "I will take him to the field with the other horses. He'll not be noticed there."

Soon after he returned. "Everything is quiet outside. I presume you will be safe while you keep in doors for Pipe's men have not gone so far as to search our houses."

We spent the greater part of the night talking. I had much to tell in which they were interested. They wanted to know of the Pittsburg treaty, of our march to Tuscarawas, the building of the fort, and of the death of Captain White Eyes. When I told how Captain White Eyes ministered to the wants of Nolight when he was dying of smallpox, and how he talked after he had contracted the disease, Joshua replied:

"He was a Christian at heart. The Moravians have lost one of their best and strongest friends."

I could only answer: "Not only have the Moravians lost a friend, but the United States and the Delaware tribe have as well."

During the following days I spent most of my time in my room—so Joshua called it—in the attic, and the evenings with Joshua's family. I had several opportunities to speak with Benigna alone. While neither of us understood the Pittsburg treaty, we thought the admittance of the Delawares' country as a State was but a matter of a short time, and that such change would make the Delawares a Christian nation. To me the action seemed definite enough to insist that Benigna make good her promise, and she would have been willing if the war was but over. "But," she said, "so long as you must hide from your enemies, we must not take the step."

Of course, I knew her decision was the proper one.

I had been at Joshua's about a week when one after-

noon Benigna came into my room and awakened me. "Charles! Charles! Captain Pipe is in town! I don't know what he wants, but he has three Wyandotte captains with him," she exclaimed excitedly.

"Who is with him?"

"I don't know their names. They led bands of warriors through here a number of times."

"Have I been found out?"

"I don't think so, but they may suspicion. One of Pipe's braves asked Abel this morning why such a bright fire was kept in Joshua's house the past two nights. They may be watching us. I will find out more, but I wanted you to know this and be on your guard. I will return soon if I can find out more," and Benigna hurried down the ladder leading to the attic and was out of the house in an instant. Soon she returned.

"Captain Pipe met Uncle Joshua a while ago and asked whether we were not keeping an American spy in the house? Uncle told him no." Captain Pipe was not satisfied and said something more about spies and that the matter must be looked into, so you must go, Charles, go back to the fort where you will be safe with the Americans."

"It is better that I go, for I can't be cooped up much longer," I answered. "What arrangements can we make to get away?"

"I talked with uncle about it. He said you should remain here until evening, for there is no immediate danger. Then you are to creep out to the three-forked elm on the trail to Schoenbrun. He will meet you there with Bluebird."

"Is it dark to-night?"

"Yes, until after midnight."

"Tell Joshua I will meet him."

After conveying the message, Benigna stayed with me the remainder of the afternoon, and evening came

before I wanted it to. As it grew dark I kissed her goodby. As our lips met the picture of our future home, when the war was ended, passed before me. It may be wrong to wish for time to pass, our lives are short, even when permitted to live to old age, but I did wish for the time when that little home could be established.

At the time appointed, I met Joshua at the three-forked elm. Bluebird was tied in the bushes a short distance away. Hastily bidding Joshua "goodby," I secured my mount and rode away.

Cantering along a few minutes I heard a horseman coming behind me. Thinking my escape had become known, I urged Bluebird on as rapidly as possible, but he was not fleet and my pursuer gained. I was about to stop and fight it out if necessary, when the rider called: "Stop, Kill! Stop!"

I recognized the voice of George White Eyes, and at that welcome sound I did stop.

George began to talk before he reached me. "I heard only to-day that you were in Gnadenhutten, and came from Coshocton to talk with you. The —."

"Who told you I was at Gnadenhutten?" I interrupted.

"I will tell you sometime, but there are matters of more importance now to talk about. A party of Wyandottes are to meet Captain Pipe at Gnadenhutten to-night. They will come over this trail, and if you go on you will be taken before morning. The reward offered by the father at Detroit is still standing and every enemy of the Americans in these parts is hunting for you."

"Do they know where I am?"

"Captain Pipe discovered in some manner to-day that you were in the country, and you may depend on that sneak knowing all about you before morning."

"If he will give me until morning I will be beyond his reach."

"But come, Kill, standing here is as bad as traveling toward Schoenbrun. We must get off this trail."

"But I must go to Fort Laurens to-night."

"Of course you must, but take my advice and go the long trail. It is the only safe one. I speak as your friend."

"You have always been my friend, George, and I will take your advice now," I answered, and we turned back on the trail a short distance to the one leading to Pittsburg. This had a branch some distance to the sunrise leading to Tuscarawas.

"Let us ride across this neck," I said presently, and by riding through the brush an arrow's flight we came to the Pittsburg trail five arrows' flight from the junction. We had no sooner reached it than we heard the Wyandottes coming down the Schoenbrun trail we had just left.

"They may have heard us, Kill. Do what I tell you. Stand quiet until they have passed. I will travel leisurely toward the forks and should they have heard any noise they will charge it to me. If they ask where I have been I'll have a story for them, and when they are beyond hearing, travel to the fort."

"Thank you, George. You can have the pile of buckskins in father's cabin which belongs to me."

"I don't want your buckskins. I'm off," he replied in the decided manner of his father, and he started his pony on a slow trot down the road.

I dismounted and held Bluebird's nose to prevent a whinny. I heard the Wyandottes coming down the Schoenbrun trail. George calculated rightly and met them at the forks.

"Who are you?" I heard one ask in Delaware.

"George White Eyes," was the reply.

"Where have you been?" was the next query, but

the answer was so faint at the distance it could not be understood. To my satisfaction, the noise of the travelers grew less and less distinct, and soon I ventured on my journey again.

I thought of returning to the Schoenbrun trail, but fearing there might be more enemies traveling by that route, I decided to follow George White Eyes' advice in its entirety, and took the long trail.

Nothing of extraordinary interest happened during the remainder of the journey. The long trail over which I traveled rejoined the one leading from Schoenbrun to Gnadenhutten at the former place, and I observed from the stirred leaves that a large band of braves had passed over it recently.

It was late in the day when I reached Fort Laurens. Being well known by the guard, I went in without a challenge.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Siege.

The night following the day I returned to the fort John Thompson came in.

Thompson was a Monsey who was favorably disposed toward the Americans, but as he was not aggressive, he had no enemies among his people.

"There's trouble ahead. I saw two Wyandottes slipping among the bushes at the edge of the clearing, and when an Indian don't walk straight there's devilment in his head," he said in Delaware as we met.

"Have you told Colonel Gibson," I asked.

"Just on my way to find him now."

"Here's Captain Biggs, tell him."

Captain Biggs was the officer of the day and while walking around the fort he came near us.

"What's up, boys?" asked Captain Biggs, on hearing his name mentioned.

"Devil's up. Want ter see Big Captain," said Thompson, in broken English.

"I'm the officer of the day, and can attend to the matter."

"Thompson says the savages are up to some deviltry outside the fort," I answered.

"The savages?"

"Yes. Just at sundown he saw two Wyandottes sulking over yonder bank. I just came back from Gnadenhutten this morning. Captain Pipe was there and some Wyandottes met him last night. Then there is a fresh trail. I could not examine it carefully as I was passing, but I judge it took not less than double our number to stir up the leaves as they appeared."

"Well, my boys, I hardly think any Indians will

bother us at this season. They would not attack the fort, and winter is a poor time to lay a siege. But come with me to Colonel Gibson."

We went to Colonel Gibson's headquarters, where we found him.

Captain Biggs saluted. "These bucks say there is danger ahead—that a band of Indians will visit us soon. It is needless to say I have no fear that it is true, but thought it worth reporting."

"What is the evidence, my boys?" asked Colonel Gibson.

I repeated to him much the same matter I had told Captain Biggs.

"So that's the news, is it?" returned Colonel Gibson. "Colonel Clark was with me a few minutes ago and called attention to a commotion among our animals outside the fort. Unfortunately we have been careless. They have been left outside the fort over nights for a week past. Clark thought the wolves were worrying them, but it may have been the Wyandottes. Whichever it was, we must let matters rest for to-night. If Indians, they have arranged a trap for any who would go to look after the cattle. If wolves, they will do little harm by morning."

"I don't hear the bells now," interrupted a soldier who was listening to the conversation.

As a matter of explanation I may say that by some accident or foresight, among the articles brought from Pittsburg were a number of small bells, which were tied to the necks of the horses and cattle so they could be located when they strayed out of sight.

We all listened a moment. All was quiet.

"There's nothing out there or those cattle would not be so quiet," said Captain Biggs.

The Colonel answered: "You are an optimist, Captain. Probably if you had had as much experience with redskins as your commanding Colonel, you would

not come to such sudden conclusions. Place a double guard on the bastions to-night and charge them to watchfulness. We may be attacked before morning. If not, we will send a fatigue party to round up the cattle to-morrow. We must be more careful hereafter, for with our cattle gone we can not stand much of a siege."

"As you command, Colonel," and saluting, Captain Biggs started away. But, reaching the door, he wheeled on his heel and again saluted. "I have one request, Colonel," he said.

"State it."

"That I'll be allowed to command the detail to round up the cattle in the morning."

"I can not grant your request, Captain. A fatigue party does not belong to a Captain's command. When I shall have occasion to employ a detail of that number I will be thankful for your services, but at present you have other duties at the fort."

"As you command, Colonel," returned Captain Biggs, and he left the hut to carry out the orders of his commander.

As Captain Biggs left Colonel Gibson turned to Thompson and me and asked minutely as to what we had seen and heard. We repeated what we knew.

"It is well to take precautions in a country like this. I would rest easier if our cattle were in. I desire you braves to watch around the fort to-night and if you see anything suspicious, report to me immediately," he finally said.

That night Thompson patrolled two sides of the fort and I the other two and a double guard was placed on the bastions. But there was not a suspicious sound on the outside of the fort, not even the tinkling of the bells on the cattle. I thought it rather strange, but on telling Colonel Gibson, Captain Biggs, who happened to be at headquarters receiving orders for the day, ex-

plained that the wolves must have driven them some distance away. While he yet spoke we heard a slight tinkle of the bells in the distance. "Your cattle are coming back," he continued, with a smile at the supposed scare, and then turned to go.

The detail ordered by Colonel Gibson was made. Thompson and I stood by the gate and watched the sixteen men who composed it file through. They were a jolly set, and joked and laughed as they marched along. Had they known they were marching to their death they probably would have been thinking of more serious matters.

As the last of the detail passed through the gate, Thompson poked me with his elbow in a manner which showed that he had learned the salutation familiar with borderers.

"Let's get into the bastion," he said, and started to one near the gate. I followed and we climbed to where we had a good view of the plains beyond. We watched the line of soldiers marching in the direction of the woods when suddenly they faced to the left and marched toward an open prairie covered with grass somewhat higher than a man. Just before this movement I again heard the tinkle of a bell in the grass. Then it ceased but soon it sounded again, this time some distance beyond the point where I heard it at first.

"Hear that, Thompson," I exclaimed.

Thompson was old—probably more than eighty winters, for he always said when speaking of his age that he was a grandfather when the Delawares came to Tuscarawas—and could not hear distinctly.

"Hear what?" he asked, turning his ear in the direction of the plains.

"The bells, the bells," I returned. "The soldiers will know just where to go."

"UGH! WYANDOTTE! ONE, TWO, THREE, MANY! HEAP WYANDOTTE! SEE! SEE! UGH! See p. 203.

"Ugh! bad! bad!" said Thompson, in broken English.

"What is bad?" I asked.

"Paleface no know Indian trick. Indian have bell on his neck. Shake head this way when walk," and he shook his head to show how the bell would ring if hung around his neck. "Fool paleface. Trouble ahead. No know how many Wyandottes but Indian no fool. No draw paleface out can not whip him. Bad! bad!"

Thompson had had plenty of experience in Indian wars, and fearing what he had told me was true, I hastened away to tell Colonel Gibson.

"Thompson told me he feared something of the sort early this morning, and I doubled the detail I intended sending. I think they will be strong enough to take care of themselves and recover the cattle. There can not be many Indians near or some of the garrison would have seen them," said Colonel Gibson, with a degree of confidence; but nevertheless, his mind was not at ease for he came to the bastion where Thompson and I had located, several times during the day to inquire as to what we could see. Later in the day he too climbed to where he could view the plains to the sunset, as that was the direction in which we had heard the bells.

Suddenly Thompson pointed his bony finger in the direction of the woods through which a road to the fort had been cut. "Ugh! Wyandotte! One, two, three, many! Heap Wyandotte! See! see! ugh!" he exclaimed.

Looking in the direction indicated, we saw a line of painted warriors emerging from the woods, crossing the road, and again disappearing in the mass of grass and bushes just beyond the range of a rifle. Colonel Gibson counted them. There were eight hundred and forty-seven.

"I fear our sixteen men were sent to their death.

We are to be besieged and have short rations now," said Colonel Gibson, as he climbed down from the bastion. He immediately gave orders for the officers in the fort to meet at headquarters, where a council of war was called. I was not invited to be present, and do not know what passed, but the fact was impressed upon my mind the following day that I was given but half rations and was compelled to take my turn watching from the bastion or patrolling along one side of the fort.

Even after Colonel Gibson left the bastion the evening the Wyandottes crossed the trail, Thompson and I remained. It grew dark.

"The moon rises late to-night and if the Wyandottes expect to take this fort I want to know it in advance," said Thompson, addressing me in Delaware. He spoke rather loudly as was his custom.

Before I had time to make a reply some one from behind a clump of bushes a short distance away asked in Delaware: "Who are you up there?"

Thompson answered: "Young Killbuck and Thompson."

"Fine Indians, you, to be hanging to the paleface Americans. How many are with you?" came the voice from the bushes.

"Don't tell him," I said loud enough for Thompson to hear and at the same time nudged him in the ribs. The nudge probably explained matters better than my words, and Thompson did not answer.

The brave on the outside of the fort heard me. "Oh, young Killbuck, you can not claim protection from your people longer. We will have this fort in a few days and the greatest prize in it is your scalp."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Panther. You remember me? I met you on a trip to Pittsburg when the grass began to grow last

spring. But we'll do Thompson no harm if he behaves well."

Just then Captain Biggs came up, and hearing our conversation outside the fort, asked what it meant. I explained.

"Ask what became of our men?" he requested.

Thompson put the question. "We killed all but one, two. We keep two for torment," he answered.

"What do they expect to do with us?" was Captain Biggs' next question, which Thompson interpreted.

"Will take your fort and make sport of palefaces and Killbuck," returned Panther.

"Why are you on the war-path, Panther?" I asked.

"To drive paleface from Indian country and help English father who gives Indians presents," he replied, and in an instant later he continued in broken English: "Paleface heap fool. Ask questions, answer none," and unseen he moved away, striking the bushes with his gun to let us know he was leaving.

The Wyandottes crossed the river that night and established their camp on a hill overlooking the valley and the fort, just beyond the range of our guns. During the nights that followed they would occasionally come near enough to the fort to talk as Panther had on the first evening. They would tell us how they abhorred war and that if the Americans would leave the valley and never come back we might go without harm, but Colonel Gibson declared that he was not ready to trust them even though he wanted to leave the fort.

Colonel Gibson and his men were used to hardships and when half rations were served there was no complaint, but finally there was nothing left but several barrels of mouldy flour and a small amount of spoiled beef. This was doled out at the rate of a quarter of a pound each per day.

When the Americans came to Tuscarawas they brought a supply of buckskins with which to purchase

supplies from friendly Indians. It was the money of the country, a "buck" passing current for one dollar. Finally when the spoiled meat was gone, the buckskins were divided among the soldiers as rations.* By soaking them for a time and boiling them, a broth was made which had sustaining power, even if it was not palatable.

Many of the garrison became sick and weak from this slow starvation, and finally some declared they could stand it no longer. A few were in favor of abandoning the fort and letting every man work through the Indian lines and to Fort McIntosh or Pittsburg as best he could, but there were so many ill who would have to be abandoned to the mercy of the Wyandottes if such a plan were followed that it was rejected. Finally a party of the strongest volunteered to leave the fort and obtain food of some kind in any way possible. Colonel Gibson consented, but directed that they should not go beyond rifle shot of the fort. They started out and were gone but a short time when they returned. All they obtained was some roots. One soldier brought a pocketful of wild parsnips and he and a number of others ate of them. As a result two died and four others barely recovered.

After the conversation with Panther the first night of the siege, Thompson went in and out of the fort at pleasure.

On one of these occasions after the siege had been continued for nearly a moon and a half, Thompson

*The following certificate of indebtedness was issued at Fort Laurens after the siege:

"I do certify that I am indebted to the bearer, Captain Johnny, seven bucks and one doe, for the use of the States, this 12th day of April, 1779.

SAMUEL SAMPLE,
Assistant Quartermaster.

The above is due to him for pork, for use of the garrison at Fort Laurens.

JOHN GIBSON, Colonel."

came back to the fort, having spent a night with the Wyandottes. As he came in he explained: "Thompson has message for Long-knife captain."

He was taken to Colonel Gibson.

"What is the message?" Colonel Gibson asked.

"Wyandotte get hungry. Promise to leave if white father give him flour."

"How much do they want?"

"One barrel do, they say."

"We'll see if we can spare a barrel," replied Colonel Gibson. "Just remain here until I return."

Colonel Gibson beckoned to me and I followed to the commissary. The men were in line for their rations.

"How much flour have you on hand, Sample?" asked Colonel Gibson of the commissariat.

"We are now dealing out the last barrel. We are in pretty bad straits, Colonel," answered Sample.

"With one barrel of flour we may get relief. The Wyandottes have sent word by Thompson that if given a barrel of flour they will raise the siege."

"Then give it to them," spoke up a dozen men at once.

"Remember, my boys, it may be treachery on the part of the redskins to get our supplies," returned Colonel Gibson. "I will leave it to a vote of you men who must give up your rations, as to whether you choose to risk it or not."

"Why in the devil wouldn't they ask for more'n a barrel if it was all our rations they wanted? Does they know to the extremity we air reduced? Let's make a bluff. Give 'em the barrel. Tell 'em we've plenty more or we'd not be so liberal, but we expect to keep the balance for ourselves, so we'll not want afore spring an' we'll not feed anither bloody redskin of them," came the argument from one of the garrison before the vote was taken. It seemed to make some impression for every soldier present voted to send the

flour. The barrel had been partly emptied and to refill it to make it appear untouched the soldiers who had received their ration of flour and were waiting at the commissary for one cause or another, volunteered to return it. The barrel was refilled, the head was replaced, and Colonel Gibson and I returned to tell Thompson that the request would be granted as the flour was plenty and the barrel was waiting for the Wyandottes.

Thompson carried the message and that evening two braves came to the gate of the fort led by Thompson. The flour was given them.

That night we did not notice the camp fires across the river, which had been burning since the siege began, and on the following morning the indications were that the siege was raised.

There was great rejoicing at the fort and a detail went out immediately to secure some food. As a matter of precaution Colonel Gibson ordered them not to go far from the fort.

The country had been so thoroughly overrun in the vicinity of the fort that very little on which to subsist an army of one hundred and thirty men could be obtained. Some horses which the Wyandottes had abandoned were secured and taken to the fort. A vote was taken whether they should be killed and eaten or used to transport the sick to Fort McIntosh. The humane spirit prevailing, they voted for the latter. Colonel Clark was selected to command the detachment, and the second morning after the siege was raised it started for Fort McIntosh. Half a day later, Perkins, one of the guard of the expedition, came running back to the fort.

"We were attacked. We fought for a time, but were so overpowered Colonel Clark gave orders to retreat," exclaimed Perkins between gasps for breath.

"Where was it? How many escaped?" demanded Colonel Gibson.

"Just a few miles out on the trail. I escaped and that is all I know. The savages seemed to spring up from the ground. They were before us, behind us, and all around us."

Colonel Gibson asked a few other questions, but got no satisfaction from Perkins, as he was too excited to tell anything but that they were attacked, Colonel Clark gave the order to retreat, and he escaped.

During the day and night two more soldiers and Colonel Clark straggled back to the fort. Where there had been rejoicing a day before, there was now sadness, for the raising of the siege had been a treacherous pretense.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Help at Last.

The next day Colonel Gibson called me to him. "My young fellow," he began, "my men in the fort are starving, and the Wyandottes will now continue the siege to the bitter end. I have tried for a month past to get word to Pittsburg, but my messengers have probably been captured. I have thought over the situation and see only one way of possible relief. You are an Indian, and with a few feathers and some paint will look like the savages giving us this trouble. Will you carry a message for me to Fort McIntosh? Before you answer I will explain that you run a great risk in acting as a spy, for should the Wyandottes capture you and take you to Detroit, Colonel Hamilton would probably have you shot or hanged, and even if you get past the Wyandottes, when you approach Fort McIntosh in your war paint you may get a bullet before you can make an explanation."

"I will go, Colonel. I will start to-night," I interrupted. I know the danger. Before I get to Fort McIntosh I will pluck out my feathers and wash off the paint and I can arrange some plan to avoid their bullets, I am sure. I will suffer no more if captured as a spy than if captured at this fort, and we can not stand the siege much longer.

"How's that?"

"Did you not know a prize is placed on my scalp by the great father at Detroit?"

"The d—d hair buyer; so he's not making a specialty of paleface scalps," replied Colonel Gibson, emphatically.

No time was to be lost and shortly thereafter I was

taking on the garb and ornaments of a warrior. My head was shaved, leaving only the scalp lock, which was greased with tar which had been used to lubricate a wagon wheel, and some feathers taken from an old scalp were stuck into the mass. Some of the same tar served as black paint which was daubed on my cheeks, and the juice of the root of a red puccoon stalk growing in one corner of the fort, and yellow puccoon which grew a short distance away on the banks of a creek served well for red and yellow paint which was put in blotches, bands and waved lines over my face and exposed portions of my body. Dressed in a buckskin suit of fringes and other decorations, and with my tomahawk and rifle I looked like a warrior indeed.

Colonel Gibson had written a letter to General McIntosh some time before, which he had not sent and with a short additional note attached it was handed to me and I was ready for the journey.

Many of the garrison knew of my proposed trip before I was ready to start and they would have accompanied me as far as the gate, but Colonel Gibson ordered them away, fearing some prowling Wyandotte in the locality would be attracted by seeing a number of soldiers at the gate and watch more closely to ascertain what it meant.

When it became dark I went to the gate alone, pushed it open just far enough to creep through, and then stole around the wall to the sunrise side of the fort. It was cold. The ice on the river was strong enough to bear me and, crossing, my steps were directed to the trail leading to Fort McIntosh.

It was not long until I came to where Colonel Clark had been attacked the day before, and by the light of the moon I saw the dead bodies of the unfortunate soldiers, scalped and mutilated, lying near the charred remains of the wagons in which the sick ones had been riding and which the well ones were guarding. I

looked carefully at a number of them to see if possibly any of them were yet alive, but all were cold in death.

I realized I could not tarry long as I had upon me greater responsibilities than caring for the dead—the saving of the living—and I traveled on. When morning began to dawn I had covered almost half the distance to Fort McIntosh, and by not meeting any obstacles I felt sure I would reach it during the following night.

The sun was bright and clear when I reached a camp which had been deserted a short time before. I examined it carefully and the moccasin prints told me the occupants had been Wyandottes. The camp fire was still burning, some fresh wood having apparently been placed upon it a short time before and beside it was an armload of sticks. Thus I knew they had left rather hurriedly, probably before breakfast, for an Indian will not gather more wood than he wants to use. They had traveled to the north. The leaves were disturbed more in that direction. Then a glance around the camp satisfied me that there had been a large band, for several fires were burning during the night which had been put out before leaving, and the leaves had been disturbed around a large circle. The natural conclusion was reached that if a large army of Wyandottes had been frightened away from that camp the force which frightened them must be large, and my mind grasped the possibility that an American army was coming to the relief of Fort Laurens.

But my belief was not strong enough to keep me from performing the errand I had set out to do and I left the camp. I had walked only half an arrow's flight when I found a haunch of venison which had been cut down to the shank, but there yet remained some meat around the bone. The temptation to broil it for breakfast was irresistible, and returning with it to the fire I prepared my meal. You may know how

palatable it was, being the first fresh meat I had eaten since the siege began a moon and a half before.

I had just finished eating when a crack from a rifle and a whiz of a ball past my ear brought me to my feet. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, I saw two palefaces running toward me. As I afterwards learned, they were American scouts. Apparently both saw me at the same time, and each wanting the honor of taking my scalp, ran to get within rifle range. The one getting behind in the race, in a jealous zeal, fortunate for me, raised his gun and fired. In his hurry and nervous condition he missed his mark by a hand's breadth or less. His companion hastily drew his gun into position to fire before I should be alarmed, but in his hurry he knocked the flint from the lock.

I looked for my gun, but then remembered I had left it standing at the tree on which the venison was hanging. As the scouts were coming from that direction I had to leave it behind, so without any incumbrance I ran off into the woods. They followed, but being fleeter than either of them, I was soon out of reach of their bullets, and later was completely lost to them.

This course took me off the trail and I was without a gun. The first thought was to return to Fort Laurens and let them know that in all probability the siege was raised, for I was confident the Wyandottes who had occupied the abandoned camp were the besiegers, but again, I thought of the barren condition of the country and that without supplies, and unless they were furnished soon, the garrison would perish, notwithstanding the fact that the enemy had left. Then, too, I knew Colonel Gibson would not abandon the fort for he was under orders to hold it until spring. It might be captured, but he would never abandon it.

I decided that my duty was to proceed to Fort McIntosh, so making a long circuit, after a time I again

found myself on the trail beyond the Wyandotte camp. I should have returned for my gun, but I thought the scouts had seen it and would be watching for me, so I went on without it.

Going over the first knoll after reaching the trail I was confronted by a large army of palefaces just ahead. I knew at the first glance it was an American army coming to relieve Fort Laurens.

To avoid a stray bullet which was likely to come my way from the position I was in, I dodged behind a tree. Then loosening the letter fastened in my hunting shirt I unfolded it so it could be seen at a distance and rushed out in the open and toward the army which was marching up the trail, yelling in English at the top of my voice:

"Friend! Message! Gibson! Message! Gibson!"

The magic words "Message! Gibson!" told more than I could have explained in a score of words, and not a gun was raised.

"I want to see your commander. I have a message from Colonel Gibson," I said, in English, to the leader of the first company I met.

"You're a funny messenger. No make-believe Indian either," said the captain to whom I spoke. Without further words, he ordered a guard to take me to General McIntosh.

Once in the presence of General McIntosh there was soon an understanding. He recognized me immediately, notwithstanding the decorations of tar, feathers and puccoon. His first question: "Are you, Charles Killbuck, still a friend of the Americans? It looks unlikely that a peace Indian would have on his war paint," may appear to have been a doubt as to my position, but I believe he intended it as a jest. I was in no condition to appreciate a jest. I explained conditions at the fort and urged haste. The General com-

prehended the seriousness of the situation when I told him how the last barrel of flour had been given to the Wyandottes on the promise that the siege would be raised and that there was not even a buckskin left.

"I received a message from Colonel Gibson a week ago that they were living on hides and spoiled flour. If they have short rations on that they do need help. It is more than a day's journey for my army, but we will be there by to-morrow noon if we have no interruptions," said General McIntosh.

"You will have none," I replied, and then told of the indications of the hasty retreat at the Indian camp.

By evening we were only a short distance from where Colonel Clark's command had been massacred. The morning following their camp was astir before daylight and the pack train was started ahead with a guard to get the rations to the garrison. I preceded the pack train and guards to announce to the garrison the welcome news that relief was near. You may guess that the news spread over the fort like wind and every man who could walk came to the gate to await the arrival of the pack train. They had not long to wait. As soon as it was sighted the gate was thrown open and the men gathered on each side, forming a double file of soldiers through which the pack train was to pass.

The drivers had lashed the poor beasts all morning to make them travel faster so that even the guards were behind. As the first horse was coming on a trot through the gate one of the garrison proposed three cheers and a salute for the pack train and General McIntosh. You may know they were given with a will. The cheers, salute and array of soldiers were too much for the horses already excited and nervous by the urgings and lashings. They became frightened and turned and ran pell mell through the woods in as many different directions as there were horses, breaking open the packs strapped to them by running against trees

and scattering the contents over the ground. The drivers and soldiers started after them, but this only frightened them more. Many of the supplies were lost. Colonel Gibson was somewhat irritated at the result, but knowing that the act of the soldiers was prompted by no wrong motive, he said little about it.

The supplies which could be recovered were brought into the fort and rations were distributed.

A rest of a few days was taken when the return to Fort McIntosh was ordered. The order directed Major Vernon and his command to garrison the fort and Colonel Gibson and his men were relieved.

When I learned that Colonel Gibson was to leave Fort Laurens I chose to go with him.

We saw very little of the Wyandottes on our journey to Fort McIntosh. Their spies were watching our movements, but our army was so large we were not disturbed.

You may want to know about my gun. I never recovered it. When General McIntosh's army reached the Wyandotte camp the gun was gone, and later, when I saw the scouts who had interrupted me at my breakfast that morning, they said they had not seen it. Probably some Wyandotte who was lurking around his old camp found it and took it with him. Colonel Gibson gave me another—one which did not carry with it the promise that it should not be used as an instrument of death to any human creature.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I Witness the Burning of the Old Council House.

At Fort McIntosh rations were better and more plentiful than at Fort Laurens and Colonel Gibson's starved men soon recuperated. Later they were taken to Pittsburg, whither I went also. The life at these forts was the same routine to which I have referred. I might record the fact that the soldiers and citizens at Pittsburg became dissatisfied with General McIntosh and petitioned Congress to have him removed. The petition was granted and he was succeeded by Colonel Broadhead.

After the death of Captain White Eyes the great power which supported the peace faction of the Delawares was gone and that branch of the Delaware nation was in fact shattered as was the large limb of the sycamore tree. Father, Brother John and a number of other leaders tried to maintain a neutral government at Coshocton, but the war party grew too strong, and father, being the most outspoken, was compelled to leave to save his life. He then reestablished his lodge at Newcomerstown. All the wavering Delawares then followed the magnetic lead of Captain Pipe, who renounced the Pittsburg treaty openly and joined the English. The English father at Detroit being thus strengthened, directed the besieging of Fort Laurens again, and although it was not captured, the Americans finding it impracticable to hold, abandoned it. Then a part of Captain Pipe's forces moved back to Coshocton and the English flag floated over our old lodges, notwithstanding the fact that Brother John, Big Cat and a few others still held out for the Americans and for peace. At this time also the Senecas and Monseys

living north of Pittsburg built their forts and established towns near enough to Pittsburg to pounce down upon it at any time the garrison should be reduced enough to make a successful attack probable. It was under these conditions that Colonel Broadhead was directed to cooperate with Colonels Zane and Shepherd at Fort Henry and reclaim the west for the Americans.

To first assure the safety of Pittsburg Colonel Broadhead received recruits from Fort Henry in green corn month of 1780, and set out for the Monsey and Seneca settlements. I did not accompany this expedition, but it was reported that they captured and burned the towns and destroyed their crops. When they came back from this raid it was too late to start for the western towns, so Colonel Broadhead's men went into winter quarters at Pittsburg and the others returned to Fort Henry or to their homes.

During the winter there were rumors continually of attacks from the Indians at Chillicothe, Coshocton and Sandusky. When the spring month came Colonel Broadhead started out again with as many of the garrison as he could spare from Pittsburg, probably one hundred and fifty men, to Fort Henry, where he was joined by Colonel Shepherd with a command somewhat larger. The borderers and backwoodsmen heard of the proposed expedition and many joined, so when the army was ready to march it consisted of about eight hundred men. I accompanied the expedition. It was first to be directed against Coshocton.

Colonel Broadhead chose the Shawnee trail which led from Fort Henry to Newcomerstown.

I can not describe to you the feelings I experienced marching with an army having in view the destruction of my home town—the capital of our tribe, established by great-grandfather, and where my brother was now the sachem. But so it was, and each day's march took me nearer the place and time. Colonel Broadhead did

not want to commit needless harm either to his enemies or to their country, and he especially desired to distinguish between those who had been friends of the Americans and those who were, in fact, enemies, but there were men in his command who were not so. Many of the palefaces who had lived on the border had had difficulty with the Indians. Probably the trouble was occasioned by their own intemperance, probably by the wrong-doing of the Indians, or more probably, by an aggravation of circumstances. But, in the minds of this one class of palefaces the redmen were wholly to blame in all cases, and what was worse, their thirst for revenge was glutted on any Indians they might meet without distinction as to friend or foe. Thus it was that we Delawares who were with Colonel Broadhead (if I remember rightly, Pekillon, George White Eyes, two of the Montour boys and I were with him), were not safe among our adopted people. Colonel Broadhead explained carefully to his men that we were true Americans, although we were Indians, and he secretly cautioned us to keep out of the company of a number of men he named, one of whom I remember was a small fellow with a tall gun whom the soldiers called Lew Wetzel. I did not understand at first why this little fellow was to be avoided as it would seem an Indian with ordinary strength could overcome him, but Pekillon seemed to know all about him and told me. When Lew Wetzel was a small boy some Shawnees attacked his home and murdered all of his father's family who were there at that time, burned their cabin and stole their horses. In the evening when Lew and his brother returned and saw what had been done they made vows before the Great Spirit that they would spend their lives killing Indians, and this vow seemed to be kept more faithfully as the years went by. In an open fight he would not falter, and if stealth and treachery were needed to accomplish his object, he was

a master of either. Whenever the name Lew Wetzel was mentioned, the palefaces hearing it seemed to assume a more attentive attitude, and when Wetzel had anything to say they would gather around him to listen. Of course, I had curiosity as well as the palefaces, and when I saw Wetzel talking to the soldiers I usually got near enough to hear the conversation also.

Our march had progressed to within a short day's journey from Coshocton. We were near Salem, a new Moravian town. It had rained considerable that day and the Colonel ordered an early halt. As was usual when in camp, Wetzel had some palefaces around him and was expressing his views on the plan of the expedition. His voice being louder than usual, I was doubly attracted, and joined his hearers.

"Why don't he do the business as he goes. He'd have a day's killin' to-morrow, an' then we could move on ter Coshocton an' finish the job. I tell yer, boys, this thing o' makin' any difference 'tween redskins is all poppy-cock. There never were a d—d redskin ter be trusted. The hull pack o' them is d—d murderers, an' these psalm-singin' Moravians help them along an' if they think it'll not be foun' out they jine the murderin' bands theirselves. I know it. I've 'sperienced it, an' wen Lew Wetzel shows any mercy to a redskin it's wen he's forgot his father an' mother. If this here army'll lay over fer to-morrow an' there's five men in the pack o' ye who's grit enough we'll do up the Moravians 'fore we go ter Coshocton."

To this one man chimed in: "It 'ud serve 'em right, the prayin' idits, callin' on the Lord in daylight an' murderin' at night."

There was a general silence among the others, which indicated as surely as words could have done that the sentiment was not universally approved, for with such a man as Lew Wetzel, it was better to speak only when one agreed with him, and his listeners knew it.

Since hearing of Lew Wetzel from Pekillon, I was somewhat frightened, for I knew he meant what he said and a delay of a day might mean the murder of innocent Moravians. I hastened to find Colonel Broadhead and told him. He did not put me aside as though my tale were an idle one, but looked serious and invited me into his tent.

"Do you know where Salem is?" he asked.

"It is on the river trail between Newcomerstown and Gnadenhutten—I can find it," I replied.

"Well, my boy, find it if possible, and tell the teacher in charge there I desire to see him to-night."

"I'll go," I returned, and without waiting for further instructions, was off.

My first object was to find the river trail, which I knew to be directly north of us. Then having some intuition that the town must have been built nearer Gnadenhutten than Newcomerstown, I walked toward the former town and before sundown found Salem. The teacher in charge was John Heckewelder. I quickly conveyed Colonel Broadhead's message and told him what I had heard Wetzel say, and a few minutes later we left for the American camp.

We went direct to headquarters. Colonel Broadhead had given Jake, his body servant, directions to show us in immediately on arrival and to permit no others to enter except Colonel Zane.

When we entered, Colonel Broadhead was pacing back and forth the length of the tent, but immediately after recognizing Heckewelder he began:

"We are on an expedition to Coshocton. We have kept our movements secret and want no information given out that we are in these parts, for our success depends wholly on surprising the town. You have been a close friend to me and I would have no evil befall you or your Indians. Probably some of them are hunting?"

"Yes," returned Heckewelder. "Two parties left yesterday."

"Can you not send a messenger to intercept them to-night?"

"Yes, they expected to stop at Lichtnau to-night and proceed south on the morrow."

"Send a messenger to-night. Send a trusty one who will not play traitor to us and give a general alarm, and caution him to advise only Moravian Indians. It is a dangerous thing for the success of this expedition," and Colonel Broadhead stopped walking a moment as if in deep thought, "but I will not have a Moravian Indian injured if it is within my power to prevent it. You know an Indian is simply a redskin to a borderer. The Moravian Indians will be killed with the British Delawares if found in their country, and nothing I can do would prevent it. Your messenger must make haste for I will march on Coshocton to-morrow morning. I need not explain why I can not delay the march. That is all," concluded Colonel Broadhead.

"I am grateful to you for this information, Colonel. The Lord will reward you for your kindness to the Moravians, and I give you my personal assurance that no messenger will be sent who will prove a traitor to you. Good night, and may the Lord direct you in the right path and save you from harm," and Heckewelder, the good and faithful teacher who had already done more for the American cause than many of its bravest soldiers, left the tent and walked rapidly away.

As soon as he was gone Colonel Broadhead sent out the order that on the morrow by sunrise, rain or shine, the army would move on to Coshocton.

The rain, which had been falling a part of almost every day since the expedition started, continued all night at intervals and the indications in the morning were for continued rain. But true to his resolution, Colonel Broadhead at sunrise gave the command to

move forward, although some of the most blood-thirsty of the expedition who had clamored for a swift march to the Indian town showed displeasure at being forced to proceed through the wet leaves and rain. Colonel Broadhead's order was imperative, however, and the march was begun.

A branch trail was taken by which Newcomerstown was avoided, as the Colonel explained, that the alarm might not be given before Coshocton was reached. Arriving at Captain White Eyes' old home, it was found deserted with the exception of three Indians who had taken up their abode there. They were fired upon when discovered. One was captured, but the other two escaped. Colonel Broadhead feared they would arrive at Coshocton before the Americans and give the alarm, so he gave the order to march at a quick step.

Just before reaching Coshocton the army divided into three divisions, the one going to the northern, the one to the southern and the other to the sunrise side of the town. I was with the latter division. We waited a short time for the other divisions to get into position so the attack from the three sides could be made simultaneously.

"Forward, double quick, march!" finally came the order, which was promptly obeyed. The lines which had been formed became irregular as we marched, and before we reached the town we were rushing pell-mell, hurry-scurry—any way to get there. The other divisions reached the town at almost the same time.

Contrary to the expectations of Colonel Broadhead, the Indians who were driven from White Eyes' town did not go to Coshocton and the surprise was complete. When the charge was made at Coshocton the rain was falling in torrents and the inhabitants were in their lodges from where they could neither see nor hear our movements. Every corner of the town was occupied,

and every avenue of escape was closed before they were aware of our presence.

When I had heard last from Brother John he was in Coshocton, although all the other leaders of the peace party, even Big Cat, had moved to Newcomerstown. I hoped that John had left also, but fearing he had not, I rushed to the lodge he formerly occupied to protect him, if necessary. I reached his lodge just as two of the raiders were entering. I pushed past them, found John, and before they had a chance to lay hands on him I claimed him as my prisoner.

"Hooray fer Killbuck," yelled the one soldier with an accompaniment of oaths, seemingly pleased with the energy I was showing in his cause.

John did not recognize me and resisted, but leading him out with a show of force, I said in Delaware as quietly as possible, so he could hear: "Don't you know me, John? You must be my prisoner or the prisoner of a paleface. With me you are safe."

He grasped my meaning immediately, but exclaimed: "Oh, Charles, that you, my brother, would play enemy to your own people."

"You don't know how it grieves me, but it might be worse if I were not along," I answered.

The town was soon in possession of the Americans.

Colonel Broadhead established headquarters at a lodge on the sunrise side and several other buildings near were used as prisons. Here the soldiers brought their captives—bucks, squaws and children—and penned them up. Of course, I did not put my captive in the prison, but kept him with me until I found Colonel Broadhead and explained the circumstances. The Colonel gave me his assurance that John would not be injured and he was permitted to remain at headquarters.

That night the Americans slept in Coshocton. In the morning some of the officers favored crossing the

river to attack other towns. The river was high and it was impossible for the army to cross, so that project was abandoned. The Indians on the south side learned of the capture of Coshocton, and did not know but that a share of punishment would be meted out to them also, and one of the chiefs appeared on the opposite bank later in the morning. Calling, he said he wanted to see the big paleface chief.

Colonel Broadhead answered: "What do you want?"

"We want peace," replied the Indian.

"Come over here and talk about it," returned the Colonel.

"Maybe you kill," continued the Indian.

"You will not be killed, I will send you back safely," came the reply.

On this assurance the Indian pulled out a canoe from among the bushes and paddled across alone. As he was climbing up the bank I recognized him as Red Eagle, one of the chiefs of the Turkey clan, who had been a peace Indian until after the death of Captain White Eyes. He came up to Colonel Broadhead and extended his hand. "We want peace," he said. This was his last sentence. Lew Wetzel had heard Colonel Broadhead's assurance that he could return unharmed, and stealing up behind Red Eagle he buried a hatchet in his head. Poor Red Eagle fell, never to tell upon what terms he proposed to have peace. Wetzel then ran away to join a band which was going further down the river to attack a small town, from where they soon returned with more prisoners and scalps.

Late in the afternoon of the day Red Eagle was killed, a council of war was held to determine what should be done with the prisoners. Pekillon was invited to be present. I was not. But I was interested in the outcome and as the first man came from the council I asked him regarding it.

"We compromised on sixteen," he replied.

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Some of 'em wanted to kill the whole caboodle, an' some wanted to take 'em to Pittsburg, so sixteen is elected to do the dyin' an' the rest will be taken to Pittsburg."

"What! Will you kill them? Murder them?"

"Jus' the worse ones. Pekillon pointed 'em out. You're anxious 'bout John Killbuck, I guess, as I learned he's yer brother. He's not 'mongst 'em as to be killed."

The report was true. Before another sunrise the sixteen doomed warriors were led out beyond the town, tomahawked and scalped.

While this killing was going on I hid my tomahawk in my hunting shirt, took a seat beside Brother John, and determined to kill the first person, paleface or Indian, soldier or borderer, friend or foe to me, who would lay hands on him even though I knew my life would answer for the deed.

As we were sitting there John's attention was attracted suddenly to something and he cried: "Look! Look!"

I looked in the direction indicated and saw a bright red flame reaching toward the sky.

"It's the council house. The treaties are there," cried John.

I had forgotten about the treaties in the excitement in which I had lived since arriving at Coshocton, and now that matter came so suddenly to mind I forgot for an instant that John might be in danger by leaving him.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"In the strong box near the door," was the answer.

With a bound I was off for the fire. When I arrived at the entrance of the council house the entire roof was aflame and a part of it had fallen. Heedless

of consequences I rushed in. The strong box was there. I tried to lift it or roll it, but it was made of heavy material, so it could not be easily moved, and I could not budge it. I then tried to raise the lid, but it was fastened in a manner I did not understand. Then I thought of my tomahawk.

Pulling it from its hiding place, I hacked and chopped the lid until an opening was made large enough to pull out the treaty bag, and I emerged from the building faint and exhausted just before the roof fell over the strong box. The treaties were saved.

I reached Colonel Broadhead's headquarters with the treasured bundle and sat on the log beside John and watched the flames. Then the fire seemed to be started in a score of other places and soon the whole town was burning.

The next morning the command was given to return to Newcomerstown.

CHAPTER XXX.

At Home on Killbuck's Island.

There was no semblance of military order as the army marched from Coshocton to Newcomerstown. The soldiers walked as they pleased, sometimes in couples, then singly, or a number in a bunch, talking, joking and laughing. There were a score of prisoners guarded by borderers who volunteered for that duty. These volunteers, unfortunately, were those of the expedition who were revengeful toward the whole Indian race, and had taken part in the killing the night before. This seemed to have given them a taste for blood, and we were hardly out of sight of the smoking remains of Coshocton when one of the guards got into an altercation with his prisoner, tomahawked him and threw his body into the river. Then another prisoner was treated in the same manner, and another, until Brother John and a few squaws and children were the only ones left.

Oh, the horrors of that forenoon. The memory of it is awful even though time and events have tended to efface it. The burning of the old council house and the destruction of all the many associations of boyhood depressed me. Then the killing of the Delaware prisoners seemed inexcusable, for although they were outspoken British Indians perhaps, and did all in their power to have the Delaware tribe join the English, I thought they should have been taken prisoners to Pittsburg. I had judged the Americans from a different standpoint than the British Indians, for I had often heard the former denounce similar acts. Added to these tragic experiences was the dread of what yet might come, for although John was my prisoner and

Colonel Broadhead had promised him protection, I did not know what moment some borderer like Lew Wetzel might creep up behind him and bury a tomahawk in his head as was done with the Turkey chief.

Colonel Broadhead seemed to be in deep thought as we were marching along and although he said nothing to me for a time, I knew he could not control his men. He seemed to be very much agitated at times and would say to himself: "Oh, horrors!" or "It's too bad," or some such expression.

As we neared Newcomerstown I remembered that father was there as were many other peace Indians, nearly all of whom were my relatives. As the borderers had shown themselves so revengeful with the Coshocton Indians, I feared they might treat the Newcomerstown Indians in the same manner. So breaking the silence, I asked Colonel Broadhead as to his intentions when he reached Newcomerstown.

"It is not what I would do, but what the borderers may do that is bothering me," he answered. "I did not bring this expedition here to commit the excesses which have taken place, but when a man has had his best friends murdered, he will have his revenge if he can. I know the Newcomerstown people are our friends. Your father and Big Cat have sent me information of the doings of the British many times. I know this, but whether my men will look further than their red skins is a question."

"Can you not avoid going through Newcomerstown?"

"I might by taking the trail on which we came, but that would not prevent the borderers from going there."

"That would be worse, Colonel. I don't want you to avoid Newcomerstown."

"The Newcomerstown Indians are your kin, my boy, and if you have a suggestion, make it," said the Col-

onel in a tone that I knew there was no wrong in his heart.

"Let John and I go ahead and tell them of your coming, and if they come out to meet you and propose to follow you, the borderers can not consider them as enemies and make them prisoners."

"Go, my boy, your kin shall not be harmed if it is within my power to prevent it," he answered.

John, one kindly disposed soldier and I started for Newcomerstown ahead of the army. We found father, Big Cat and a number of other peace Indians. We stated the circumstances and the squaws were directed to pack up all the movable property, while father, Big Cat and several other leading chiefs went with us on the back trail to meet Colonel Broadhead's army.

Colonel Broadhead must have spoken with the backwoodsmen about the peaceable disposition of the Newcomerstown Indians and their continued firm stand for the Americans, for they were treated as well as could be expected under the circumstances. A few of the borderers were disposed to be quarrelsome, but the peace Indians understood the intention of such actions and avoided quarrels usually by suffering the indignity themselves.

We stopped at Newcomerstown that night. Many of the borderers wanted to continue to Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrun, but Colonel Broadhead knowing the Moravians could not be persuaded to leave their towns and go with them to Pittsburg, was fearful of the consequences likely to result from passing through those towns, so he directed the march on a southern trail over which we had come.

When we reached Fort Henry the borderers disbanded; and Colonel Broadhead with the Pittsburg garrison, the friendly Indians and the few prisoners continued the march to Pittsburg. I did not feel safe

until a half day's journey separated us from Fort Henry. I had faith in the Pittsburg soldiers for they were in a measure acquainted with us, but the borderers, who would not even obey the commands of their officers, were, as I had learned, to be feared.

We went with Colonel Broadhead to Pittsburg, but after a few days of camp life there we thought it more congenial to be by ourselves. While the palefaces at Pittsburg were our friends, there were so many things which tended to make it unpleasant for us, and I have no doubt unpleasant also for the palefaces. Colonel Broadhead was the first, I believe, to suggest that we establish an Indian colony near Pittsburg so that we might be under his protection and yet be segregated from the garrison. He thought by so doing it would not only be better for us, but many other Indians who disliked the war-path would then join us.

Where the Allegheny River empties into the Ohio there was at this time an island—Killbuck's Island, as Colonel Broadhead named it. This was selected as the site for our town. We modeled it after Newcomerstown as nearly as possible. One thing which we did not have at Newcomerstown with which we were favored at Killbuck's Island, was a flag—the red, white and blue—like the one floating over the fort at Pittsburg. It was given us by Colonel Broadhead. Every day, except when raining, it floated over our council house.

Do you believe I was happy? Well, I was, for after all the horrors I had witnessed, I yet had my father, mother, and many of my relations and friends safe under the protection of the American flag and we had the treaties with us. Although the war was not over, so far as we were concerned it was. I, at least, had fully resolved to go on no more expeditions against Indians or palefaces.

There was but one other thing necessary to make me

forget the past and complete my happiness—the presence of Benigna—and I was thinking of all manner of plans to get her to our new town. She had consented to be my wife as soon as the troublesome times were past.

Father, brother John, Big Cat, and in fact all the braves at Killbuck's Island had often visited Gnadenhutten and other Moravian towns and had talked with the teachers. The thought came to me, and I proposed it at a council, to invite the Moravians to send us a teacher at Killbuck's Island. The plan was accepted. I must say that my principal object was to get Benigna to come there and thought when she knew a Moravian teacher was there she would no longer hesitate. Father was selected to take the matter up with Brother David.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Swiftest Rider of the West.

Hunting parties went out from Pittsburg frequently in the fall and winter to get venison for the garrison, and when they wanted an Indian guide, I frequently went with them. Returning to Pittsburg from one of these hunts in the autumn month of 1781, we noticed a crowd of soldiers gathered around an object. From curiosity I joined the onlookers, and can you imagine my surprise when I saw Captain Pipe's black horse "Crow," to which he had called my attention four years before. He was jaded and looked as though he had traveled hard.

"Hey ho! Have they caught Pipe?" I asked a soldier.

"Not a bit of it. It's a gal who rode that baste in here two minutes ago, an' no prettier rider e'er sat astride a saddle, much less astride a bareback hoss as she did," he replied.

"Indian or paleface?" I asked.

"A squaw, an' a long ride of it she had."

"Any one with her?"

"Nary a soul, came all alone."

"From where?"

"Gnadenhutten on the Muskingham."

"Where is she now?"

"Colonel's headquarters,"

When I heard the words "Gnadenhutten on the Muskingham," a dozen thoughts came to my mind at once. I thought of Benigna, how she had sent me a letter at Fort Laurens, and I wondered if it could be she, and what had brought her to Pittsburg. But the fact that she had ridden "Crow," or in fact any horse at all, car-

ried with it the conclusion that it was not she. But there was something mysterious about it which I wanted to understand, so I went to Colonel Broadhead's headquarters. As I got to the door I met an orderly coming out.

"Go in, Killbuck, the Colonel wants an interpreter. Morgan is away," he said rather hurriedly.

I entered the room and saluted, as I had been taught some of the formalities of military life since my association with the army. "I was told that you wanted an interpreter, sir, and came in at the request of Lieutenant Cole," I said.

The Colonel replied: "Is it you, Killbuck? I hardly recognized you when you saluted. Dark in these huts at this time of the day, you know. I want an interpreter," and then in a voice of greater volume to his body servant, who was just outside the door: "Jake, bring in a light."

"All right, marse," answered Jake from the outside, and soon he entered with a candle.

With the additional light I could see more distinctly. In the corner of the room sat Lorel, Glikkikin's niece, whom I had frequently seen when she was visiting Gnadenhutten. I knew her father was a follower of Captain Pipe and I could not understand why she had come to Pittsburg.

"Now, tell me what you have to say," commanded Colonel Broadhead, addressing Lorel.

I interpreted the request. Lorel burst into tears, and as she did not speak for a time, I spoke to her aside. "The American father simply wants to know what brought you here, Lorel."

"I came to get help. The English father has sent a large army to take the Moravians to Detroit, and I do not know what they will do with them. They were treated so cruelly, and I am afraid they will all be killed. We know the American father is good, be-

cause he did not come to Gnadenhutten when his army was in the valley, and I came to get help."

"How large is the army?" inquired Colonel Broadhead.

"It is very large, more than all the Moravians at Schoenbrun and Gnadenhutten," answered Lorel.

"Indians?"

"Monseys, Shawnees, Wyandottes and English from Detroit."

"Who are their chiefs?"

"Captain Pipe, Pomocan, Kuhn, Snipe, Girty and Elliott."

"It must be a large band with all those leaders," suggested Colonel Broadhead to me, and then to Lorel: "How did they take the town? Did they make a raid?"

"No. They first said they were on their way to Pittsburg, and would stay but a little time and that they wanted something to eat. The Moravians fed them. When their hunger was satisfied Pomocan said the great father at Detroit had ordered him to lead them to his country where they could not act as spies for the Americans, and where they would be out of danger. Captain Pipe told them the valley would soon run with blood unless the Americans abandoned it entirely, and if the Moravians would not go peaceably, they might have to use force to get them out of the way. The Moravians held a council and answered Pomocan that they could not go, as their crops were not harvested and they must stay where they could have subsistence during the winter. When they gave Pomocan this answer he repeated it to Captain Pipe. A council of the big chiefs was then held in Elliott's tent. When they came out they shouted the death halloo, and the same day they seized the teachers, bound them, tore off their clothes and beat them. It made me so sad to see the good teachers treated in this

manner that I went into the woods to cry, for I knew when the chiefs shouted the death halloo some of them would be killed. Then I heard Pomocan and Captain Pipe passing the trail, where I was sitting on a log. Pomocan said the great father had given him orders to bring the Moravians to his country, and Elliott said it must be done if they had to kill the teachers and helpers to get the others away. To this Captain Pipe made an answer. I did not understand it, but I knew the missions were to be broken up. I thought of you. I knew you were friends of the teachers. I wanted to let you know of their trouble, but I had no chance. The warriors seemed to be everywhere day and night. Then early one morning I heard that the teachers were to be released. I do not know why, except that Wingenund told Brother David they could have their last service in the chapel that morning. Everyone seemed to know of it and the warriors wanted to see what the Moravians would do at their last meeting. The chapel bell rang loud and long and I, too, went to the chapel. It was full of Indians. Some were Moravians dressed as palefaces and others were Monseys, Wyandottes and Shawnees in war paint and feathers. I could not get inside the chapel for the crowd. Suddenly I thought that most of the warriors must be there, and I left for the pasture where I knew the horses were kept. Nobody was in sight when I reached it. I saw Captain Pipe's 'Crow,' which was said to be the fleetest horse on the sunset side of the mountains. I knew if I were on his back nothing could catch me. I wanted to save the teachers. I caught Crow and was off in a moment. I did not know the way to Pittsburg, but knew our people started toward the sunrise and thought by keeping straight ahead on that trail I would reach you, and here I am. Can you not help them?"

"Did not the British Indians learn of your escape?" asked Colonel Broadhead, ignoring Lorel's question.

"They did," she answered. "There were two boys watching the horses, but they may have been playing in the woods, for I did not see them when I caught Crow, but when I was riding away they saw me and yelled. I started Crow on a gallop, and the last I saw of them they were running toward Gnadenhutten shouting, 'Horse thieves! horse thieves!' I let Crow travel his best. Oh, but he could run." Lorel became more composed as she talked, and she smiled at the thought of the swift ride.

"When evening came," she continued, "thinking I was out of reach of any who had started after me, I tarried at an empty cabin for the night. I rummaged around it and found some corn in a box, which I took out to Crow, for I thought he needed food more than I. He had scarcely finished when, looking down the trail over which I had just come, I saw two of Captain Pipe's warriors and I knew they were after me. But I saw them in time and was off before they reached me. They saw me and rode hard, but nothing could catch Crow. I did not venture to stop again, but came right on here."

"You are a brave girl. I am glad for this information. I'll consult Colonel Gibson and see what can be done, but according to your story, the British Indians must have left Gnadenhutten with their prisoners by this time, or will have done so before my army could get there. As they know you have given the alarm they will make the greater haste. You must be weary with your ride." As Colonel Broadhead finished speaking he walked to the door and calling to Jake, he ordered him to bring Zellers and his wife to headquarters.

Jake did as directed and soon Zellers appeared.

The Zellers family was one of the many which had taken refuge in Pittsburg when the Wyandottes went on the war-path.

Colonel Broadhead arranged with him to care for Lorel for the night at his home.

"Go with this man to-night, Lorel, and to-morrow I will send you to Killbuck's Island, where there are a number of your people. You have shown yourself a brave girl, but I'm afraid we can do nothing for your friends," said the Colonel, in a sympathetic voice.

When I interpreted this, Lorel began again to cry.

"I know they will kill the teachers. They were angry when I left them, and will be still more angry now. And the teachers are so good," she sobbed.

Zellers, having been given his charge, led her away.

Colonel Broadhead immediately sent for Colonels Gibson and Crawford, and they held a council. I waited outside, as I was anxious to know the conclusion they would reach. They remained at headquarters until nearly midnight. Colonel Gibson was first to come out.

"What's to be done, Colonel?" I asked.

"Nothing can be done, my boy," he said.

"Nothing? Do you not intend to rescue your friends, Brother David and Heckewelder?"

"I would favor anything which could be done to help them, my boy, but we would only put them in greater danger by attempting a service," he replied.

I began to say more, but Colonel Gibson interrupted: "Ask Colonel Broadhead about it. He is the commanding officer."

In the meantime Colonel Crawford passed out, and I entered the room in which Colonel Broadhead was alone.

"Do you mean that you do not intend to do anything for the Moravians?" I asked.

"It is not usual for an officer to announce his decisions to the curious," answered Colonel Broadhead.

"But I have a proper interest. Some of my people are with the Moravians and they are all my friends,

and yours, too. They have done enough for the Americans to be protected by them," I expostulated.

"To be sure," returned the Colonel. "Captain White Eyes told me once about a Moravian maiden in whom you are interested. There is nothing secret about our decision and as you have served me well this evening I will tell you. We can do nothing. The Moravians were at the mercy of the British Indians when the young squaw left Gnadenhutten. They may have intended to kill them or to take them prisoners, but whatever their intention, when this squaw escaped, they quickly proceeded to execute their plan. If they are on their way to Detroit with them now, we would only be giving an excuse for killing them by attempting a rescue."

The suggestion was a reasonable one and I might have dropped the matter had not the Colonel added after a pause: "It is better for us that these halfway stations be broken up, although I could not have had it done."

There was also truth in this statement, but I did not realize it at the time. My mind was aflame with the desire to help Benigna if she were alive and to take revenge if she were dead, and the Colonel's last argument made it appear that one of his reasons for not sending assistance was because he wanted the missions destroyed.

"But, Colonel, I can not think of Benigna being left a captive among the savage Wyandottes and subject to their evil designs," I answered earnestly.

"What are you going to do about it, you, a lone Indian?" came the response.

"I'm going myself," I replied.

"Were you one of my command you would have a chance to think this over in the guardhouse—you are impertinent!"

I was about to make an angry retort, but the Colonel

noticing he had irritated me, and wishing to keep as many Indian friends as possible, even at the expense of discipline, before I had my sentence framed, continued: "As you are one of the free-born Americans, you can go if you please. They say a man in love is a fool, and I guess it applies to redmen as well as to whites. If you are not careful you will be captured—that means your scalp, for since the death of Captain White Eyes, I'm told your scalp is the most valuable headgear owned by any man west of the mountains."

"I am going to-night," I returned.

"While you are away, keep your eyes open and report to me what you see and hear," he requested, and then added as I was about to leave the room: "You may want to travel faster than you can walk. Select a horse from the herd—Captain Pipe's will be left here instead of the one you may take—and get your hunting bag filled before you leave. Take this," and he quickly wrote out and handed me an order on the commissary for two bucks' worth of supplies to be selected by the bearer. "This will be your share of pay for the venison brought in last week."

I thanked him for the order and answered his request in the affirmative.

"If you choose to return after a day's ride, which may assist you in taking another view of the matter, I will say nothing about your escapade," said Colonel Broadhead, as a final shot.

I made no reply, but left the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Venture.

I remembered after leaving Colonel Broadhead that orders were in force allowing no one to go out of the fort between sunset and sunrise without a pass, and, having none, I concluded the better plan was to wait until morning. So going to the hut where I usually stopped, I lay down to sleep. I arose before sunrise, selected a horse from those belonging to the post, gave him a good feed and then called at the commissary to have my hunting bag filled with provisions. Just as the sun was rising I rode through the gate of the fort. Reaching the river the ferryman took me across, and I started on the trail for Gnadenhutten. While realizing that one person could be of no service to the Moravians in protecting them, the thought that Benigna was a captive and might receive improper treatment, and perhaps be lost to me forever, impelled me on. I did not know how I could help her, but I thought at the proper time a plan would occur to me.

I traveled as fast as possible, but had not lost all my prudence. I did not worry my horse—which I called "Bird," partially in remembrance of my "Bluebird," lost at Fort Laurens—but stopped for him to graze two times a day and rested at night.

During the first four days of the trip I saw nothing to indicate that British Indians had been recently in the localities through which I passed. The night of the fourth I was but a half day's journey from Gnadenhutten, and leaving the old trail I took a circuitous route, which led me to a high hill on the sunrise side of the town. When morning dawned I could see the surrounding valley and the town. I watched Gnadenhut-

ten for a long time. There was not a sign of life. No chapel bell rang that morning to call the worshippers from their homes to offer thanks to their God for keeping them through the night. No men were going to their daily tasks. Not even a savage could be seen.

Descending the hill I hid my horse in a cove overgrown with brush and walked toward the town, taking care that I should not be surprised.

The town was reached and then I was reassured that it had been abandoned. Joshua's house attracted me first. The latch string was out as in olden times, and I entered. That home in which so many happy hours had been spent, and in which so many kind deeds were resolved upon and executed was deserted. Could I believe it? It seemed not, for in my agony I called for Benigna. No one answered. I then wandered through the house. Most of the household articles had been taken away or destroyed. The heavier articles, such as cupboards, bedsteads and tables, had been overturned and broken. The straw bedtick was cut open and the straw scattered throughout the house. The deerskin windows had been punched through and many other things were torn down and out of place. I could not stand the sight and thoughts long, and left.

I then crossed the street to the chapel. For some reason it had not been desecrated. It was left almost the same as when Benigna and I attended chapel the last time. The bell still hung in the cupola, the benches were in place, except a few broken ones, and the spinnet had only two tomahawk marks.

Leaving the chapel to get my horse and passing the cooper shop I could not refrain from going in. Many of Joshua's tools were gone. The shaving jack, on which I sat when watching Joshua work, was still there. A mallet, battered with long use, which no one thought worth carrying away, was laying on the bench.

Continuing, I passed through fields in which the

ripened corn was ungathered and potatoes still in the ground, and under apple trees where the earth was covered with decaying fruit.

When the sun was overhead I secured Bird and left for Schoenbrun, but that town was also deserted and there were no signs indicating that the raiders had passed beyond. Thinking their destination was the Sandusky country—Sandusky* being the Wyandotte capital—I returned to Gnadenhutten and took the trail for the sunset. In the early morning two days later I found indications that a large band had passed over it a short time before. I had traveled the night previous and for fear of overtaking some stragglers which were sure to be with such a band, I hid behind some rocks to rest, and slept until the middle of the afternoon. Then I resumed my journey. By sunrise the following morning I reached a point where they had turned sharply off the trail by which I knew they were encamped near and had turned from the old traveled trail to fortify themselves against an attack. This indicated that they thought they were being followed by an enemy. Again hiding myself until the middle of the day I proceeded to the camp which had been abandoned that morning. Some of the fires were still smouldering, and feeling sure of coming up with the raiding party that night I proceeded with caution. About midnight, by the bark of a dog, I knew I was but a short distance from the camp. Dismounting, I tied Bird to some bushes, hid my rifle and hunting bag in a hollow log, that I might not be burdened with surplus weights, and crept in the direction in which I had heard the dog. Soon the camp fires came into view. There were ten of them, and around each a number of Wyandottes were stretched out to sleep. There was at each fire cne who was sitting up and supposed to be on guard.

*The Sandusky referred to was on the present site of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

The fires were arranged in a circle, in the center of which were a number of other Indians whom I recognized from the lack of feathers as Moravians.

Watching the camp for some time I observed the Wyandottes were careless of their captives, seeming rather to be fearful of an attack from the outside. They had been marching hard and were weary, and to my satisfaction, one by one, the ten guards fell to sleep, each apparently depending upon the others to perform the duty, until but one was sitting up and he did not seem to be observing anything around him. I suppose he also was sleeping. I now found it possible to get to the prisoners without being discovered. Creeping past the sleeping Wyandottes and reaching the captives I was moving among them looking for the one sweet face, when I brushed against a child and awakened it. It began to cry. This awakened its mother. When the child awoke I dropped to the earth in a sleeping posture, for I feared the watchers would be awakened. It was well I did so, for at each of the nine fires an Indian slowly arose to his haunches. When the mother awoke she thought me a savage and uttered a scream.

"I'm a friend, I'm not here to hurt you. Be quiet," I said in English.

From my language she knew I was not a Wyandotte.

The Wyandottes were fully awakened by the scream. Several of the guards came toward the captives, but not understanding my English and hearing no further commotion, they returned to the fires.

I recognized the awakened woman as Tabatha, one of the Gnadenhutten Moravians.

"You know me—Charles Killbuck—I'm looking for Benigna Nanticoke. Where is she?" I asked in English, in a low voice, as I sat up.

The savage watchers knew not but that I was offering some suggestions to keep the child quiet and paid no further attention, but soon lay down to sleep again.

"She is sleeping yonder," answered Tabatha.

I crept to where Tabatha indicated. There on a bunch of grass, under a blanket, with Bathseba and Anna on either side of her, was the object of my search, peacefully sleeping.

At first I could not bring myself to awaken her, but after gazing a moment, I placed my hand on her shoulder and shook her. She awoke with a start.

"Benigna! Benigna!" I called in a low tone. "You know me, don't you?"

She was naturally of a cool disposition and quick to comprehend a situation. She made no outcry, but asked, rubbing her eyes: "Have they captured you, Charles?"

"Hush! Don't talk so loud. No. I crept through the lines."

"Why have you put yourself in such danger?"

"To save you, my dear, to get you from these savages."

"I can not go with you."

"Yes, you can. We can creep through the lines and be out of reach of these Wyandottes before they know you have escaped, and I have a pretty home fixed up for you."

"I can not go—I can not," she answered.

"Why?"

"Uncle Joshua has been taken by another band, somewhere, I know not where; Aunt Mary is ill, and the care of these little children has been left to me. My duty is to them. We can not leave these little girls without anyone to care for them, and we can not take them with us."

"Do they guard you closely?"

"Not closely, but they count us two times a day to see whether any are missing."

"We can get them away."

"You are skillful, Charles, but the risk is too great.

They would follow us, and with these children we would be caught. If we fail, we must pay the penalty. There is another reason. Even if we should escape, the Wyandottes would be very angry and take vengeance on Aunt Mary and the others. Poor, dear Aunt Mary, she is too ill to travel, but they have been hurrying us along ever since we left Gnadenhutten. They think the Americans are after them, for Lorel took the news to Pittsburg—at least that is the reason Wingenund gave me for making forced marches."

"Has Wingenund been talking to you again?"

"Yes, and he has been so kind. We were being treated harshly the day after we left Gnadenhutten when Wingenund came to Pomocan, and said something to him. They have not treated us cruelly since, except that they force us to travel faster than we are able."

"Tell me what Wingenund said."

"He told me if any of our people were treated roughly, to call upon him and he would straighten matters, and he has been a real friend all the time the Wyandottes have been over us."

"Did they treat you badly at first?"

"Yes, before we left Gnadenhutten. They were going to kill some of us, I suppose, for the report was started that the teachers were all to die within a change of moon, but the night after the council at which that was decided everybody in Gnadenhutten and the Wyandotte camp were awakened by a howling and lamenting. It was Wingenund. He would not speak for a full day, but only lamented and howled and ran about and called on the Great Spirit. He spoke on the second day. He said he had had a dream, a clear vision, in which the Great Spirit stood before him and showed great displeasure at what had happened. He asked that a secret council of the warriors be called that he might translate this message to them without

having it come to the ears of any other person. At the council he said that in his dream there stood before him a long double line of warriors in war paint and feathers. A short distance in front of this double line was one of Indians who wore palefaces' clothes and had squaws' tools in their hands. They represented the praying Indians. Between the two lines were a few palefaces who looked like the teachers. They were kneeling and holding up their hands in prayer when the warriors rushed up to kill them. At that instant a hatchet which shone like the sun descended from the sky for each of the Indians dressed in palefaces' clothes, the praying Indians promptly grasped them, rushed forward, and with seemingly impossible strength slew all the warriors. This, explained Wingenund, is what will happen to us if we follow the advice of wicked men who want to take the lives of the teachers who have done no harm. He then told them of the result of the expedition which had started to find you and Captain White Eyes, and how the leaders were stricken dead because the Great Spirit was displeased. The dream turned the warriors against the plan they had before adopted, and it was promptly voted that not a teacher or praying Indian should be killed. Even when Lorel left and excitement ran high against Glikkikin, because they thought he had sent her to Pittsburg, not an Indian dared to take his life, although they went so far as to bind him and shout the death halloo over his head."

"And Wingenund told you this after a secret council?"

"Yes, he told me that I might know he is our friend."

"Although you do not choose to leave with me, Benigna, this information is worth the risk I have taken. I do not believe they will harm you. But answer me this: Our people have built a town near Pittsburg on an island. We have invited the Moravians to send us

a teacher, and I have built a lodge, a pretty one, for I got a saw from Colonel Broadhead, and cut the logs to fit and have a floor in it—I built it for you. Will you come and occupy it with me—be my wife?"

"I have given you my answer, Charles; I will be your wife when these troublesome times are past and when we can live in peace."

"But we can live there in peace now. No one dares attack us. We have the American flag floating over our council house."

"And will not the Americans compel you to go to war?"

"Colonel Broadhead gave me his word that we need never go on the war-path again. All who live on Killbuck's Island are peace Indians."

"Well, I would like to go to Killbuck's Island, but not until I can leave Anna and Bathseba in good hands, and I must speak with Brother David first."

Our conversation was prolonged until it began to lighten in the east.

"You are in danger, Charles. You know a price is on your scalp. You had better leave me," she finally said.

"I know it. I will remain but a moment longer," I returned.

"But you know the Wyandottes are early risers, and I am not in as much danger if left alone as if you are found here."

"I will go. Goodby. I hope we may meet soon again, never to part," I said, and pressed my lips to her hand.

"Oh, Charles, some of them are rising now," she said, pulling her hand from mine.

As I looked one of the Wyandottes arose to his feet, kicked some of his sleeping companions at the fire, and gave a loud whoop to awaken those he could not reach.

In a few moments the camp was astir and I was with the captives.

"I will leave you, Benigna, don't let it appear that you know me or you may get into trouble. I may be captured, but if I am I must accept the consequences."

"You can not leave now," she said. "You'd better act as one of the prisoners until to-night."

"I will try to get away as soon as I can. Goodby," I answered.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

At the Mercy of an Enemy.

The prisoners arose and were moving about. I walked to where some boys were kindling a fire. I noticed they walked through the guard lines to gather sticks, and I saw my opportunity. I walked out past the Wyandottes by the fire. At first I was not noticed, as they thought I, too, was going to gather sticks. Beyond the lines a distance, however, I met a Wyandotte who had been looking after the horses. I walked straight ahead, but he seemed to think I was going too far, and he directed me to go back where I belonged. I made no reply, but started to run. Instead of following me on foot, he gave the alarm yell and rushed to where the horses were kept, mounted one and followed. Seeing this I left the beaten trail and started through the woods and brush. The horseman could not follow me, but the alarm yell brought out a number of warriors, who were swift runners and they followed. But I outran them.

I ran until the sun was almost overhead, when I reached a stream. A deer was in the water drinking. I chucked a stone at him. He ran up the bank on the opposite side from that approached by me and started through the woods. At that season the only way a new trail could be followed was by the stirred leaves. Then wading down the stream a distance, I crawled into a hollow log, thinking to wait until night and let my pursuers follow the deer instead of me.

Late in the afternoon I heard a rustle of leaves and two Wyandottes passed the log.

"That surely was his trail to the stream," said the one.

"Yes, and beyond," replied the other.

"What do we want him for anyway? What harm will he do if he has escaped? We expect to let them loose in two days' travel. He's only a harmless Moravian."

By that time they had passed the log and were beyond hearing distance. I thought by their conversation they were content to let me go.

I stayed in my hiding place until night when I decided to return for my gun and horse. Reaching the place where my gun and hunting bag were hidden, they were recovered. I then went for Bird. As I untied him, to my surprise out stepped two Wyandottes from the bushes, and made me their captive.

"You will go with us," said the larger of the two, who happened to be an acquaintance of some time back —old Four Toes.

They strapped my gun to my back so I would have to carry it, although I could not use it, bound my hands together, and then Four Toes mounted my horse and rode ahead, while Green Snake, his companion, walked by my side.

We traveled until the middle of the night, during which time not a word was spoken. Reaching an open piece of ground Four Toes dismounted, hobbled Bird and turned him out to graze, then gathered some sticks and built a fire and prepared a meal of parched corn which he divided with Green Snake and me. Then binding my feet as well as my hands, they bid me go to sleep, and one lay down on either side of me.

The exertions of the past few days had tired me completely, and notwithstanding my bonds were painful, I soon fell to sleep and did not awake until Four Toes and Green Snake had prepared a breakfast. They fed me liberally. This morning when ready to march Green Snake mounted Bird and rode ahead, while Four Toes walked by my side.

I resolved to find out, if possible, what was to be done with me, and I found Four Toes more talkative than I anticipated—probably because he had met me before.

"You know me?" I asked, speaking in Delaware.

"Killbuck," replied Four Toes.

"Why do you take me a prisoner?"

"Wyandotte on war-path against Americans. Killbuck friend of Americans and enemy of Wyandotte and English father. English father offer heap much firewater for Killbuck," he answered in broken English, probably to make me feel as though he did not recognize me as an Indian.

"Then you expect pay for capturing me?"

"Ugh!" he replied, and then continued: "Four Toes no want to hurt Killbuck, only want firewater. English father give more for Killbuck prisoner than for scalp. No hurt Killbuck unless try to escape. Then kill him and get little reward for scalp."

"I am not trying to escape," was my answer. After a pause I asked: "Where are we going?"

"To Detroit."

"Where are the Moravian prisoners?"

"Squaws and young bucks with Pomocan. Old bucks with Kuhn and Pipe."

"Are they too going to Detroit?"

"No, they going to Sandusky."

"And the teachers, where are they?"

"With Kuhn and Pipe."

"What do you intend to do with them?"

"Four Toes not know. Only carry them away from Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrun, English father say."

I followed in silence the remainder of the journey, and that night we overtook Captain Pipe's band and two days later this detachment met the one under Pomocan and Snipe on the plains a short distance below Sandusky. There was happiness indeed at the reuniting of the Moravians, even if they were captives in a

strange land, but there was little happiness for me, as I was constantly guarded by either Four Toes or Green Snake and was not permitted to even talk with the Moravians. I presume they considered me a valuable prisoner, and feared the Moravians would help me to escape if they had an opportunity.

The captives and captors camped for about a day at this place, when, without any notice to the Moravians, Captain Pipe, Kuhn, Pomocan and Snipe marched on to Sandusky with their warriors, taking me as their only prisoner.

On reaching Sandusky the bands were further reduced by many of the warriors going to their home towns for the winter. Their leaders, however, journeyed on to Detroit, accompanied by but few warriors, among whom were Green Snake and Four Toes, who were taking me along to claim the reward offered by Colonel Hamilton several years before.

I thought by making no effort to get away during the first part of the journey my guards would become less watchful and that then I could escape with less risk to myself, but the nearer Detroit we got the more vigilant they were, and the tighter they drew the thongs which bound my arms and legs when they lay down to sleep. I believed if they got me to Detroit I would be hung or shot, or probably be given to some Indian enemy to torture, for I had heard many stories about Colonel Hamilton's cruelty.

Arriving at Detroit I was penned up in a log cabin in the stockade. They brought me food once a day. I suppose Four Toes and Green Snake got their five demijohns of firewater and left, for I saw no more of them.

I do not know how long I was kept in the prison. I realized I was getting weak from lack of pure air and exercise, and I also knew the weather was very cold.

Finally, one day the guard came to my prison and

said I was to appear before the great father on the morrow.

"The end of prison life has come, and probably the end of all life. If I could but see Benigna, I could stand the tortures of a slow fire without a groan—but Benigna is a long journey away," I said to myself.

The following day when I entered the room in which the English father was sitting, I assumed as stoical an attitude as possible. To my surprise a large number of Captain Pipe's warriors were there, and Captain Pipe himself was sitting beside the English father. I glanced around the room, but did not see a face in which I could read a line of friendship.

"Are you ready to proceed?" asked the English father in a commanding voice.

"The most important prisoners, those brought at your order, are not present," returned Captain Pipe in a manner indicating even greater hauteur.

"Bring them in," ordered the English father.

The guard who had brought me into the room motioned me to sit down, and leaving for a minute, brought back the Moravian teachers, led by Brother David. They were directed to stand to one side and Captain Pipe was told to proceed.

When all was quiet, Captain Pipe arose. I expected to hear him recite the stand Captain White Eyes and my father's family had taken in favor of the Americans, how I had insulted Girty and to recommend that I be burned at the stake for my insolence to English authority, but since I have the whole matter before me I feel I owe Captain Pipe an apology for such thoughts of him. The fact is, every time I had talked with Captain Pipe theretofore and every time I had met him at our national meetings, we had been opposed politically, and I thought the feeling went to his heart. He seemed so much interested in everything he did.

He began, in Delaware:

"Father! Some time ago you put a war hatchet into my hands, saying: 'Take this weapon, try it on the heads of my enemies and see if it is sharpened good.' I had neither cause nor inclination to go on the war-path against people who had done me no injury, yet, in obedience to you, who call me your child, I received the hatchet. You may, perhaps, think me a fool for risking my life at your bidding, for it is your concern to fight the Long-knives, and you should not compel your children, the Indians, to expose themselves to danger for your sake. Father! Many lives have already been lost on your account. Nations have suffered and have been weakened. Children have lost their parents, wives have lost husbands, and it is not known how many more may perish before your war will be at an end.

"Now father! Here is what I have done with the hatchet you gave me," and Captain Pipe picked up a stick to which was tied a number of scalps, which he handed to the English father. Then he continued:

"I have done with the hatchet what you ordered me to do, and found it sharp. Nevertheless, I did not do all I might have done. My heart failed me. I felt compassion. Innocence had no part in your quarrels, therefore I spared. I took some alive. You see them before you. You will find that their skin is the same color as your own. Father! I hope you will not destroy what I have spared. You, father, have means of preserving that which with me would perish for want. The warrior is poor and his cabin is always empty, but your house, father, is always full. They are left in your hands, because your children hope you are generous."

Captain Pipe sat down.

I did not believe the harsh and commanding voice of an English officer could be so softened in tone as was that of the English father after this speech from Cap-

tain Pipe. He asked some questions of Brother David and the other teachers, and then of Captain Pipe, and being satisfied, he told them they could not only go back to their homes, but they should be supplied with clothing and eatables to take back to their families.

I rejoiced so much at the turn affairs had taken in favor of Brother David and the other teachers I forgot for the time that I was a prisoner, and was only reminded of the fact after the teachers had been dismissed when the English father asked: "What have you to say of this young Delaware, Charles Killbuck, who was brought here for trial?"

Captain Pipe arose again and looked earnestly at the English father, and then began:

"Father! Some time ago there was a treaty at Pittsburg, which the Long-knives invited us to attend. I and others of our tribe went. I had evil thoughts in my heart against the Long-knives and I went only to get news to use against them. The treaty was handed me to sign, and I put my mark to it. At the same time Captain White Eyes, a great chief of our nation, and John Killbuck, our sachem, with honest hearts and truthful purpose also signed their marks. I then returned immediately to Detroit. The father here was much displeased. He thought my action would lead the Delawares to desert his cause. Angry words passed between us, and when I declared I was a friend of the English, the father said I must show it by presenting him with the scalps of the teachers who were just before you, and of Captain White Eyes and other men of our nation, among them this young brave. I declined to do it when a Wyandotte brought news that White Eyes and this brave had joined the Long-knives. Then it was that the father offered presents and bid me make prisoners of Captain White Eyes and young Killbuck to settle our quarrel.

"Father! I was a fool. I promised to bring before

him my own flesh and blood. After I promised I made an effort to keep my word, but was happy when I failed. Green Snake and Four Toes knew of the reward. They captured this buck, and he is now before you. He is in your power, but if he is injured, Captain Pipe will lay down the hatchet you gave him and retire to his lodge.

"If you give him into my hands, and if he will promise to do no more evil against you, father, I will know that he keeps his word."

"Were you not pursuing the Wyandottes when taken?" asked the English father of me.

"I was," I replied.

"Were you seeking information for the Americans?"

"No."

At that Captain Pipe, who was still standing, explained my affection for the Moravians. The English father then asked another question:

"Did the American father at Pittsburg send you on this journey?"

"He did not. He opposed my going."

"Captain Sears, take his parole and turn him over to Captain Pipe," commanded the English father, and he arose and left the room.

Captain Sears wrote a minute and then pointing his hand to the paper, said to me: "Make your mark here."

"I write my name, sir," I answered.

"Ho! An educated Indian? Then sign here."

I read the parole, the first I had ever seen, and then put my name where he indicated. This done, I was told I might have such liberties as Captain Pipe chose to give me.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

On Parole.

The promise that I should have such liberties as Captain Pipe might give me, if made before the so-called trial, would have been a sorrowful sentence. Since hearing his defense of the teachers and his kind words for me, my opinion of him completely changed. Instead of looking upon him as an enemy, he now seemed to be the one to whom to look for protection. I could not understand the change, for why had his braves watched for me so long if he did not in fact want me taken before the English father?

"Follow me," said Captain Pipe to me in Delaware, as he passed out of the room.

I obeyed. Some of the Monseys would have followed, but Captain Pipe motioned them back. He led the way toward the woods, and when beyond hearing distance of others, he spoke.

"You have thought me your enemy, Killbuck, thought me ready to take your life as the American father at Pittsburg murdered my relations at Coshocton last spring. I hope you think differently of me now."

"You saved my life, Captain, and I acknowledge I did think you were my enemy."

"You and Captain White Eyes have always opposed me, but that you may know I have borne you no ill will let me tell you more. While you have not joined the Long-knives at Pittsburg, you followed them to Tuscarawas, where a fort was built. When the fort was besieged, you helped to defend it, and at the last you carried a message from Colonel Gibson to the American General to tell him of the Long-knives' distress. Again,

when the Long-knives took Coshocton and murdered our people, my own brothers, you were near by."

He got very emphatic as he spoke, and I interrupted: "But I did all I could to prevent the murder of the Coshocton people, and had I not been along matters would have been worse and others killed."

"I believe you, else you would burn at the stake before a change of moon, but you were in bad company, and how can one to whom you are unknown understand that you were not one of the murderers? Had I told the English father the whole truth, you would not have been released on parole. My boy, I have done what I could to save you, but since you are given into my hands, I must do what I can to prevent further trouble. If you act as you should, I will take you into my family and you will be as my son. If you try to escape and are recaptured, I will give you into the hands of the English father and refuse to be responsible for you longer—will give you to him without a plea for mercy. This is all I have to say."

"I will not break my parole," I returned.

When Captain Pipe said, "This is all I have to say," he stopped suddenly and turned. "We must go back," he said. "I only wanted to tell you this quietly, so you will know."

"Thank you, Captain," I returned.

There was a silence for some time, as we were returning to the fort, but apparently Captain Pipe was still thinking of the subject, for later he continued: "Had the English father who offered the reward, been here, no words of mine could have saved you."

"Is not Colonel Hamilton the English father?"

"No, my son. The winter after the treaty at Pittsburg he was captured by the Long-knives at Vincennes."

This cleared up matters somewhat.

"What is the English father's name?"

"Major de Peyster," concluded Captain Pipe.

Captain Pipe invited me to remain at his lodge while at Detroit. He did not stay long, for he was anxious to go to his lodge at Tymochtee, where his squaw, Tall Woman, and daughter, Pretty Eyes, stayed when he was on the war-path. Tymochtee was a short distance above Sandusky. So before a change of moon we were traveling toward the south.

Reaching his lodge, he walked in and motioned for me to follow. He merely nodded to Tall Woman and Pretty Eyes who were outside of the lodge to meet him, got out his pipe, filled and lighted it, and puffed away for a long time without saying a word. This was customary among our people. Even though a warrior was very fond of his squaw and children, he had a certain dignity to maintain in their presence, which seemed better expressed by silence than in any other manner. Finally, he inquired as to their health, and then told of his trip to Detroit.

"I have adopted Charles Killbuck as my son. What think you of him?" he finally said.

"Oh, father, you have saved him? You are so good," said Pretty Eyes, as she knelt by her father and took his hand.

This set me to thinking again, and I wondered whether there was not some outside influence which led Captain Pipe to make the plea for my life. Probably it was to Pretty Eyes I owed my liberty.

When the Moravian teachers first came to the Muskingum Valley some one said that Captain Pipe's squaw had joined the Moravians and that he was much displeased. While I knew she could not be a Moravian and live with a brave who was continually at war, I knew the influence of the teachings would remain with her. I ascertained the truth later. Wingenund called on Captain Pipe and found me outside the lodge alone.

"Ugh! Killbuck, you here? Good! Good!" he

said, addressing me in English, probably for the same reason that Four Toes had talked English to me some time before.

"Glad to see you, Wingenund," I answered in Delaware.

"You had a narrow escape," he returned in Delaware.

"I owe my liberty to Captain Pipe, and I appreciate it."

"Pipe made a good speech, but let me tell you, it would never have been made had he not a daughter whom he obeys."

"Tell me of it, Wingenund, if it's no secret."

"May be a secret, may be not, but I decide it is not between you and me. It was this way. Pipe's squaw is a Moravian. She does not attend their meetings, as he has forbidden her, but she is their friend. Pretty Eyes is kind like her mother, and wants to do good to people. Although Pipe does not care to please his squaw, he will do anything for Pretty Eyes. When the English father offered a prize for your scalp and commanded Pipe to take you, Pretty Eyes pleaded with Pipe to disobey the English father. He would have done so, but when he told Pretty Eyes that if his warriors captured you, you would be his prisoner and subject to his orders, and he would treat you well, while if some other tribe took you the English father would put you to death, she did not object further. When she heard that Four Toes and Green Snake had captured you and that you were awaiting trial at Detroit, she pleaded again for you, and you know how well she succeeded. Pipe is a great man."

"Thank you for telling me this, Wingenund. You —"

"Here is Captain Pipe. My business is with him," and Wingenund arose to meet him.

Some words in a low voice which I did not under-

stand passed between them and they walked away together.

I pondered over what I had heard. "So, I owe my life to Pretty Eyes," I said to myself. Then I recalled without effort the many little acts of kindness she had done. She was an attractive girl, just about the age of Benigna. Many of the young bucks visited Captain Pipe's lodge. I thought at first Captain Pipe had them come to watch me, but I noticed more attention was directed to Pretty Eyes than to me.

As I was not permitted to leave the town and was in her company so much at the lodge, I discovered that she thought better of me than of any of the young bucks whose parents sent her presents. Then too, although Captain Pipe never said a word to me about his daughter, he seemed to approve of her many little attentions and acts of kindness to me.

In justice to Captain Pipe, he treated me kindly. Often he would speak of the good old times when Netawatwes was the peace sachem and the Monsey, Turtle and Turkey clans gathered around a common council fire and considered questions affecting the Delaware tribe. And would you believe it? He never spoke a word against Captain White Eyes.

"I have often regretted," he once said, "that our nation was divided. It would have been preferable, perhaps, to have joined the Long-knives. But Charles, there is hope for the future. This war will not last much longer. When the end comes, whoever shall win, I hope the peace party will agree that the Monseys take their old place in the council, and that the treaties and legends which belong to us all will be taught to our children as in times past."

"Your desire is mine, Captain," I answered.

The winter was passing as agreeably to me as could be expected under the circumstances, but through it all I was thinking of Benigna. My love for her had not

weakened, notwithstanding the attractiveness of Pretty Eyes. I wanted to go to the Moravian camp which had been established near Sandusky the fall before. Captain Pipe always refused me the privilege and when I asked questions about the Moravians he usually turned me off with some remark that the Moravians were free to help themselves, and even had the right to return to their towns on the Muskingum if they desired. Finally, I became almost desperate, and thought I would have Pretty Eyes make the request for me.

She was doing some bead work, decorating a pair of moccasins, when I came into the lodge one morning. As I entered she was startled and dropped the gourd which held the beads, spilling them on the floor. I helped her gather them up, and suggested that I could hand them to her as she needed them. I do not recollect her reply, but I remained with her. When I gained sufficient courage to carry out my resolution, I began:

"You have been very kind to me, Pretty Eyes. I owe you much. Some one told me you persuaded your father to save me from the prison in Detroit."

"I did ask him to save you if he could, and I am glad he was successful," she replied.

"Can you do me one more favor, Pretty Eyes?"

"What is it you want? I will if I can."

"I want to go to the Moravians' town."

"On the Muskingum?"

"Wherever they are. I do not know where."

"The Moravians are much scattered, I am told. Some live a half day's journey from here, some are at the Muskingum towns, some in the Shawnees country and some at Pittsburg."

This was news to me. I remembered Benigna was to meet me at Killbuck's Island, if Brother David approved of our marriage, and my first thought was that she had gone to Pittsburg. So I answered Pretty Eyes: "Then my request is to go to Pittsburg."

"Do you want to join the Americans again?"

"No, that is not my object."

"Then what is it? I don't believe father would permit you to go there."

"I know he will not, for he would not permit me to go to the place the Moravians camped last fall, when I asked."

"But tell me why you want to go, and I will help you if I can," she said sympathetically.

"Do you know Benigna Nanticoke?"

"The Moravian girl at Gnadenhutten?"

"Yes."

"Mother has spoken of her."

"Pretty Eyes, Benigna has been my friend since before the war began. She has promised to be my squaw. When I was captured, I had journeyed from Pittsburg to save her from the Wyandottes. I thought they might treat her cruelly, and I crept past the Wyandotte guards and talked with her the night before my capture. She was not then being illy treated, and we thought it better to have her continue as a captive and later come to our town on Killbuck's Island, where the peace Indians from Newcomerstown are now staying. Since you say that some of the Moravians have gone to Pittsburg—our town is near there—I think she must have gone there."

"Then will you never come back?"

"No, Pretty Eyes."

"Do you really love Benigna Nanticoke?"

"I do, Pretty Eyes. I love you for your kindness to me, but I love Benigna better."

Pretty Eyes was silent for a time, and I thought I had failed to enlist her endeavors, but finally she said:

"Speak to father about it to-morrow afternoon. I think he will let you go."

"Thank you, Pretty Eyes," I replied.

It seemed almost useless for me to ask Captain Pipe

to leave Tymochtee for Pittsburg, having been so flatly refused when requesting to go only a half day's journey away, but I had faith in Pretty Eyes, and that gave me courage to make the request.

The afternoon after my talk with Pretty Eyes I watched my opportunity, and while Captain Pipe was taking his afternoon smoke I told him I wanted to go to Pittsburg.

"Why do you want to go there? Are you not satisfied here? Do you want to become our enemy again?" he asked.

I was about to tell him the same story I had told Pretty Eyes, but had merely started when she came to where he was sitting, and took his hand. Interrupting me, he said: "I have heard your story," and turning to Pretty Eyes: "What have you to say to it, my Pretty Eyes?"

"Let him go, father, he will promise what you want him to," she answered.

"Yes, I suppose he will promise," and he was silent for a time.

"I will remember my parole," I finally said.

"You may go if you will promise to give no information or assistance of any kind to the Long-knives. But further, I will say, by leaving my lodge you lose my protection and should you be captured, no word of mine will be spoken to save your life."

"I have promised what you ask, and will take all responsibility upon myself. Thank you, Captain."

"When will you start?" Pretty Eyes asked.

"To-morrow morning," I answered.

At that Captain Pipe arose and walked away, apparently taking no more interest in the matter. Pretty Eyes also left, but in a short time returned with the moccasins she had been trimming the day before.

"I want you to take these, Charles. Wear them. If any Monsey stops you, point to them, speak my name, and you can go unharmed."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Attack on Killbuck's Island.

I went to sleep that night with pleasant anticipations and in the morning was ready for my journey before Captain Pipe had arisen, and he was an early riser. By my straw bed I found a hunting bag filled with jerked venison and parched corn, a gun, powder horn and bullet pouch with powder and balls. I readily guessed who had put them there, and walked to the corner of the lodge where Pretty Eyes lay peacefully sleeping to look once more upon the face of one who had done so much for me. I almost regretted leaving Pretty Eyes —probably I would have decided to stay had there not been a picture in my mind of another Indian maiden who possessed not only beauty, gentleness and kindness, but who had learned the ways of civilized life. Then passing through the doorway I started on my journey to Pittsburg.

Before the sun indicated the middle of the day I reached a little grove in the plains—a sugar camp where some of the Indians from the Moravian camp were tapping trees. Tobias, the old sexton at Gnadenhutten, was the first one I met, and of him I made inquiry as to the whereabouts of Benigna.

"I can't tell you, my boy. We're all broken up and scattered since leaving the Muskingum," he answered.

"Did not some go to Pittsburg?" I asked.

"The Americans took some captives there from Schoenbrun, and a few left here to join them last fall," was the reply.

"Why did you not all stay together, as you did on the Muskingum?"

"We were starving, boy. All we received from the

English father and his Indians did not last us a moon. We were starving and some had to return to the Muskingum for corn."

"Do you know where Joshua, the Mohican, is?"

"He was with the band which left for the Muskingum three suns ago."

"Were any women with that band?"

"Yes, a few."

I left Tobias and traveled on to the Moravian camp and made inquiry of a few others as to who had gone to the Muskingum and who to Pittsburg, but got no satisfactory information.

After tarrying but a few hours at the Moravian camp I started on.

The winter had been severe. Much snow had fallen, which was yet lying on the ground. The morning I left Tymochtee the weather began to moderate and the snow to melt. A few days later the rivers began to rise, breaking up the ice.

I reached Killbuck's Island early in March, the sugar month, found father, mother and Brother John, but not Benigna. They told me she had not been there. Then I guessed she must have accompanied Joshua's family to the Muskingum. I resolved to set off immediately for Gnadenhutten, and if Benigna was not there to find Joshua, who could direct me to her. Father and mother would not hear to my leaving so soon and to satisfy them I consented to remain a week.

The commandant at Pittsburg furnished the Indians at our new town with supplies, and on ration day some one of each family crossed the river to the fort. Father usually made the trip for our family, but on the ration day I was home mother wanted to go with him. The river was high and full of floating trees, logs and ice. But father had a strong canoe and he and mother went. John and I watched them paddle against the current and across, and finally saw them crawling up the

bank at the fort. Then we returned to father's lodge. Father had some books which Brother Heckewelder had given him at Gnadenhutten, and I was looking over one, when suddenly I heard some one cry out in Delaware: "They're coming! They're coming! Run! Run for your lives!"

Dropping my book and looking through a crack in the door, I saw one of our braves, Tuppeck, running past father's hut. A moment later there was a crack of a rifle and Tuppeck fell forward on his face. This was followed by several other shots fired seemingly within a second of each other, and then a borderer, a little fellow in buckskin pants, hunting shirt and coonskin cap, rushed forward, scalped Tuppeck, split open his skull and then waved the bloody scalp in the air over his head. As he passed the cabin I recognized him as one of the borderers who had murdered several of the Delaware captives in the Coshocton expedition.

"Oh, John, they will murder us! I know that paleface!" I exclaimed.

"Let's fight to the last. Here's your gun," he replied, standing a gun beside me.

I turned to look again through the crack in the door before going out. I saw two palefaces a short distance away break open the door of a lodge with their tomahawks, drag out two occupants, a squaw and a boy, and bury their tomahawks in their heads. Then several other Indians ran from the same house and were followed by the palefaces.

"They are running. We have more chance to escape that way than by fighting," I exclaimed.

"Then, let's get the canoe," suggested John.

"Didn't father take it?"

"There's a small one."

To know that there was such a means of possible escape was to accept it immediately, for the river could not be more cruel than the paleface borderers.

"John, you lead," I said.

John picked up his rifle, opened the door, rushed through and ran for the upper end of the island, where the canoe was tied. I picked up my gun to follow. It was leaning against the strong box containing the treaties. I remembered how the palefaces had burned Coshocton, and I knew our new town would likewise be destroyed and that if the treaties were left there I would never see them again. I dropped my gun. As I made this strong box myself after we were established on Killbuck's Island, I was but a moment opening it. Leaving the gun behind as a useless weight, I threw the treaty bag over my shoulder and followed John who was already some distance ahead. My fleetness stood me in good stead. John's running had attracted attention and when I came from the same hut one gun was discharged toward me and several palefaces started after me. I do not know how it would have ended were not other Delawares running in other directions, and as John and I were the swiftest, the borderers soon permitted us to go and ran after those who were easier to catch.

When I reached the canoe John had loosed it and was in it. It was so small it would not hold more than two, so we pushed from shore. Our only extra weights was John's gun and the precious treaty bag. The current was so swift it carried us down stream quite a distance before we got into position to paddle. We had floated within full view of the borderers, but were beyond accurate range before they saw us. They fired at us a number of times, however. Except a small scratch on John's arm the only damage was to the canoe.

"The canoe is filling with water," said John, after a time.

By intently paddling against the stream I had not realized until then that I was sitting in water a hand's depth.

"You dip water and I'll paddle alone," I answered.

"With what? There's nothing to dip with," he returned, and a look of fear came to his face.

"Use your moccasin," I answered.

The look of fear vanished. John pulled off his moccasin and began work and soon we were out of danger from that source.

Nearing the Pittsburg shore we saw father and Colonel Gibson on the bank. They shouted to us and pointed first up stream and then down. We did not understand them, but looking up stream we had seen a large ice floe coming steadily toward us. John had been helping to paddle, and considerable water had accumulated in the boat so he dropped his paddle and baled water. When we saw the floe we thought we could float with the current until we paddled around it. But father shouted more vigorously than before and pointed down stream. I turned to look—I was facing up stream—and just below was a large tree, roots, trunk and branches, such as may be seen floating down the Ohio River during spring floods. The tree had floated to a point where the branches and roots projecting into the water had caught on submerged willows and the tree was held below us, while above, the ice floe was coming toward us with a crushing force.

I whirled the canoe as best I could to avoid the tree, but the canoe being partially filled with water, together with the other weights it contained, prevented speedy action. I realized the ice floe would crush the canoe against the tree. Yelling to John to look out for himself, I let the canoe drift against the tree and caught hold of its branches, trusting to be secure on the tree until we could be rescued. The floe came on with a steady movement and a grinding noise. The canoe was crushed before my eyes. John jumped to the tree trunk and then on the floe. I stuck to the tree. As the floe struck it there was a rumble and a splash of

"THE LAST I REMEMBERED OF THAT EXPERIENCE WAS A SOUND OF RUSHING WATER AND A CHILLING SENSATION." See p. 271.

water. The force was irresistible, and the tree began to roll. The last I remembered of that experience was a sound of rushing water and a chilling sensation.

It seemed I had been sleeping for a long time, but instead of feeling refreshed and ready to go out into the open air I had no desire to leave my bed. At first I thought myself in Coshocton in father's lodge with no thought of worry, but suddenly the scene changed, and I was in Pittsburg. Then it seemed that Colonel Broadhead was making another raid, and I had the greatest difficulty keeping father and mother out of danger, and I was threatened with death. I plead with Colonel Broadhead for protection for my relations and myself, and began to feel easy again. Then the scene shifted again to Newcomerstown, and I was sitting on great-grandfather's knee listening to the tales of the heroic deeds of the Delawares. I heard him repeat distinctly the latter part of Miquon's treaty. Somehow from that event I lived quite rapidly for a time, and I next beheld myself in my own lodge with Benigna as my wife, for she would not consent to be called my squaw, and I had on my knee little children, telling them the same stories. Suddenly we were disturbed by the ringing of a chapel bell, and Benigna and a little boy and girl, Gibson Killbuck and Evangeline Killbuck, were walking by our sides to the chapel, where we heard a teacher who looked very much like Brother David, tell us Bible stories. But once more there was a change, and I was in the log jail at Detroit, awaiting the return of Colonel Hamilton. It seemed all a mistake that he had been captured by the Americans and Major de Peyster had given way to him. I was brought before him. He seemed to know all about me and where I had been. Girty was standing by him, and whispered something in his ear, and then speaking aloud in a gruff voice, I did not know

whether it came from Colonel Hamilton or Girty, "Take him out and shoot him." Then I was led away, compelled to stand in the corner of the fort with my hands and feet tied, while three soldiers raised their guns and fired. I felt a severe pain. This awakened me. I looked around the room and saw I was in fact in a log hut, but at first did not know where it was. The effect of my delirious dream had not yet passed away. I still thought myself in the log jail at Detroit and gave vent to my feelings with a groan.

"Lie quiet, you must not move." It was a gentle voice speaking, which took away all thoughts of the log jail. I turned in the direction from whence it came and saw my mother.

"Oh, mother, you are here!" I exclaimed. The sudden turn started another pain which ran through my leg. "I have such pain here," I continued, reaching my hand toward the source of my trouble.

"Lie quiet, Charles, you have a broken leg and every move you make will give you more pain," answered mother.

"How was I hurt. Where am I?"

"At Pittsburg, my boy, among friends."

"Oh, I remember now. We were attacked yesterday by the borderers. John and I got away from them and tried to cross the river and the tree turned on us and crushed our canoe—"

"Yes, my boy, but that was several days ago instead of yesterday."

"Where is John? Did he escape?" I asked eagerly, recalling our experience.

"He got off easier than you. He was not hurt."

"And the treaties, were they saved?"

"No, my boy."

"Then are they lost? Lost forever?"

"They probably are."

This news sank into my heart probably deeper than

the treaty bag with its weight of wampum strings and belts had sunk into the river. I turned my face from my mother and would have wept if it became an Indian brave. After a time I was partially reconciled to the loss, for the thought that our lives had been saved made the loss of the treaties seem less important.

"How were we saved, mother?" I asked. "The current was so swift, and the floating ice so heavy near the Pittsburg shore."

"The current was swift indeed. Your father and I were about to return to the island with our rations when we saw you and John trying to cross. We did not know you at first, but George White Eyes, who was with us, suggested it was you. We realized something was wrong or you would not venture out in that little canoe. Colonel Gibson had come with us to the river. He seemed uneasy about something, but said nothing to us about his trouble, and as he has always been our friend, we thought very little about his accompanying us. When you drew near we saw you would be caught between the ice and the tree, and father and Colonel Gibson called to you, but you did not hear them until it was too late."

"We saw the ice, mother, but thought we could float with it. We had our backs to the tree."

"Before you went under, while you were grabbing the branch of the tree, your father and George jumped into the large canoe to follow. John jumped from the tree to the ice and then into the water and was soon helped into the canoe. Probably you would have come out with little help also, but your hunting shirt caught on the limb of the tree when it turned and held you under the water. You must have gotten between the tree and the ice when it crushed your leg. It was George who dived down under the tree to help you out. When they reached the Pittsburg shore

with you we thought you dead, but Colonel Gibson called Surgeon Knight, who worked with you for a time, and when he got the water out of you, you began to breathe again."

"Has John told you why we left the island?"

"Yes."

"Were many killed there?"

"We have heard that almost all were killed."

"As we left the shore I looked behind and saw the flag Colonel Gibson had given us floating from the pole near the council house. I remember how he told us we must respect it, and look upon it as our own. I felt—"

Just then our conversation was interrupted by the entry of Colonel Gibson.

"How is the young fellow?" he asked.

"He just awoke and was talking," replied mother.

"Well, Killbuck, glad to see you improving. Glad you know yourself again, but you had a narrow escape, my lad," said the Colonel, addressing me.

"You are no more glad than I," I answered.

"You have a brave friend and a faithful doctor to thank for being here."

"Yes, mother told me."

"I just dropped in a minute to see you. Hope your broken leg will mend rapidly," returned Colonel Gibson, as he started to leave the cabin. As he passed mother he remarked: "We have been unable to get reliable information, but I fear the affair at Gnadenhutten is worse than we at first anticipated."

Mother made no reply, as the Colonel, with his long strides, was almost beyond reach of her voice before he had finished his sentence.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Some Scattering Reports of a Tragedy.

"What happened at Gnadenhutten?" I asked, endeavoring to raise up in bed, for the reference to an affair at Gnadenhutten which was worse than anticipated, made me forget I had a broken leg. Benigna was at Gnadenhutten, and I feared something had befallen her.

"Lie still, my boy. You will injure yourself by thus moving, and I can tell you as well if you are quiet. Whatever has happened, it is all over now and you can not help matters. It has been reported that the same band of ruffians which killed our people on the island were at Gnadenhutten and killed a number of Moravians there."

"Killed them, mother? Killed them? The Moravians would hurt no one! Why should anyone kill them?"

"The report is that all were killed, but we live in the hope that some escaped."

"Oh, mother, Benigna was there. Do you know—tell me—was she killed?"

"We have very little information. They do not know the names of any who were killed as yet. We will hear this later. Surely not all were killed for the Moravians were scattered in three towns and it is not possible that the palefaces could have surprised all of them.

I tried to be comforted by mother's words, but there was an echo which took away their virtue.

"And the Americans did this, mother?"

"My son, do not call them Americans. The raiders may so call themselves, but when I think that Col-

onel Gibson and George Morgan and others at Pittsburg are Americans, it seems some other name should be given the murderers. Colonel Gibson called them border ruffians. I want you to know that Colonel Gibson showed himself our true friend, and he is like Miquon, if ever there was another paleface like him. Only a few days before the killing a hunter brought word to the fort that a band of Indians had murdered some settlers on the Raccoon and that the borderers were bent on revenge. Colonel Gibson inquired minutely as to the matter and from what he was told he anticipated an attack on Gnadenhutten. You know he loves the Moravian Indians as he knows them to be the Long-knives' friends, and he sent a messenger to Gnadenhutten. The messenger returned yesterday and said he had arrived at Gnadenhutten too late, that all remaining of the towns were heaps of ashes and the charred bones of between ninety and a hundred bucks, squaws and children at Gnadenhutten."

My sorrow was so great when I heard of the murder of the Gnadenhutten Indians, I wondered why I had grieved when told that the treaties were lost. I hid my feelings as best I could and urged mother to tell me more about it.

"That is all I know of it, but I have more to tell you of Colonel Gibson. When your father and George got you and John out of the river and were carrying you to the fort, several of the band which had been to Gnadenhutten had crossed the river some distance above, saw us and fired. Colonel Gibson directed us to hurry through the gate and he remained outside and protested against such conduct when one of the borderers coming near him exclaimed: 'You're half Indian yourself. You married a squaw. You tried to help the murderin' Moravians escape an' your scalp'll make good company for the d—d red ones we took." His companion came up by that time. 'You give him

gab an' I'll give 'im h—ll,' he said, with an oath, as he raised his gun, but the Colonel hurried into the fort. Since then General Irvine said we should not leave the fort without his permission."

"And does no one know of the raid except this messenger?"

"No, except those who took part in it."

"Who did you mean when you said General Irvine?"

"He is the father here since Colonel Broadhead left."

I had not known that Colonel Broadhead left, but I was too tired to carry the conversation further and soon fell to sleep.

Probably two weeks after our experience on the river, father brought a young Indian named Jacob to our hut. As soon as he came in I recognized him as a young lad I had seen at Gnadenhutten.

"Here is a boy who escaped from Gnadenhutten," said father.

"Then we can hear the truth. Tell me, Jacob, do you know Benigna Nanticoke?"

"Yes," replied Jacob.

"Was she among the killed at Gnadenhutten?"

"I do not know. They killed all at Gnadenhutten except Thomas and me. Benigna came to Gnadenhutten with us, but Joshua went to Schoenbrun before the killing and Benigna may have gone with him."

"Oh, Jacob, your words give me hope," I exclaimed. "I'm so glad you brought this news."

How I did wish I was able to travel, and I should have left that night to search for her—but it was not to be so.

"Tell us all about it," said Brother John.

"I have repeated it so often and every time it seems more awful to me, for our teachers taught us to love each other, and we looked upon the Americans as our best friends and thought they were taught the same.

We did not expect harsh treatment from them. When Captain Pipe and Pomocan took us away from our towns, they left us in the plains above Sandusky where there was nothing to eat. The supplies we brought from Gnadenhutten and those sent us by the English father were soon used up, so when the last measure of corn was divided we had only seven grains apiece. Some of our Indians went to Sandusky and some to the Shawnee towns, but they could buy very little so a company volunteered to return to Gnadenhutten for corn. They came back safely and when that was used, another band went for more. About a moon ago a large company left for the towns—I heard Joshua say there were about one hundred and fifty. We divided into three bands when we got to the valley, and I was at Gnadenhutten. While we were gathering corn one day a band of Monseys come to Gnadenhutten with a string of scalps and a paleface prisoner, and stayed for several days in some of the empty houses in the lower part of town. They told us they had been wicked Indians and had captured an entire family of palefaces on Raccoon Creek, and that we had better leave for they would be followed by the Long-knives. Joshua and Glikkikin called a meeting to determine what should be done. I went with father to the meeting, and remember very well what was said. Glikkikin told how kind the Americans had always been to the Moravians and he thought they would not harm us even though they pursued the Monseys. Joshua thought if we would run away from Gnadenhutten at this time it would throw a suspicion on us as having assisted the Monseys if any were disposed to believe such a thing, so it was decided to remain in the valley, gather all the corn we could carry and then return to the camp near Sandusky, where we had left our relations.

"We had gathered the corn and were putting it into

the bags getting ready to start the next day when some Americans came to the field in which we were working and greeted us as good people do. They said they came to take us to Pittsburg where we would be better cared for than we were at Sandusky. All of our people were happy, and we went back to Gnadenhutten with the Americans with as much corn as we could carry. They called us good Indians, and offered to take anything we wanted back to Pittsburg, so we could live there like civilized people. Many of our people had hidden their household goods when the British Indians came upon them the autumn before, and the greater part of that day was spent in getting together our belongings. Then some of the soldiers were sent to bring the Moravian Indians from Salem. The next thing we knew we were taken hold of roughly and penned up, the women and children in Brother David's house and the men in Joshua's cooper shop. I was penned up with the women. We heard some wrangling and swearing outside. Toward evening one of the men came to the door and said we were to die the next morning and although they thought we were good Indians we could have the night to think over our sins. We had a prayer meeting that night and the men in the cooper shop also had a prayer meeting for we could hear them singing, as I guess they heard us. Israel was there. He and I had often played together and I looked upon him as my brother. We went to a corner of the room where we sat down on a loose floor board.

"Israel said something about getting into the cellar and pried up the board, so I crawled through and then someone held it up while he got through.

"The borderers were up all night, shouting, swearing and drinking firewater.

"There was an opening in the cellar wall. I went to it a number of times, but always saw some one near.

When morning came one of the palefaces came to the door and asked with an oath if they were ready. Glikkikin's wife answered, 'We have given ourselves into the Lord's hands, you can do with us what you will.' At that the palefaces went in. Then we heard some of the women scream. After a time they were all quiet again except some were crying and some praying. Then I heard old Judith say, 'Lord, take me to—' but she did not finish what she intended to say, for I heard a blow, as if some one was struck, and a man said 'h—ll.' After a time the blood ran through the floor, and we crept in a corner to keep from getting wet from it. We longed for night. Finally it came. Then the palefaces got their horses, and I heard one say, 'Now to Schoenbrun, and then to Killbuck's Island.' They had no sooner started away than I heard the crackling of fire. We knew the building was on fire, and that we would be burned alive if we stayed where we were. Israel raised me up to the hole. I crawled through with some difficulty and ran into the bushes. No one saw me. I turned to look back and saw Israel coming through the window. He was so much larger than I he must have stuck in the hole and burned alive, for I saw no more of him.

"As I was running through the woods something started up ahead of me. I thought at first it was a paleface, but he ran from me and I thought it must be someone who also had escaped, and I ran after him. It was Thomas. He had been with the men in the cooper shop and was knocked down and scalped. He told me that when the murderers came to the cooper shop in the morning, one fellow grabbed old Abram by his long white hair and picked up a mallet on Joshua's bench. 'This will make a nice scalp,' he said. Thomas told me that this one fellow had killed thirteen, and was about to hand the mallet to the other paleface, but someone pushed him toward the paleface who was

doing the work. At that the paleface said, 'I've done pretty well, but I'll send this young devil to h—ll yet,' and at that he grabbed Thomas by the arm and struck him in the head. His arm was weak with the work he had done, and the blow Thomas got was not so severe as to kill him. He soon recovered, and lay quiet until it was all over, when he escaped." So Jacob concluded.

When I realized the necessity of keeping quiet, my broken limb healed rapidly and in three weeks after the accident I was on my feet again—with crutches it is true—but I could walk around the fort. We had heard very little about the Gnadenhutten affair, except Jacob's report. Those who committed the deed did not want to talk about it.

On one occasion, however, I was lounging around the fort listening to the talk of the day, when a man in buckskin suit came up. He seemed to be well known to many of them, for they called him, "Bill," and passed the customary greetings, such as "How're ye anyway?" or "Well, 'pon my word, Bill, you's raised from the dead!" or "When d'you come in." Others further expressed their pleasure at seeing him with a slap on his back. He accepted the salutations as they were intended—good-naturedly.

He had just come from the sunrise country and the conversation was first on that subject. Many important events had recently taken place. I then learned for the first time that the fall before a large English army had surrendered to General Washington at Yorktown, and that the Americans had, in fact, been successful in the war, and had sent four men across the sea to make a treaty of peace. Then the conversation turned to other matters.

"You seem to 'ave been a observant lad, Bill," began a soldier we knew as Scottie, "an' we heard you

were at Gnadenhutten time o' that affair. Every one as been there is some skittish about talking on the matter, but we'd like to know the straight o' the thing. We've hearn the Indian side an' we'd like to hear yourn."

"Well, boys," answered Bill, "we made a mighty bad break at Gnadenhutten killin' them Injuns. It ware not on my motion, either, for I don' take no stock in killin' women an' chillen. If I see a rabbit I usually gives him a chance for his life by throwin' a stick at him so he can run as I shoot, an' if he's the best dodger he can have his life, but if I's a good enough marksman, he's my meat, that's all. I don' like to run down my ole cronies, either, even by tellin' the straight story, but ther's two sides to every question, an' if you's heard only one, I tell you the other, but there isn't much to it."

"I swear I hearn only the Injun side an' almost came to the conclusion thar warn't no other," returned Scottie.

Half a dozen others said, "That's me fix too," or some such phrase, and Bill consented to tell the story. He began:

"Startin' at the beginnin'; you know I hung up at Bob Wallace's down on Raccoon Creek afore this affair. Bob had a nice home, fine a wife as you ever seen, willin' to keep her traces stretched all the time pullin' her share o' the load, and they had three of the cunnin'est little chillen you ever looked on. We wasn't 'spectin' nothin', as we hadn't heard o' Injuns round for nigh on ter the hull winter, an' one mornin' just after the middle o' February, we concluded ter chase a deer which had run past the house a short time afore. I tole Bob ter stay with his family, but he replied he guessed it ware all right ter leave them alone for a while. It ware almost dark when we returned, and the family was gone. O' course it ware

Injuns. Their tracks showed more plainly than the deer's, and I spoke encouragingly as I could ter Bob that we would get his family back all right—that them Injuns could be run down easier than a deer, an' tole him to skeer up the Sloughter boys, while I called out the Rollinses, an' we'd immediately make tracks in the same direction the Injuns went. We got the boys together an' they ware ready ter scalp any number o' Injuns when they heard o' it. It ware too dark when we got together ter see the tracks, so we waited 'till mornin', an' then started ter run down the redskins. We got ter fresh tracks by night, but somehow the varmints got wind o' our comin' and killed Bob's wife an' youngest chile. We found them next mornin', not a piece o' dress on them. We'd a killed any Injun then and there had we come on ter any, but then we lost the trail. It snowed an' the wind blowed, makin' the woods a level white. It may a been a good thing for the varmints might a killed the other chillen had they been pressed too close. We consoled Bob again by tellin' him we'd raise the county an' follow them ter their den, an' we immediately spread the news. The boys ware not long comin' for'rd. We announced that all wantin' ter go on an Injun excursion should come ter Mingo Bottom on the first o' March. Thence we came an' as we wanted ter do things orderly like, we elected Dave Williamson as our leader, but reserved the right which every man in these parts keeps for hisself ter do as he pleased. Then we struck out 'cross the country to'rd Gnadenhutten, as that ware the direction the murderin' redskins had gone, an' the night o' March 5th, I remember it well, we ware not more'n a mile from the town. The boys didn't sleep much in the early part o' the night, kind o' excited, you know, not knowin' what kind o' a reception they'd get if the Moravians ware as bad as some o' the men indercated, but every man o' us had fetched a good

amount o' old courage with 'em, an' we all filled up, forgot our troubles, an' was asleep afore mornin' an' long after. We had intended ter raid the town at daybreak, but bein' in the condition we ware, we made another plan, for Wetzel, who ware with us, had taken less of the juice than airy one o' us, an' had kept his wits with him. He said most o' them had crossed the river ter the cornfields. Williamson suggested we divide the boys into two squads, one ware to take the town an' the other ter cross the river an' do business there. I was one ter cross the river. One o' the Sloughter boys swam the river ter get a canoe as none ware on our side, an' we all crossed in the dugout er swam. The first two boys across pulled themselves up a little bank an' ran spank onter a half breed. They finished him afore I got over. The capt'n o' our gang yelled at the fellers who had crossed to stop their d—d shootin' or they'd skeer all the game out o' the country an' he crossed next an' gave some directions. No more shootin' took place, an' I understood they were to be taken prisoners. We foun' heaps o' them later on tyin' up corn in sacks. They says they ware goin' up ter Sandusky. 'Och! Come,' said our capt'n, 'we've hearn you had a mighty hard time this winter past, an' we come ter take you to Pittsburg, where you'll be better treated.' Well, the poor fellers fell right in with the plan, and declared they wanted no more o' the Sandusky country, an' marched right along. I knew there was blood in the hearts o' our men, an' was afeared they ware takin' an Injun trick to get them together afore they begun to fight. But I warn't thare to help the Injuns arter what was done to Bob's wife an' chile, an' I thought I'd be dagoned if I'd not let my chums go. The Injuns divided their corn an' other provisions with us, which made me feel sorry like for them an' when we talked o' Pittsburg they said they had hidden many things in the woods

when the Wyandottes and English came the fall afore what they wanted to take along. I tell you, boys, it began ter look ter me like them Injuns ware innocent, an' I ware almost sorry we had stopped at Gnadenhutten at all. I had come out ter fight guilty varmints and not the prayin' kind. Arter we got back ter Gnadenhutten Williamson sent a squad ter bring the Moravians at Salem ter Gnadenhutten, as they tole us some ware there an' a number at Schoenbrun. Ter make a long story short, we had them give up their guns an' everything they could use as weapons, fer safe keepin', an' they ware then penned in a couple o' log houses. Bob Wallace an' I kicked when some o' the boys said the whole d—d set ought to be killed. We argued an' swore, but could come ter no conclusion. The boys in favor o' killin' said the place ware a half way house whare our enemies ware fed an' we had ter admit it, but the Americans also ware fed when they came ter the towns. Don't know how it would a turned out but one o' the boys rummaged around the houses ter find what they could as finders was keepers when it came to raiding an Injun town, an' Bob Wallace's wife's dress was found in an ole house. It ware bloody. They brought it ter Bob an' I, an' when Bob saw it his heavy frame shook an' he said: 'I've nothin' more to say, boys, treat them Injuns as you want ter.'

"My fightin' spirit came back to me, an' I was ready fer anything. I rushed ter the house whare the bucks ware caged with the dress an' asked where they got that? Ole Glikkikin, an Injun big enough ter break every bone in an ordinary man's body, came for'rd and said: 'Friend, a band o' Captain Pipe's braves came through here not more'n four suns 'fore you came, an' camped in the lower part o' the town. They must have left it there, as they had two chillen an' a pale-face buck, an' they said they killed a woman an' chile what they brought from Raccoon Creek. God knows we has nothin' to do with it.'

"I started back not knowin' 'xactly what ter think. Had ole Glikkikin not spoken so promptly but acted sullen like he would a knowen somethin' about it. I went back ter the boys thinkin' that maybe the Moravians ware innocent, even if the dress ware in their town. When I reached the crowd the boys was gittin' in line.

" 'Hurry up, Bill,' says Jim Sloughter.

" 'What's up, yer not goin' ter leave so soon?' says I.

" 'What in the d—l do you take us for, what did we come here for? We're goin' to vote,' says he.

" 'What on?' says I.

"But afore anyone answered, Colonel Williamson stepped for'rd and called 'attention.' At that the boys was quiet.

" 'The question is, boys,' says he, 'shall the Moravian Injuns be taken ter Pittsburg as prisoners o' war, or be killed. All as in favor o' savin' their lives take one step for'rd an' form a second rank.'

"Everybody hesitated until Bob Wallace hisself took a step for'rd. Then I an' some others followed. I ware afeared ter look back ter see how many ware in favor o' the killin', but Colonel Williamson counted a minute, an' said they ware only eighteen ter save their lives, so he guessed the verdict ware against them. Boys, I have a hard heart—got it livin' on the border where a man's life is in his hand, so to speak, an' whare a feller must be the best man or a dead one —but the fact ware, I ware ready to forgive every Injun there because I thought they ware innocent, but if I had had the varmints what murdered Bob's wife, I could a cut 'em up in hunks.

"The boys began ter finish up their firewater what they fetched along, so they could go at the work dispatchin' the Injuns full of courage. Bob says to me, 'I can't stand this, Bill, let's get away,' an' we slunk away behind a hill a half mile away an' waited until

the next evenin' when we saw the flames from the burnin' houses. We knowed the work ware over and the boys ware leavin'. I don't know how the killin' went on 'cept what the boys tole me, but it ware mighty much like butcherin' accordin' ter their tale.

"They said they would go ter Schoenbrun an' do it up next, an' then try Killbuck's Island, so Bob an' me gave them the slip, an' I'm not ashamed of it, either, for knowin' them innocent Moravians ware bein' killed when they done nothin', makes me feel more like a coward than my runnin' away from a butcherin'. I've tole you boys more about this thing than I ever expect ter repeat again, fer it's mighty onpleasant ter think on."

Bill arose and walked away. I had drunk in every word, and realizing the influence he had to overcome could not help but excuse him for the part he had taken. I felt sure if the entire expedition had been made up of such men as he, the massacre would not have occurred.

One day later I was resting in father's cabin when Colonel Gibson came in.

"The Moravian teachers have sent us a list of their Indians killed at Gnadenhutten, and I knew you would be interested," he said, as he entered.

"Is Benigna's name among them?" I asked, before he had finished, and I reached for the paper he held in his hand.

"My boy, there are several named Benigna in the list, but not Benigna Nanticoke."

At this I felt as though every weight was lifted from me, and I should have shouted, had I permitted my feelings to be expressed in that manner. But I opened the paper and looked down the list. This is what attracted my attention:

"Anna, daughter of Joshua, the cooper."

"Bathseba, daughter of Joshua, the cooper."

"Benigna."

While the name Benigna Nanticoke did not appear, at the sight of this my hopes sank to depths corresponding to the height they had risen when Colonel Gibson said Benigna Nanticoke's name did not appear.

Benigna had taken care of Anna and Bathseba from their infancy, had refused to escape with me from the Wyandottes when a captive because those children were her charge, and what was more plain then that she had accompanied them to Gnadenhutten and shared their fate? It seemed beyond question that her name was linked with theirs in death as in life. I wished the river had forever held me in its muddy depths.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

An Errand of Mercy.

The killing of the Moravians at Gnadenhutten made me feel as never before a desire for revenge. Probably if it had not been for father and Colonel Gibson I would have left Pittsburg on my crutches to join Captain Pipe's braves. But Colonel Gibson was an American and a friend of the Moravian Indians and Delawares who desired to do right, and to go on the war-path against the Americans was to be his enemy. That I could not consent to be. Then when speaking to father on the subject—he always looked at matters in a reasonable way—he said that by acting in the manner suggested, the crime we would commit would be equal to the crime committed by the borderers for they had not distinguished between the guilty and the innocent, that was the wrong, and neither could Indians on the war-path distinguish between guilty and innocent. My thoughts being guided in these channels, I was content to have my feeling of revenge go unsatisfied.

Captain Pipe had sent his braves in all directions to kill, burn and destroy Americans and everything American. This, he said, was in revenge for the murder of his countrymen at Gnadenhutten. Reports were brought to Pittsburg every week that one or more families without the protection of the fort were attacked. These bands all started from Sandusky and Tymochtee, where Pomocan and Captain Pipe had their headquarters, and early in planting month I heard a rumor that it was intended to send a paleface army to destroy those towns. Nothing definite could be learned, however, as the leaders kept the plans as

secret as possible. Later in the month Colonel Crawford, Dr. Knight and a number of others left Pittsburg. There was nothing unusual about soldiers and officers leaving the fort, but on this occasion so many bid them goodby, wishing them a safe journey and hoping they'd have good luck, that I knew they were not going on ordinary business. I learned more about it later in the day listening to a lieutenant who was maudlin drunk and very talkative. It was from him I learned that the militia of several counties were meeting at Mingo Bottom and intended marching on the Indians at Sandusky, that their route was to be through the Muskingum Valley, that many of the borderers who were with Colonel Williamson at the Gnadenhutten affair were to accompany the expedition and that Colonel Williamson was being put forward as the commander. My thoughts instinctively went back to the Moravians camped near Sandusky. I feared if the expedition reached the Sandusky Plains the Moravians would not be spared. The matter revolved in my mind for several days before I resolved to act. I remembered how Colonel Gibson had sent a messenger to warn the Moravians at Gnadenhutten when he heard of Williamson's proposed raid, and I decided to carry the news to the Moravians on the Sandusky plains. I believed Colonel Gibson would approve of such an act, but remembering how the borderers condemned him for his act of mercy before, even threatening his life, I deemed it better to say nothing to him about it, but to shoulder the responsibility myself. My leg had healed sufficiently to walk without a crutch and I could ride horseback very well.

The afternoon of the day I came to this conclusion I made preparations for the trip, for I knew what was to be done must be done speedily. I cleaned my gun and filled my hunting bag. Then I hunted the herd of horses belonging to the fort. They were grazing

some distance away. The first horse I saw was Crow. He had done duty once before to carry news of importance, and no horse was better suited for my trip. I caught him and rode to the ferry. It was yet daylight and the ferryman took me across without question. Riding some distance into the woods I tied Crow and made my way back to the river. Not caring to have the ferryman see me return without my horse, I crossed in a canoe belonging to some settlers living opposite the fort. I found mother and told her of my intentions. As she approved the plan I felt better, and soon thereafter I had again crossed the river, had mounted Crow, and was headed toward the west. Reaching the site of that town, I saw only desolation—the heaps of ashes where once stood the houses, and the garden patches overgrown with weeds. There were no signs of life and no indications that either palefaces or Indians had been in the vicinity, so I was satisfied that I was ahead of the raiders.

Three days later I arrived at the Moravian town on the Sandusky Plains, but it also was deserted. I knew that Pretty Eyes could tell me where they had gone, so I kept on toward Tymochtee.

I had not traveled an hour after leaving the abandoned camp when two Delawares stepped from behind the heavy grass growing along the trail.

"Where are you going?" demanded the one as he took hold of Crow's halter.

"To Tymochtee," I returned.

"Very likely. We know you, Killbuck. We know you are a friend of the Long-knives and have acted as a spy for them before."

"I am not a spy or I would not be going to Tymochtee," I protested.

"Then tell us, where are the Long-knives who are coming to murder us? How many of them are there?"

"I do not know," I answered.

"You do, and you can't get off that way," answered the Delaware, who still kept hold of Crow's bridle, and reaching out he struck me with the pipe end of his tomahawk.

This conversation was carried on in Delaware in a more exciting manner than I can indicate in English. The commotion had attracted the attention of another in the vicinity. The grass parted again and Captain Pipe came out.

"What's the trouble here?" he inquired in an imperative manner. He did not listen for an answer, however, for he recognized Crow and his love for his horse was only equalled by his love for his daughter. He rushed to the horse's head, and taking hold of the halter, gave the Delaware who had struck me a push, which sent him sprawling, and exclaimed:

"This is my horse and Killbuck is my adopted son. Leave them to me."

I never quite clearly understood why Captain Pipe claimed me as his adopted son at this time, unless it was to establish a better claim to Crow. He certainly was not pleased at seeing me.

The two Delawares left somewhat disconcerted, and disappeared in the tall grass from which they had emerged. As they were leaving I had an opportunity to study Captain Pipe's face, and it seemed to show the same stern, cruel Indian I had once imagined him to be, and not the brave who had pleaded so eloquently before the English father for me. His first words when we were left alone were: "Get off my horse! Give me your gun!"

I complied, for the horse was in fact his property, and as to my gun—well, if I had not given it up peaceably, it would have been taken from me by force.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"To Pittsburg."

"Where are the Long-knives who are coming this

way?" he demanded in a manner more gruff than before.

"I do not know," I returned.

"When did you leave Pittsburg?"

"Five suns ago."

"What are you doing here now?"

As it was plain to me he knew as much about the American expedition as I, probably more, I did not regard it a violation of honor, and frankly told him the object of my trip, that it was to inform the Moravians of the proposed raid and have them prepared for it.

"Well, well, my buck, I see you are coming to your senses finally," he said in a clearer tone. "I suppose the killing of the Moravians has raised your blood, as well it might. We can now expect you to help us, I suppose. We will have a fine battle in a few days. My scouts bring news that the Long-knives will be here soon."

I had parted with the horse I was riding and had surrendered my gun, but I would not give up principle, so I stated as firmly as I could: "I did not come to help you fight the Americans."

"So you have the same d—d will of your younger days. You're a great descendant of old King Netawatwes. He was a peace Indian—always loved peace—but he loved his tribe better. When rewards were offered for Indian scalps in Pontiac's war, he sent his braves with sharpened hatchets to teach the palefaces a lesson. The lesson was well taught, for even when the other Indians buried the hatchet and the largest paleface army ever camped in the Muskingum Valley was at his capital, he refused to attend the treaty meeting or put his mark to their treaties. Is there not more cause to lift the hatchet when the palefaces murder praying Indians?" he argued.

"Be that as it may, Captain Pipe, I did not come here to fight the Americans. Some palefaces in that

army are my friends, have done much for me, and only a few of them are guilty of murdering Moravians."

"When you left my cabin in sugar month last I told you I would protect you no longer. I will not retract. You are no longer my adopted son, but my enemy. While it shall not be said of Captain Pipe that he ever raised his hand to hurt his kindred he will not again raise his hand to save your life or to protect you from harm. Go."

I started to walk away—was going toward the abandoned Moravian town, but a sudden fear seemed to seize him that I would find the Americans and tell them the Delawares were preparing for them. I had proceeded only a few paces when he called to me to stop. I turned, for under present conditions it would have been madness to run away.

"You may want to carry the news to your American friends. You can not leave," he said, and following his words with a halloo, which brought several young Indians to his side, he continued to them:

"Take Killbuck to Tymochtee. Give him into the care of the squaws. Tell them I sent him," and mounting Crow he rode away.

The buck who had been so unceremoniously pushed aside by Captain Pipe a few minutes before was one of the two who were directed to conduct me to Tymochtee. He hardly knew how to regard the incident of being told by Captain Pipe that I was his adopted son and later ordered to conduct me away as a prisoner. Fortunately for me he was careful in complying with the latter order not to subject himself to reproof again by treating me harshly.

On the way I asked about the Moravians. My guards were willing to talk and I was told Pomocan had ordered them to leave the country and that they had gone to Detroit very soon after the tragedy at

Gnadenhutten, from whence they had gone about a day's journey into the Chippewa country and had established a new town. It was a satisfaction indeed to know that they were beyond the reach of the borderers.

Reaching Tymochtee I was given into the care of an old squaw, Tree Frog Woman. She was the mother of one of my guards. He whispered something to her when I was turned over to her protection. She was kind to me, but very zealous in watching all my actions. She talked freely when I questioned her. I inquired about Pretty Eyes.

"Pretty Eyes!" she answered, "Pretty Eyes is gone."

"Pretty Eyes gone? Tell me! Where," I asked, feeling it almost impossible that she could have died, and yet the tone in which she had answered told me as much.

"Pretty Eyes died a moon ago. She had a fever. Wingenund tried to make her well, but she was too good to live with people like us, and the Great Spirit took her away."

Hearing that sad news, I crept into a dark corner of the lodge and could speak no more on the subject.

The night after my arrival there was excitement in Tymochtee. It was the principal settlement of the Monsey Delawares. Captain Pipe, Wingenund and all the principal Delaware chiefs who favored war lived there. A very short distance to the sunrise was Sandusky, the capital of the Wyandotte tribe, and the home of Pomocan, the half king, Zhas-sho-toh, the principal war chief of the Wyandottes, and Simon Girty. On the evening to which I have referred, two of Captain Pipe's braves, who had been industriously scouting the country watching for the Americans, returned and reported that between four and five hundred had marched from below Gnadenhutten to Scho-

enbrun, where they had encamped the evening before. The same evening Captain Elliott arrived at Sandusky from Detroit, and was brought over to Tymochtee by Girty and Zhas-sho-toh. There seemed to be so much commotion I, too, wanted to see what was going on and Tree Frog Woman permitted me to look out of the door as they were passing the house. Then it was I learned that the plan the Americans had adopted to capture Sandusky was known to Captain Pipe some time before the expedition started from Mingo Bottom and he had sent runners to the Shawnees country to get them on the war-path, and had also asked the English father at Detroit for help. The runners from the Shawnees country had lately returned with the news that the Shawnees would arrive in the course of a few days, while Captain Elliott announced that the English father had sent a force of red coats who were coming up the Sandusky River in boats. Captain Elliott was dressed in an officer's uniform such as I had seen at Barren Hill. He was the hero of the hour. Without the formality of a council he was declared the leader of the forces gathered to oppose the advance of the Long-knives. Amid all this rejoicing I alone felt sad. That the Americans would be defeated was very probable, for if the information of Captain Pipe was correct, and I believe it was, the Americans had less than five hundred men. There were that many Delaware and Wyandotte braves already at Tymochtee and Sandusky, and in addition there would probably be an army of Shawnees and red coats on the ground as soon as the Americans were there. Then, too, the Americans were not acquainted with the country. It was an extended grass covered plain with marshes and swamps here and there, and occasional groves of trees —islands, as we called them. The only safe way to reach the towns was by a narrow trail. The tall grass growing on either side would afford protection to the

Indians while picking off the Americans on the trail with their rifles. Had the American force consisted only of Colonel Williamson and the men guilty of the murders at Gnadenhutten, I would not have cared—probably would have rejoiced that they were to meet with deserved punishment—but Colonel Crawford, whom I had known as an honest, well-meaning man, and Dr. Knight, who had attended me after my late accident, had joined the expedition. While the massacre at Gnadenhutten was inexcusable, the raids of the Wyandottes and Delawares were also excesses, and I knew that many Americans who would not commit a needless harm had joined the expedition.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Savage's Revenge.

The next night the scouts brought word that the Americans were camped near the abandoned Moravian town. They had marched more rapidly than was anticipated, and there was consternation among Captain Pipe's men as the Shawnees and English had not yet arrived. Orders were given for the squaws to take the children and prisoners and such goods and food as they could carry to a swamp half way between Tymochtee and Sandusky. To make my escape impossible Tree Frog Woman bound my wrists securely with a stout thong, and when we arrived at the swamp she tied me to a small tree. She carried a tomahawk and as we marched she frequently declared she would split my head open if I attempted to escape. I assured her that was not my purpose, as I was in more danger from the Long-knives than from the Indians, and preferred to be under her protection.

Tree Frog Woman seemed to be a leader among the squaws. She led the retreat to the swamp, and the following morning kept in constant communication with the warriors who were on the fighting line, sending some boys to the front to secure news of the battle. As she kept near me constantly, I also heard it. Early in the forenoon we learned that the Americans were proceeding toward Sandusky on the old traveled trail and that the warriors were hidden in the grass along the roadside waiting for them to come within short range before beginning the attack. Then before the attack was begun, the Americans scented danger, and suddenly leaving the trail, rode to a grove of trees on a small knoll from where they sent scouts to examine

the country. Seeing the Americans would not fall into the trap set for them, a party of Wyandottes crept near the grove to begin the attack. After some skirmishing, a steady fire was begun, which continued during the day. There was no sleep for us that night. We could see the fires in the distance, which, it was explained to Tree Frog Woman, were built by the Americans around their place of defense that they might see any warriors approaching.

Tree Frog Woman was as brave as any warrior and would not consent to remain longer in the swamp, but moved to a grove near by. There she had one of the boys climb a tree from where he could see the surrounding country for miles, and he reported what was going on that she might inform the fighting braves.

Early in the morning the boy in the tree was scanning the plains to the north, when he suddenly shouted: "There they come!"

"Who comes?" asked Tree Frog Woman, drawing out her tomahawk to be ready for an enemy.

"The English! The English!" he exclaimed.

It was true. Elliott had sent a messenger down the Sandusky River the night before to hurry up the English, and they had arrived.

At that Tree Frog Woman gave a yell of satisfaction, which was heard by the warriors and carried from one band to another. It seemed then the Americans were wholly surrounded.

At that moment a warrior came running past carrying a message from Elliott to Captain Pipe and shortly after he returned, swinging his tomahawk in the air.

"We've got them this time!" he yelled. "The Shawnees came in this morning, and we've got them."

The Americans realized they were surrounded and that their only hope of escape was to retreat. But that evening they discovered the circle of warriors was

not quite complete—there was a gap between Captain Pipe's Monseys and the Shawnees. This was the opportunity, and when it became dark, the Americans made their dash for freedom. The Delawares and Shawnees saw the rush and started after them and the English and Wyandottes followed. The third day of the battle no warriors or Americans were seen on the plains, and we were taken back to Tymochtee.

For some time after there was great rejoicing and excitement in the town. Every day we would hear the scalp yell, first in the distance and then coming nearer and nearer until the warriors reached the town. When the scalp yell was first heard the inhabitants gathered near the council house to await the return of the warriors and to see the prisoners if there were any. More often, however, the warriors brought scalps instead of prisoners. As they entered the town the younger bucks carrying scalps would wave them aloft, uttering the horrid scalp yell, while the older ones would march along carrying their trophies as sedate as though the taking of scalps was an ordinary occurrence—as it was in truth at that time.

Tree Frog Woman was as vociferous as any in welcoming the visitors, and one afternoon some days after the retreat, when a scalp yell attracted her attention, she forgot to either bind me or leave me in charge of any one. On this occasion the yell was repeated oftener than usual. Knowing it would bring all the Delawares in the town to the council house, I thought the opportunity for escape had arrived. I left the cabin, but something within me insisted that it was not the proper time to go, that the country was full of warriors, and from the condition of my leg I could not travel without a horse, and that I had better make the best of it at Tymochtee. Then, too, I knew by showing no disposition to escape at the present time other opportunities would occur later. I would not be guarded so

closely. So instead of running away I walked to the council house and joined the waiting crowd.

Some of the more anxious had gone to meet the warriors and returning ahead of the procession, shouted: "They're bringing the big captain! They've caught the big captain!"

It was too true. In a short while the procession moved into the town. It was led by Captain Pipe, who was riding Crow. Beside him was Simon Girty mounted on a white horse, then came Wingenund and a large following of warriors, leading Colonel Crawford, Doctor Knight, and a number of other captives. When the procession entered the town there was yelling and shouting and some of the squaws and younger bucks rushing up to the prisoners struck them with sticks and stones. Finally the procession stopped in front of the council house and those riding, dismounted. The prisoners were tied to stakes and corners of the lodges. The squaws and bucks then gathered around and beat or otherwise tortured them until evening, when five of them were taken a short distance away, Tree Frog Woman leading. After a short time the Indians returned. Five of the squaws and warriors had the five scalps of the prisoners they had just led away, and coming to where Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight were tied they slammed the bloody trophies in their faces, telling them that was what was left of their friends, and that the same fate was awaiting every Long-knife they could capture.

That evening I hunted Wingenund. As he had been so kind to the Moravians and to Captain White Eyes and me on several occasions, I thought he might help Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight to escape. I found him at his lodge a short distance from the town.

"Can you tell me, Wingenund, what your people intend to do with Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight?" I asked, when I met him.

He was silent for a long time after I asked the question, but I patiently waited for his answer, which finally came in a deliberate voice: "Is not Colonel Crawford painted black? What does that mean?"

It meant death—yes, death by torture—death by a slow fire, and I had realized that when I saw him in the procession, but I had heard Captain Pipe speak encouraging words, telling him they were yet friends, and I thought the painting him might be a scare. Then, too, I wanted to begin the conversation in some way and I hardly knew what to say first. I continued:

"Is there no way to save him? He is a brave man, he does not deserve death."

"Why do you speak in that manner? Did not the Long-knives murder the praying Indians at Gnadenhutten? Shall we, their relatives, not take revenge?"

"But Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight were not at Gnadenhutten. If you had caught Colonel Williamson or any of the men who helped murder the Moravians, I would not raise my hand to save their lives, but those who disapproved of that act should not be made to suffer for it. Then, too, Wingenund, Dr. Knight has done me a favor, he saved my life," and I repeated the incident to him.

"But it can not be, Killbuck. Crawford and Knight must die. They are big captains among the Long-knives. Crawford was their leader, and as he is captured, he must suffer for the acts of those he led. The warriors demand it, and no power can save him. Let me tell you something. We were at Sandusky a few suns ago. Crawford offered Girty one thousand buckskins for his freedom. But he was Pipe's prisoner. Would Pipe give him his freedom? Never! Nor could he get his freedom if he gave every Delaware in the nation that amount. When Pipe was told of the offer he declared that if Girty made a move to accept such a proposition, he should be painted black and

stood beside Crawford and be burned with him. Nothing can be done, or I should do it, for I, too, love Colonel Crawford."

"The same is not true about Dr. Knight? He is not blacked yet!"

"He is not blacked yet, because he must burn at the Shawnee town."

I left Wingenund's lodge. The night was fast passing, and I knew I was sacrificing my own liberty by not returning to Tree Frog Woman's hut, but I could not return. Wingenund's words made me at first despair, but before I had walked a score of paces, I was ready to undertake anything to save the lives of my friends.

When I reached the front of the council house the Indians had left with the exception of two braves who were guarding the prisoners. The guards were dozing, but were sufficiently alert to awaken at the least sound or movement of the prisoners. Dr. Knight was tied to the corner of the council house. I observed that if I could get to the back of the council house without being discovered, I could hide in its shadow. This I did. Dr. Knight recognized me, and divined my intentions. I had no knife to cut the thongs, so I undertook to untie the knot. I was busily engaged with this task, when I heard a squaw yell: "Here, you devil! you thought you'd escape, but you're not out of my clutches yet," to which was added an array of oaths in English, and Tree Frog Woman laid her hands on my shoulder.

The alarm brought the guards to their feet. They came up to their prisoners, examined their fastenings and drew the knots tighter than before. Then, administering several kicks to the helpless captives, they resumed their places, while Tree Frog Woman led me away, threatening all manner of evil and using expletives almost as freely as Girty himself could have done.

Reaching Tree Frog Woman's lodge I was securely bound and left in a corner of the lodge to sleep.

Matters passed on more quietly the next morning with me than I anticipated, as a result of my escapade. I presume it was because I was a captive of little importance as compared with Colonel Crawford and the other Americans in the hands of the warriors. Gloating over these captives seemed to satisfy their virulent dispositions for a time. No one paid any attention to me except Tree Frog Woman, and she did so only because Captain Pipe had commanded her to keep me in the town. Then, too, Colonel Crawford was doomed to burn at the stake and they were busily engaged preparing for that orgy.

When the day came for that awful event a motley band passed Tree Frog Woman's house. They were leading Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight. Tree Frog Woman could not, of course, remain behind at such a time. Neither did she forget me again, but took me with her.

Arriving at the place of execution, she tied me to a tree in full view of the stake to which Colonel Crawford was bound, so that she might take a part in the torture, and at the same time guard me.

Colonel Crawford was stripped of his clothing and then tied to the stake with a thong a fathom long. Around the stake were piles of wood.

Almost the same time the crowd from Tymochtee reached the place of execution, Girty arrived with a band of Wyandottes from Sandusky. Then it was that Captain Pipe as leader of the Delawares addressed them. He made a wild, exciting speech. He referred to the murder of the helpless Indians at Gnadenhutten, and alleged that the same Long-knives had come to their country to kill the Moravians who had escaped from Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrun, and finding they had left the country, the Long-knives at-

tacked the warriors before whom they could not stand; that the Delawares, Wyandottes, Shawnees and English had pursued them, hoping to catch the leader of the band which murdered the Gnadenhutten Indians, that he escaped, but they had captured the big captain of this expedition, who could answer for the crime as well as anyone, and they proposed to sting him with burnt powder and roast him brown. At this speech the Indians jumped around the victim, yelled, and to show their approval of what had been proposed, beat him with clubs and the flat sides of their tomahawks. They might have beaten him to death had not some one set fire to the circle of sticks in several places which, blazing up, ended the beating. The first demonstration was hardly concluded before the warriors began to shoot powder into his body, and when the fire was well started the squaws, led by Tree Frog Woman, gathered up the burning coals and threw them on his body and under his feet. Poor Colonel Crawford! He bore it bravely, but the pain brought forth groans and prayers. At one time in his agony he called to Girty, who was looking on with but little concern, to shoot him and end his misery, but Girty answered, "I have no gun."

It is not the purpose of these memoirs to have my readers suffer in mind what Colonel Crawford suffered in body, even to the extent that weak words can describe the torture. The glance is sufficient. The agonizing cries of Colonel Crawford, which rent the air from early morning, were finally silenced. Evening came, and the lifeless and charred body was laid on the smoking embers of the cruel fire to be consumed. When it was all over Tree Frog Woman led me back to her lodge.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A Sign—A Familiar Voice—And so it Ended.

I was confined closely and frequently abused after returning from the burning of Colonel Crawford. The only reason I can give for such treatment was the innate meanness of Tree Frog Woman. I would have been willing to throw myself on the mercies of Captain Pipe had he been where I could have seen him. When I inquired for him, Tree Frog Woman told me Dr. Knight was to be burned at a Shawnee town and Captain Pipe had gone along that he might watch the flames consume another Long-knife. Later when I inquired again I was told he was on the war-path. Wingenund also was away.

Finally winter came, and I thought surely they would have returned, but then I was told he had gone to Detroit to visit the English father. At last late in the winter Tree Frog Woman told me he was at Tymochtee and sent word to him that I wanted to see him. He came to her lodge.

Entering, he said gruffly: "I am told you want to see me."

"I did ask for you, Captain," I answered.

"I suppose you want to go back to the Long-knives, but you can not. If that is what you want to ask I will leave you."

I had thought this matter over carefully, while passing the long months under the watchful eye of Tree Frog Woman. I was in fact afraid to go back to Pittsburg—I had taken a horse, left the fort in disobedience to a standing order of the commandant, and had gone on a mission which was likely to be misconstrued. Having been misunderstood so frequently,

before returning I wanted to see some one who knew how matters stood with me there. Again, I did not want to stay at Tymochtee, even though I was given my liberty. I was tired and sick of war and its accompanying evils. But I did desire to go to the Moravian village in the Chippewa country. I was, therefore, ready with my answer. "I do not want to join the Long-knives. I gave my parole to the English father a change of seasons ago. I have not broken it, and will not break it. I do not want to go back to Pittsburg until the war-path is green again. Neither do I want to fight the Long-knives, as I have so often told you. I do ask you to let me join the Moravians in the Chippewa country, where my eyes can rest after seeing these horrors."

"So you want to be a Moravian, a praying Indian, a schwonnak, do you? You told me once you would never be a schwonnak," came Captain Pipe's answer, in a sneering voice. By his manner I feared he would not grant my request, when a sudden thought occurred to me. It related to the moccasins Pretty Eyes had given me. I had worn them when leaving Pittsburg and determined to see if they contained the virtue indicated by the giver—forgive me, Pretty Eyes, for ever doubting it. I pulled one of them off and held it out to Captain Pipe.

"Where did you get these moccasins?" he asked, with a shade more feeling than before.

"Pretty Eyes gave them to me when I left your cabin last sugar-making month. She said as she gave them: 'I want you to take these, Charles. Wear them. If any Monsey stops you point to them, speak my name, and you can go unharmed.'"

Captain Pipe was silent for a long time. His face was immobile, but I felt that the moccasin in his hand was making an eloquent plea. Finally, with his finger he traced the figure of a peace pipe and a cross worked

on the moccasin in blue and white beads and then he said slowly:

"This was her favorite emblem. She was a good girl. I loved to please her when living. Now she has gone to the happy hunting ground," and after a moment more in reflection, he continued to me: "You may go, Killbuck, but I expect you to keep your word and not return to Pittsburg until the war is ended."

"I give you my word, Captain."

"You may go to my house. There you will find your gun and hunting bag. Take them with you."

"I am again under obligations to you Captain," I answered.

"Not to me," he answered. "If a good act has been done Pretty Eyes has done it through me. I am a warrior, not capable of a good act myself."

As I passed out of the lodge Captain Pipe was sitting in the same position as when he first looked at my moccasin—meditating.

Securing my gun and hunting bag, I went to Wingenund's cabin, where I procured enough venison to support me on my journey. I then set out for Detroit, from where I went direct toward the sunset to the Chippewa country. I followed the trail which I was told led to New Gnadenhutten.

I reached a string of huts late one evening. They were all dark. The latch strings were out and I entered one. Not a person was to be seen, and very little of anything was inside. "Is this town deserted, too? Is this New Gnadenhutten?" I asked myself half aloud.

The answer came in an unexpected manner. The silence of my surroundings was broken by singing which seemed much like the song sung at the chapel at Gnadenhutten on the Muskingum. Leaving the house I soon found the chapel, in which, apparently, all the inhabitants of the town were gathered. The chapel was nearly dark. There was but one candle

which the teacher—Brother David—was holding in his left hand, so he could see to read the Bible.

I took a back seat. Just as Brother David was closing his part of the service the sexton brought the candle to the rear of the room. A board on which a number of small tallow dips were loosely fastened was pulled from under a bench and lighted. Then I knew it must be Christmas Eve, and the tallow dips were to be given to the children. I felt a lump rising in my throat at the recollection of the last Christmas service I had attended, when Benigna sang so sweetly. I thought I could never hear her again.

Some one in front of the congregation arose to sing —to take the part once acted by Benigna—while the candles were being distributed. I did not recognize who she was until the first notes of her song, so sweet and melodious, told me it was Benigna Nanticoke.

I did not hear much of Brother David's talk, which he usually gave after the song to impress the lesson illustrated by the candles. I remember but one thought, that they were very poor since leaving the Muskingum, that they must do with but one candle during the service, but that the tallow dips given the little folks were such object lessons of the Light of the World that even in poverty they could be afforded.

When the service was ended there was a meeting between Benigna and me. I will not undertake to describe it to you, but permit you to supply that part of the story yourself.

You will wonder how Benigna escaped if she was at Gnadenhutten at the time of the massacre, and why her name was coupled with those of Anna and Bathseba in the list of the dead. It was explained this way. She had accompanied Joshua and Mary with their daughters to the Muskingum Valley before the tragedy. They were at Gnadenhutten until the day before the borderers arrived. The band at Gnadenhut-

ten had gathered as much corn as they could carry. It was decided that the most acceptable trail to the Sandusky Plains was the one leading toward the sunset from Gnadenhutten, and Joshua was selected to go to Schoenbrun to advise the Moravians there. Mary wanted to go with him and as she was ill, Benigna also accompanied them, leaving Anna and Bathseba in the care of a neighbor who had a daughter named Benigna. Some of the Indians at Schoenbrun going from their town to Gnadenhutten the day before the massacre came to the body of the half breed who was killed when the borderers first crossed the river. It was Joseph Shebosh. These Indians returned immediately to Schoenbrun and gave the alarm. When the borderers took that town the night after the killing at Gnadenhutten the inhabitants had hidden in the woods, and later they made their way back to Sandusky and Detroit. Joshua gave the names of those he remembered as being at Gnadenhutten, and incidentally put them in the order on the paper shown me by Colonel Gibson.

The balance of my story is soon told. I had resolved to join the missions, and we were removed from the immediate troubles caused by the war, so Benigna consented to take the step which I had insisted upon so many times before. Brother David pronounced us man and wife.

We lived in the Chippewa country for a time. After the war we moved back to the dear old Muskingum Valley, which then began to be called the Tuscarawas Valley. But after the palefaces came, there was no peace for us in that beautiful country, so we moved to Fairfield, in the English father's country, where some of our people had established a town, and from this spot, in a little log cabin not unlike Joshua's at Gnadenhutten, I have penned these memoirs.

CHARLES KILLBUCK.

As foretold in my dream when recovering from my accident, Benigna and I did, in fact, have the honor of leading to chapel Master Gibson Killbuck and Miss Evangeline Killbuck. They now have homes of their own, and little ones to care for. Although the old treaty bag and its contents were never recovered and the historical wampum beads now help to form the gravel bars of the Ohio, one of the greatest pleasures of my old age is to take these little ones on my knee as great-grandfather took me on his knee years ago, and while the treaty documents and belts are before my mind's eye, tell them of the legends of the Delaware nation, thus keeping my promise to old Netawatwes.

NOTE.

Some of the readers of this story will think it is overdrawn. Captain White Eyes and the Killbucks with their advanced ideas of thinking are not the ideal Indian characters pictured in stories and history. As to stories, with few exceptions, novelists write to please white men—to gain their approbation—and they know race prejudice is strong enough that the presentation of the white man as the hero and the Indian as the villain is more acceptable than if they were placed vice versa.

As to history, many of our historians write as though war were the substance of history. In telling the fact that the Delawares remained neutral from the beginning of the Revolution until after the French Alliance, instead of dwelling upon the incidents connected with the maintaining of that peace, they will probably refer to it in this manner: "The Delawares as a tribe, did not take the war-path until 1779,"* and then hasten to describe the depredations and battles which followed. The Delawares have a peace history from 1774 to the beginning of 1779, which was of untold value to the colonists. The American victory at Saratoga is regarded as the turning point of the Revolution. This victory was brought about by the mobilization of the American forces at Saratoga, and this mobilization

*Since this book was written attention has been called to Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History, wherein it is stated that "The Delawares joined the English when the Revolutionary war broke out, but made peace with the Americans in 1778." This statement is an error as is shown by the official records of the Continental Congress, by the American Archives, and by the majority of histories treating on this subject.

was made possible by the Delawares declaring and maintaining peace and influencing other tribes to be less violent, so that the American force needed to protect the border was merely nominal until 1779.

Captain White Eyes and the Killbucks are true characters. They were progressive Indians, and interested in the advancement of their people. The following indicates it: Rev. David Jones, the "fighting parson," who was with Mad Anthony Wayne in his Indian campaign, and made two previous visits to the Ohio country, wrote in his diary under date of February 14, 1773: "I returned to New Comer's Town in the afternoon and went to see Captain Killbuck, who is a sensible Indian, and uses us with part of the complaisance of a gentleman. He speaks good English." Again, it appears in a report on the Delawares sent to Congress by President Madison, that sons of Gelelemend and Captain White Eyes were sent to Princeton College. Further, the original treaty between the United States and the Delawares, had at Pittsburg in 1778, is signed by Captain White Eyes and John Killbuck with the capital letters I and K respectively, the latter of which shows skill in execution. Captain Pipe only signed by the ancient mode of picture writing. And finally, the ambition of the Delawares to be admitted into the confederation of the United States as a State, is set forth in addresses Captain White Eyes made to the Continental Congress, the reply of that body, and the treaty of 1778.

As an item of interest in this connection it is stated that the Delawares assisted the Americans in the Seminole war in Florida, in the Mexican war, and sent one hundred and eighty-five to the front with the Union army in the Civil War, and were prominently connected with Fremont's expedition. There are only about 1,025 left, residing at present in Indian Territory, but they are yet recognized as the traders and

business men of the North American Indians. The frontispiece shows a Delaware of to-day.

The incident of the massacre at Gnadenhutten on the Muskingum (now the Tuscarawas) river and the attack on Killbuck's Island, where the Delaware treaty records and belts were lost, and the accounts of the treaties and war expeditions are substantially true. While the author has used Delaware legends and fiction to connect different parts of the story, and has given Charles Killbuck credit for doing many things which were probably done by other peace Indians, he has done this only when necessary to make the story a continuous narrative, or to bring out some description.

Credit is given to Loskiel's History of Indian Missions (1794), Heckewelder's Indian Nations (1819) and Narrative (1820), Doddridge's Notes (1824), Jones' Journal, Zeisberger's Diary, Butterfield's Crawford's Expedition against Sandusky, Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio, Taylor's History of Ohio, and many other works. The author regrets that by the omission of all reference to Gnadenhutten and Schoenbrun, the first civilized settlements (not white) in the present State of Ohio, in such complete works as the Encyclopedia Brittanica, Appleton's Encyclopedia, and the Century Dictionary of Proper Names, the public is misled into believing that there is little value in the history of those settlements. Extended references to these settlements have been made in a number of works published since 1794, and no less a historian of the present day than President Roosevelt has devoted twenty-two pages of his Winning of the West to that subject.

The author further regrets that the Standard Dictionary, which is so excellent an authority, should not only misspell and mispronounce Gnadenhutten in referring to the Gnadenhutten massacre, but that it has stated that the crime was committed by Ohio militia,

when such militia were from Pennsylvania. Attention is called to the omissions and errors in these reference works only because they are the most available books to the public which are supposed to contain accurate information on these subjects and they are not in accord with the incidents of the story.

F. C. H.

September 25, 1902.